The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1886. | Vol. VII, No. 42.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve. July 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

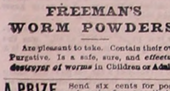
STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.



FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. F. T. WARD.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

GLASS FRUIT JARS!
Quarts and Half Gallon.

Harvest Tools!
Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Cradles, Barley Forks, Etc

Fine Boots and Shoes, Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Crockery & Glassware, Fresh Groceries, Paints & Oils, and Druggists Sundries, at

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.
The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK
Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

MORTGAGE SALE.

PURSUANT TO THE POWER OF SALE contained in a mortgage made by James McKee, I shall offer for sale
At Bennett's Hotel, in Stirling,
—ON—
Friday, 9th day of July, 1886,
At 10 a.m., the shop and property he occupied on the south side of Front Street, in Stirling, described as being a part of the east three quarters of village lot 5, on the south side of Front Street, as set out in the mortgage.
For further particulars apply to F. B. Parker, Esquire, Stirling, or of
SKINNER & REDICK,
Vendor's Solicitors
Belleville, June 14th, 1886.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.
JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
THAT BRICK DWELLING in STIRLING, known as the James Rogers property, for sale very cheap or to let. For terms, apply to
JAS. BOLDRICK,
June 9, 1886. Stirling, Ont.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS were passed by the Council of the
VILLAGE OF STIRLING,
in session on the 31st of May, 1886:

That the Clerk publish by notice in THE NEWS-ARGUS, that all rubbish of any kind, or sweepings, are hereby forbid being allowed on the public streets; and what is now on the streets must be at once removed by persons occupying, opposite their premises.

That all backyards and premises must be cleaned up and kept clean, in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Health.

That the streets must be cleared entirely of wood, lumber, wagons, etc.

That all Cows and young cattle must be kept off the streets between the hours of 7 p.m. and 6 a.m., in accordance with By-law.

That Horses and Hogs are not to run at large on the streets, but must be kept in enclosure in accordance with By-law in force.

That Hogs and sty-pens for hogs and pigs must be removed from dwellings the distance provided by statute.

That this Council will hereafter strictly enforce the law against any person or persons neglecting or refusing to obey the above.

A. GLASS,
Stirling, 2nd June, 1886. Village Clerk.

SUDDEN CHANGES

Colds, causing obstinate and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs, may be relieved and cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Rev. W. W. Atwater, Rutland, Vt., writes: "My wife was attacked with a bronchial trouble, which we feared would prove fatal. As physicians failed to afford relief, we began giving your medicine. She is now in perfect health, and attributes her recovery to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a wonderful remedy."

Of temperature are sudden and extreme in our climate, and it is not surprising that Colds, Coughs, and Lung Diseases prevail. In these ailments, dangerous results may be prevented by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., writes: "As a specific for Croup, and for Colds or Coughs, there is no preparation equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is pleasant, safe, and sure."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

Prohibition and Politics.

The *Canada Citizen* has come out squarely in favor of making Prohibition a political question. In its last issue it says:—

Elsewhere we publish the deliverances of a number of Church organizations, that have recently met, on the question of Electoral Action, and they are all remarkable for their unhesitating avowal of a belief that the immediate duty of Prohibitionists is to make the temperance question a ballot-box issue. The London Methodist Conference affirms that politicians must be "made to feel that that party alone can stand which stands with us upon the Prohibition platform." This is exactly the position which we have over and over again affirmed; it is the only position that will make Prohibition a success.

The enactment of law is one thing; the administration of it another. Prohibition will only be made effective by an administration in sympathy with Prohibition. Rightly or wrongly our present political system requires an administration to be representative of a party. Then to make Prohibition a success, we must have a Prohibition party. A government that holds power because it is Conservative or Reform will appoint officials because that are Conservatives or Reformers. Such officials may be Prohibitionists, and they may be whiskey-heads. A prohibitory law would not be a success unless enforced by honest men who believe in the law. Any one can see that it is absolutely necessary that we have a government in power because it is Prohibitionist, appointing executive officers because they are Prohibitionist; and all this means that there must be a Prohibition party behind the Prohibition government that stands behind the Prohibitionist officials.

We do not care whether our party be called Prohibitionist, Conservative, Liberal, or any other name that its members may prefer, we do not care whether it is one of two or three or five or ten parties. If the present Liberal party makes Prohibition an essential of its policy, Prohibitionists will support the Liberal party. If the Conservative party pursues this course, Prohibitionists will be Conservative. Our present position as a community is not permanent.

We have before us one of the greatest and most important questions upon which an electorate could be divided. It is a question that must ultimately divide the electorate. A third party will never succeed as a third party. Men take sides for or against an avowed policy relating to some public question of unusual importance, and just as soon as politicians recognize the importance of the Prohibition question, the community will be divided into two parties respectively for and against Prohibition. We cannot yet tell, however, what will be the immediate origin of the coming Prohibition party. It may be called into existence as a third party, combining in its support the best Conservatives and best Liberals, and leaving the balance of the two old parties to coalesce in championship of rum; or Prohibition may be taken up by one of the existing parties, which will then lose its rum element and win over the best men of the other party.

The question will soon be settled. Neither existing party has declared for Prohibition. The most pronounced Prohibitionists are not party leaders, but they soon will be unless some party leaders become pronounced Prohibitionists. We submit the situation for the consideration of both Prohibitionists and politicians.

Union of Churches.

The Church of England Synod was in session in Toronto last week and the question of a union of the churches was brought up and steps taken to confer with the Presbyterian, Methodist and other Christian bodies in Canada for the purpose of ascertaining the possibilities of honorable union with such bodies, and that if such union be found possible without a sacrifice of essential Christian principles, to formulate a scheme for effecting such a union. A few years ago the Canada Methodist Church, the Bible Christians, the Episcopal Methodists and the Primitive Methodist Church united. This union was looked upon by many as a preliminary move toward the formation of a great evangelical church in Canada out of the principal Christian churches in this country. The movement to-day is considered as a step in the direction of forming a great evangelical church in Canada.

Rumored Settlement of the Fishery Trouble.

The indisposition of England to take our part in the fishery dispute has done a great deal to advance the cause of Canadian independence by showing that the vaunted protection afforded by the Union Jack was largely mythical. If the news recently telegraphed from Washington be true, to the effect that the whole affair is now in course of settlement between England and the United States, "in a manner entirely honorable to both parties and especially satisfactory to the United States," this feeling will be greatly intensified. The dispatch represents the champions of American fishery interests as rejoicing over the complete surrender of Canada's rights. We are told that the Imperial government has in effect, notified the Canadian government that their action was "injudicious and precipitate," and instructed them to grant all facilities which American fishermen have contended for. This statement may not be correct, but it is quite in accord with the line so far taken by the Imperial authorities, as well as with the numerous examples of English-American negotiation over international difficulties which our history affords. If England does not make such concessions in order to keep on good terms with the Americans it will be the first instance on record.—*Toronto News.*

The Latest Craze.

The latest society amusement is what is known as the rainbow party. It has become quite the rage in some western towns, although it is but a short time since it was first introduced. The programme is somewhat as follows:—All the young ladies in attendance wear neat little aprons of such design and color as the taste of the wearer may suggest. The bottoms are all carefully left unhemmed. Every young lady has a number and duplicate numbers are kept in a box which is generally placed in the neighborhood of the gentlemen's cloak-room in charge of two young ladies. The gentlemen buy tickets which entitle them to draw from a box. The purchaser having drawn a number at once sets out to find the young lady wearing the duplicate number on her apron. After all the young men have found their aprons, or rather their young ladies wearing the proper aprons, the master of ceremonies announces the conditions. The young men are to hem the aprons and the one doing the neatest, quickest and most careful piece of work is to receive a prize. The young ladies supply their escorts with needle and thread, and at the call of time the fun begins with the efforts of all contestants to thread their needles. Young ladies are strictly forbidden to thread the needles of their escorts and violation of the rule compels the recipient of the favor to forfeit all claims on the prize. After the needles are threaded and the young men are at work the scene is none the less inspiring. At last time is called and a committee judges on the work. The prizes are sometimes quite valuable. The aprons are raffled off after the prizes are awarded and when a jealous young man attempts, as is often the case, to out bid a rival for the possession of a pretty girl's apron, the prices brought by the innocent little aprons are amazingly large. At one rainbow party the sales amounted to $72.

The Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condemned the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean, or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes. "It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as it lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything."

The First on Record.

Some Interesting Notes on the Early History of the Dominion.

The name of America first occurs in an edition of Ptolemy's geography, on a map of Hylacomylus.

The name of Canada first occurs in the "Bref Recit, etc.," of Jacques Cartier printed at Paris in 1545.

The first settler in Canada was Louis Herbert, who came out in 1617 with his family to settle and who maintained himself and family by tilling the soil.

The first governor of Canada was Samuel de Champlain, whose term of office continued from October 15, 1622, to December 21, 1764.

The first earthquake in Canada occurred in 1638.

The first mention of lacrosse is made in Sagard's *Voyages au pays yes Hurons*, Paris, 1632.

The first newspaper published in Canada was the Quebec *Gazette*, which appeared on June 21, 1764.

The first steamship from Canada to cross the ocean was the Royal William, which sailed from Quebec on the 5th August, 1832, captain John McDougall.

The first coin issued in Canada was in the year 1848.

The first bank note issued was from the Canada bank in 1792. This bank never amounted to anything more than a project; notes were issued by the Bank of Montreal on October 1st, 1817.

The first military organization in Canada was the military fraternity of "La tre Sainte Vierge," composed of sixty-three men; the date of its organization in 1653.

The first to suggest confederation was Mr. Unlacks in 1808; after him came Chief Justice Sewell in 1814.

The first railway company in Canada was "the Company of proprietors of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad," a charter was obtained 25th February, 1832. The line was from Laprairie to St. Johns, and work was begun in 1835; first opened for traffic August, 1836, being run with horse power, but in 1837 the horses were replaced by engines.

The first discovery of gold was made in a stream flowing into the Chaudiere, in 1824, by a woman named Gilbert. In Silliman's *Journal* in 1834 a Canadian nugget is described by Lieut. Braddeley, R. E.

The first game of lacrosse between white players only occurred in Montreal in 1859. The clubs were the Montreal club and the Hochelaga club.

The first oil wells were dug in 1854. In August, 1869, L. A. Vaughan sank an oil well and in November struck oil at a depth of eighty-five feet. This was the beginning of the town of Petrolia, Ont.

The first Protestant church was built at Berthier by the Seigneur Cuthbert in 1786.

The first steamer to come down the Lachine rapids was the Ontario, Capt. Hilliard. The name was afterwards changed to Lord Sydenham. The date of her descent was 1842.(?)

Coal was first shipped from Canada late in the seventeenth century and was sent to the West Indies to the sugar refineries there.

The first incorporated town in Ontario was Hamilton, date 1833, February 13th. Toronto was incorporated as a city March 6th, 1834.

The oldest town in the Dominion is Quebec and not Annapolis, as some authorities claim. This latter town was the first founded, but is not in existence on its original site. Quebec was founded by Champlain on 3rd July, 1618, and the present Annapolis (previously Port Royal), by Charnisay, between 1632 and 1645. The ruins of the old fort are still to be seen.

The first smelting of iron took place at the St. Maurice forges on October 15, 1737. These forges were established near large beds of bog ore; have not been worked for some years.

The first clock factory was established at Whitby, Ont., in 1871. The first paper mill was erected at St. Andrews, Quebec, in 1803. The first distillery was Drummond's, at Quebec, which was in operation in 1776.

The first newspaper in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Gazette*, the first number of which appeared April 18, 1793, at Newark.

The first capture of Quebec was effected by L. and T. Kertk in 1629. It was given up by the English King in 1632 to secure the payment of a certain sum of money. The cession was made by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye.

The first printing press in Canada was set up by Berger & Mesplet in 1775.

The first settlers at Ottawa were two persons named Berry and Firth. Ottawa was called at first Bytown after Col. By, who came out from England to superintend the construction of the Rideau canal.

The first name of Toronto was York.

Montreal was founded the 17th May, 1642. Paul de Chomedy, sieur de Maisonneuve, was the first governor of the island.

It is estimated that the area sown in wheat in Manitoba this year is 450,000 acres.

Colonel Philips, late of the 4th Hussars, and Colonel Ravenhill, R. H. A., came over in the *Parisian*. They will make large purchases of horses in Canada for the Cavalry and Artillery, and report on the capabilities of the Dominion as a source of supply in case of war.

Mr. Wm. Flood, of Forester's Falls, Renfrew Co., Ont., claims to be the oldest Orangeman living. He was born in County of Cavan, Ireland, in 1784 and is consequently 102 years old. In 1798, when only fourteen years old, he shouldered his musket to help put down the rebellion in Ireland. In 1801 he joined the Orange order and has only missed one 12th July procession since then. His record as an Orangeman will be hard to beat.

A community was started at Anaheim, Cal., several years ago, the principal feature of which was that only uncooked vegetable food was used. One after another of the members has left, either by resignation or starvation, and now but two are left. One of these, the spiritual adviser of the society, Walter Lockwood Thales, is so nearly starved to death that he is confined to his bed from weakness, and the other, Mrs. Hinde, is so near the bound of life that the ladies living near her are forbidden to see her pale, wan face in the dying pangs of death by starvation.

Workingmen's Worst Enemy.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, in a recent sermon on "Strong Drink the Worst Foe of Labor," gave utterance to the following pungent and truthful words:

"The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and is now boycotting the body, mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital. It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It snatches a large part of the money that might come to the families of workingmen, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and they would reach from New York to Chicago. While ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. Our country in a year spends $1,500,000 for rum. Sit down and calculate, O workingman, how much you have expended in these directions, and add it all up and realize that, instead of answering the beck of other people, you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a man's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. Our working people will be wiser after a while, and the money they fling away in hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations, and so become capitalists."

Not all workingmen are by any means rum or beer drinkers. Many of them—yea, hundreds and thousands of them—have the good sense and prudence to practice total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating drinks; and these are the workingmen who have deposits in savings banks, who have comfortable homes, who not infrequently own the houses in which they live, and who sometimes become capitalists and give employment to others. And yet a great many who belong to the working class are rum and beer drinkers, and not a few of this class become wretched, miserable and self-ruined drunkards. They are always poor because they waste so much of their earnings on strong drink. To them and their families intoxicating liquor is an unmitigated curse, and hence the facility for obtaining it is an equal curse. The only effective remedy for the terrible evils of liquor drinking is to banish the liquor traffic from society, and thus remove the evils by removing their cause.

A Musical Prodigy.

Little, blind Maud Cook, whose home is in Manchester, Tenn., is probably the greatest living musical prodigy. She is only 9 years of age and yet when but 5 years old she was not only a musician but a composer also, and the youngest on record. She has already composed and had published three instrumental pieces: "Cleveland's March," "Hendrick's Funeral March" and "Texas Galop," very pretty, and a song, "Let the Angels In," which is remarkable for one of her years. It is claimed that she surpasses Blind Tom, in that the soul, the inspiration of music, is fully developed in her; and, besides, she is altogether intelligent, having no peculiarities to distinguish her save her passion for music, which she manifested at the early age of 18 months. She is one of seven children, two more of whom, like herself, were born blind, and all betraying the same genius for music as little Maud, though not in the same degree. A copy of her "Hendrick's Funeral March" was sent to the widow of the ex-vice-president who acknowledged its receipt in grateful terms. It is a very appropriate production and does the little genius great credit. She will be 10 years old in October. Her parents are too poor to give her the benefits of a musical training or there is no telling what she might not develop.

The Biggest Things in The World.

The largest theatre in the world is the new opera house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about 100,000,000 francs.

The largest suspension bridge is between New York city and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 feet.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatapetl—"smoking mountain"— thirty-five miles south-west of Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 feet above the sea level and has a crater 3 miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Cistnah, between Bezoran and Sectynagrum. It is more than 6,000 feet in length and is 1,200 feet in height.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 29,627 tons burden, 18,915 gross and 12,344 net register. She was built at Millwall-on-the-Thames and launched January 31st, 1857.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 420 miles long, 160 wide at its greatest breadth and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is 900 feet and its greatest depth is said to be about 1200 feet. Its surface is about 630 feet above the level of the sea.

The biggest cavern is the Mammoth cave, in Edmonson county, Kentucky. It is near Green River, about 6 miles from Cave City and 28 from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed at navigable branches of the Echo river. Blind fish are found in its waters in abundance.

The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose ha-ha! reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the same fellow who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackle of thorns under the pot. The man who spreads his laughter through his life, before a late breakfast, when he misses the train, when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper, the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt, when the furnace fire goes out in the night and both of the twins come down with the measles at the same time, he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith; somehow he puts faith into him. He delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice, and the sight of his blessed daily life carries conviction that words have no power to give. The blues flee before him as fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man; why are there so few of them? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into shine and winter into summer all round the year until life is a perpetual season of joy?

Smith College for Women at Northampton, Mass., has conferred the degree of L. L. D. upon Amelia B. Edwards, of England, the first instance of the kind in America, if not in the world. The recipient of this high honorary degree is one of the foremost scholars in archæology and ethnology.

The Poets' Faith.

LONGFELLOW.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me,
I shall not feel pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in Heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass; I see what lies beyond it.
And in your life, let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at time, beside the evening fire,
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you,
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting.

ELLA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, The Beyond!
And yet not strange for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
They make it seem familiar and most dear
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think that but for our veiled eyes
We should find Heaven right round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about;
I love this world: Yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me I know.

I never stand above the bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me,"
When I shall cross the intervening space,
Between this land and the over there,
One more to make the strange beyond more fair.

And so for me there is no sting in death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing with bated breath,
And white set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious, than before.

TENNYSON.

* * * Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from his native land
Where first he walk'd when clasp'd in clay?

No visual shade of someone lost,
But he, the spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore, from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of untold-complicated change.

Descend, and touch and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in the blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead?

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

An Ottawa, Ont., despatch says: Considerable excitement was caused here on Thursday night over the announcement that a crank, who had been for several days past hovering around the grounds of Sir John Macdonald's residence, had entered a shop in the city where he wished to purchase a tape measure, giving as his object for making the purchase that he wished to measure off a piece of rope to hang Sir John Macdonald. He charges his intended victim with having cheated him out of his land and bounty for serving in the late rebellion in the North-west. The police are now on his track as it is feared he may do some bodily harm to Sir John in his present mental condition if not arrested.

Mr. Blake has declared in favor of the amendment to the Scott Act necessary to make it effective and urges the Young Liberals to take their stand on the side of temperance. He will never get young Liberals or old temperance men to become enthusiastic over any such half measure. Temperance in Canada has made such progress that the goal he aims at is behind the temperance workers and temperance supporters and they have set their faces toward national prohibition which is now within measurable distance. Organization should be begun at once looking to the forcing of this issue upon the electors at the next general elections, which are now not far off. A pledge to support prohibition should be required of one candidate in every constituency, and that candidate should receive the solid temperance vote, no matter what party he may be a member of. Where neither of the party candidates will give the pledge a third candidate should be nominated and supported by the temperance vote. Prohibition should be *the* issue at the next election.

Mr. Gladstone's northern tour and his reception at various places along the route from London to Edinburgh shows conclusively that he has still the mass of the common people with him both in England and Scotland. This means that if he does not secure for his Government at the approaching election a good working majority, he will find himself in the next Parliament at the head of a minority so powerful that no Ministry can hold office without undertaking to give Ireland control over her own affairs. The question of disestablishment of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, held in abeyance at the late election largely at Mr. Gladstone's own request, seems to be coming to the front in a very significant way. The United Presbyterians are unanimous in favor of it and the great majority of the Free Church people have been won over to the same position. If Scotland had a Parliament of her own the Church would be disestablished very speedily and it is not at all unlikely that, as the result of the approaching election, the wish of the great majority of the Scottish people may be gratified in this matter.

The discussions on Gladstone's now defunct Home Rule Bill make it increasingly clear that at no distant day a federal constitution will take the place of the present constitution of Great Britain and Ireland. In an article on "The Exclusion of Irish Members from the Imperial Parliament," in the June number of the *Contemporary Review*, R. W. Dale, a prominent English Liberal, argues with force and ingenuity in favor of passing Mr. Gladstone's bill, with the provision omitted that removes Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament, and of passing a similar bill, *mutatis mutandis*, for Great Britain, or one each for England and Scotland, and of leaving the present Imperial Parliament to deal with all foreign, colonial, and other strictly Imperial matters. He maintains that Mr. Gladstone has in his Home Rule Bill surmounted "the difficulty of drawing a distinction between National and Imperial powers," and that public opinion is much more favorable to such a measure as he outlines than it seems. The general election, will, of course, show whether Mr. Dale is right or wrong in this view, but any one who will take the trouble to read his article will see clearly that Mr. Gladstone's position is much more defensible than some of his opponents represent it to be. Mr. Dale is undoubtedly right in his contention that British foreign policy, colonial policy and home policy would each be the better for such a change as he advocates. No one legislative body is able to get through, by any arrangement of machinery, such a mass of work as is now imposed on the British House of Commons.—*Onlooker in Canada Citizen.*

THE FARM.

Farm Gates.

The season being at hand when the cheap and convenient farm appendages should be put in position, I write to offer your readers a little of my experience. Having observed in my travels that a majority of heavy gates sag, so as to become inconvenient or useless after a year or two, I three years ago adopted the often-repeated recommendation to set the hinge-post with cement. This post should be of the most durable timber, at least ten inches in diameter, nine feet long, and set four feet in the ground. The post hole should be dug two feet square, and of course four feet deep. A layer of mortar, mixed as for cisterns, two or three inches thick, should be spread over the bottom of the hole and the post set perpendicularly in the center and stay-lathed to keep it in position while the hole is being filled around it. Now put a layer of small stones, three or four inches through, around the bottom of the post, then pour thin mortar on to this layer of stones so that it will fill the spaces; then alternate layers of small stones and thin mortar till the hole is filled. Let it stand eight or ten days to set before hanging the gate, and you have a post set as in a solid rock. I have three gates hung on posts set in this way, onto one of which an unruly cow jumped and hung herself up, and while in that position the gate, not being fastened swung around sixty degrees. The gate swung shut all right, but, owing to this severe test, was actually depressed a quarter of an inch, but the post moved not a hair-breadth, as we could perceive.

Of the many kinds of hinges for heavy gates I like the "hook and eye" the best. They cost $1 a set. I have them made of square, ⅞-inch bar iron, to prevent turning, long enough to reach through the post, with nut on outer end and collar on lower hinge to prevent it working through too far. With two or more sets of hooks in the post the gate may be raised to any height the accumulating snow may require.

A gate well made, of good material, kept painted, and hung in this way will cost about $5, and, barring accidents, will keep its place twenty years.

The best fastening is a latch and catch. A mortise should be made through one of the posts of the gate in which the boards are framed and bolted. Through this mortise a latch of hardwood, three feet long or more, an inch or over narrower than the mortise to give it play, should pass to catch on the post against which the gate swings. A post with catch should be planted so as to receive the latch when the gate swings wide open, so that it is always secure and never left to the mercy of the wind.

Timely Suggestions.

Cows which give most and richest milk need most careful feeding, as excessive stimulation of milk glands causes garget, and often milk fever. Many a valuable Jersey cow has been destroyed by trying to force an unnatural butter yield. We believe in good feeding of all cows, but where the tendency is largely to butter production a good deal of discretion must be used in giving too much.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer gives the following recipe for making a grafting wax: White resin, four and a half pounds; beeswax, pure, one pound; linseed oil, one pint. Warm the oil slowly and when hot put in the resin and wax; stir well till all is thoroughly melted, and pour out into a pail of cold water; work like molasses candy, and form in sticks of convenient size, say about as large as sausages. This will keep for years in a cool cellar, and is an excellent application for all wounds of trees.

The old practice of growing pumpkins among corn has been growing unpopular for some years with farmers who desire to give their corn thorough cultivation. It is, in short, deemed better to grow the pumpkins by themselves. A difference is not only noticed in the corn, but the pumpkins attain larger size and are better ripened. To best grow choice varieties it is not only essential that they be raised alone, but the soil should be rich and well worked. Harris recommends planting in rows from eight to ten feet apart, three or four feet apart in the rows, dropping eight or ten seeds in a hill, this is calculated to be a sufficient quantity to leave three or four strong plants in the hill. It is essential that the land be kept free from weeds, even after the plants attain considerable size.

This recipe for cementing iron is given by an English mechanical journal: Take equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about a sixth of borax; incorporate the three thoroughly. When about to apply it wet it with strong sulphuric acid and place a thin layer of it between the two pieces of iron and press them together. In five days it will be dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the iron will have the appearance of having been wedded together.

The Husbandman says a barn sheet is something which ought to be found on every farm, but seldom is. It is simply a large sheet of heavy cotton sheeting, sixteen yards being sufficient to make a good-sized one, to be spread on the wagon bottom when buckwheat, oats, or wheat which is too ripe are to be drawn in. The saving of shelled grain which would otherwise be lost is not inconsiderable. It serves another purpose also, as it may be spread over an unfinished stack during a sudden storm, or over a load of grain in bags in the field or on the way to town.

Strange Weapons.

Many of the weapons of strange shape and character to be found in India deserve special notice on account of their appropriateness to the district in which they have originated, their historical associations, or their individual peculiarity of shape and quality. The kukri, the national weapon of Nepal, is about 19 inches in total length, with an unguarded hilt. It's blade, generally of bright steel, is incurved, heavy, and widening toward the point. It has more the qualities of a good bill hook than anything else, and this, indeed, was its original function, for the Gorkha required it not only for fighting purposes, but also to clear his way through the jungles of the Terai. In his practised hands the kukri is the handiest of tools and the most formidable of weapons—how formidable those who have been in action with the Gorkha battalions in our service can well testify. Like the kukri of the Gorkha, the big knife of the Coorg mountaineer derived its shape from the daily necessities of life in dense jungles. The tremendous monsoon rains which break on the mountains of the west coast of India develop an extraordinary luxurient vegetation in the district, and the inhabitants found the constant want of an implement to open their way through the thick underwood and clumps of bamboo. The Coorg knife, the ayda katti, is about the same length as the kukri also with blade incurved, but still wider and heavier. One of its most remarkable characteristics is that it has no sheath, but it is carried, slung naked, across the hips, through a slit in a metal belt. The belt is called a todunga, and is made generally in either brass or silver, of a solid plate behind, fastening in front with massive and handsome chains. A spike projects to the rear from the centre of this plate at the back. This spike has no apparent definite use, but it was remarked at the imperial assemblage at Delhi that the Coorg chiefs who were there in the costume and wearing the arms of their native country were not incommoded by any crowd pressing on them from behind.

A Morning Call.

Male guest—"I'd like to be called at four to-morrow morning; I'm going fishing."

Female domestic (stupidly)—"Eh?"

Male guest (desperately)—"I'm going fishing to-morrow morning, and I wish to be called early; not later than four."

Female domestic (stolidly)—"Will you ring?"

THE WATER FEAST.

A Strange and Ludicrous Festival in Upper Burmah.

The Burmese year 1248 commenced on the 15th of last month. On the three preceding days the Water Feast, the great annual festival, which is observed throughout all Burmah, was celebrated with the customary formalities and with usual boisterous merriment. It is needless to give any lengthened description of the Water Feast. Every writer on Burmah or the Burmese has devoted some space to discussing the meaning and origin of and to describing the festivities with which the Water Feast is celebrated and the new year ushered in. In both Lower and Upper Burmah during the three days preceding the new year the towns and villages are filled with

CROWDS OF LAUGHING GIRLS

and young men engaged in throwing water over each other and the passers-by. The children are armed with large syringes, which they use with great accuracy. Under Burmese rule it was scarcely safe for Europeans to be seen in the streets of Mandalay during the three days the Water Feast lasted. They ran great risks of being drenched with the filthiest water that could be found, although among themselves the Burmese only use the purest water available. Many a grudge was paid off during the Water Feast, and it was impossible to obtain any redress. On the present occasion the Burmese did not throw water on Europeans until they had asked and received leave to do so; permission was usually freely given, especially by the European soldiers. Tommy Atkins appeared to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the thing and to enjoy engaging in a watery combat with half a dozen Burmese girls. On the other hand, the Sepoys did not appear to at all relish the attentions with which they were favored. During the Water Feast it is advisable for Europeans who do not understand Burmese well to observe considerable caution in replying to any questions which may be addressed to them. An affirmative reply given to a question in the belief that it is

A DEMAND FOR CHARITY,

or some similar request, will not improbably result in your having a few bowls of water thrown over you by the person who addressed you and by the bystanders, the question having been a request for leave to throw water on you. I experienced this fate myself. All the principal pagodas are redecorated and the images of Gautama in them are regilded during the Water Feast. Enormous sums are spent in this way. One of the most interesting sights in Mandalay during the new year's festivities was a visit to the Arrakan Pagoda. The great brass Gautama there, weighing 14 tons, was, with the exception of the face, plastered all over with thin layers of gold, brought by devout worshippers who visited it from all parts of Burmah.

Cork Irishmen.

The diet of the Irishmen in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes 21 times a week. In the event of a blight, such as the historical one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this corner of the country, so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him. The native Irish is almost universally spoken, but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavor. Here, also, we have the Irishmen in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue tailed coat and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes their picturesquenes; it is their positively miraculous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it, and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beaten and however brutally used, could attain that preadamite look. It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with "A fine day, sir, God be praised!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with spade and pickax over his shoulder. Sharing your tobacco with him it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conversation as you please, he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his lifelong friend.

Teaching Deaf-Mutes to Read.

Instruction is conveyed to deaf-mutes in most instances by the use of sign language, or the manual alphabet. The foundation maxim of the methods used is "first ideas, then words." The mind must be aroused to activity, and, as the foundations of knowledge which other children acquire by the aid of hearing are here wanting, progress is, of course, very slow at first. Usually, instruction is begun by the word method, words being connected with the objects they represent. For instance, the child is shown some common object, or a picture of an animal, and the printed name of the object or animal is shown him at the same time. He is thus taught to connect names with their objects and to recognize printed words. When a few words have been learned, sentences are framed, and the child is taught to recognize these as units embodying a complete idea. The printed and the sign alphabets are taught together and, when these are mastered, instruction in spelling is not difficult. After names of objects, their obvious properties, with numerals and verbs of action, are next taught. The adjectives first brought forward are those of size and color, then propositions of locality. The simple tenses are exemplified by calling attention to a series of actions. Much use is made of contrast of ideas. A child of 10 or 12 years of age, if possessed of ordinary intelligence, can usually, at the end of a year, construct for himself simple sentences about every-day affairs. During the first two or three years text-books prepared especially for deaf-mutes are used, after that any text-books will serve.

Wonderful Instinct of Flies.

"You are a telegraphist, Herr Maier, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"When out walking to-day I noticed that whole myriads of flies covered the telegraph wires for a considerable distance. How do you explain this?"

"At what time was it?"

"About four o'clock."

"Just then we had a message conveying the last quotations in sugar and molasses."

Speaking of flies, a base ball player says: "They come high, but we must have them."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Removal of Spots and Stains.

The following concise rules are extracted from a German journal:

Matter Adhering Mechanically—Beating, bruising, and currents of water, either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simply washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish, and Resins—On white or colored linens, cottons, or woolens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol lye, and their soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine—In all cases, strong, pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine, and Red Ink—on white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water; colored cottons or woolens, wash with lukewarm soap lye or ammonia; silks the same but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the older are the spots; on colored cottons and woolens and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matter—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepsin or the juice of carica papaya can be procured the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances are applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast-dyed cottons and woolens citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are moistened, and very carefully dilute citric acid is applied with the finger-end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water if a fruit color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia with the finger-end. In case of delicate colors it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste with water and apply it to the spots.

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather—White goods, hot chlorine water and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woolens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away and reapplying it several times.

Tar, Cart-Wheel Grease, Mixtures of Fat, Resin and Acetic Acid—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Colored cottons and woolens, rub in with lard, let lie; soap, let lie again, and treat alternately with oil of turpentine and water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of the oil of turpentine.

Scorching—White goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, re-dye, if possible, or in woolen raise a new surface. Silks, no remedy.

Hints.

An improvement on making rag carpet: Measure your strips exactly the length of the room, then take to the sewing machine and stitch through the middle of each rag until you have stitched through four rags in succession. Then cut between the middle stitching. It will not require binding, and saves work and carpet and looks so much neater.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth be mixed in the white of six eggs, well beaten, and applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polishing take a piece of soft leather and whiting and rub hard. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philidelphia says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap-suds, as it makes it look like pewter."

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

To remove ink stains, wash the cloth thoroughly in milk, then in hot water with soap, and the stains will disappear.

The Boy to Succeed.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in New York advertised for a boy. Next day the store was crammed with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him: places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes that made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store and presently discovered his youthful *protege* busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boys wages" for he is willing. Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages he is willing and faithful." To day that boy is getting a salary of $2,5000, and next January will become a member of the firm. Young men, imitate his example.

A Panther's Revenge.

The panther of India seldom attacks a man unless provoked, driven to bay, or wounded. If the man lets him alone, he will not trouble the man; but should the man wound him, then the powerful animal becomes a more dangerous beast to cope with than the tiger, for he can climb a tree, and the tiger cannot.

Several years ago, an English officer, in India, located himself in a tree, with a native hunter, and waited for game. A panther happened to pass below, and the officer fired.

Unfortunately for himself, he wounded instead of killing the animal. The panther turned, sprang up the trunk of the tree, seized the officer, dragged him to the ground, and mauled him so that he died.

The frightened native remained in the tree, unable to help his master. When the panther had satisfied himself that the white man was harmless, he ascended the tree a second time, and killed the native.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the lights had been turned up strong, and Elder Toots had coughed a peanut-shuck out of his throat, Brother Gardner arose and said:

"I find heah on my desk a heap of mottoes, watchwords and maxims which hev bin gathered together by de Committee on Judiciary wid a view of replacin' de stock now hangin, on de walls. I has bin keerfully considerin' de matter in my mind fur a week pas', an' I doan' like de ideah of a change. De pusson who can't stick to one motto fur mo' dan six months can't be depended on to stick by a job fur mo' dan one.

"If I was out o' cash, friendless, laid up in a garret wid a sore heel an' a carbuncle, an' spectin' ebery day to be toted off to de peo' house, I doan' know but I might furnish de world wid some watchwords an' sayin's, but it would hev to be under some sich sarcumstances. About a month ago I begun tradin' wid a butcher who had hung up in his shop de motto: 'Live and Let Live.' It struck me dat de ideah was a good one. He wanted his dues, an' he would grant de same to odders. In about a week he slipped a plugged quarter into my change; two days later my two pounds of beef was short three ounces; de next week he charged me up wid forty-eight cents' worf of pork which I nebber had. I doan' trade dere any mo', an' my respeck fur his motto has dropped fifteen pegs.

"A naybur o' mine took in a motto 'bout a y'ar ago. It was: 'De Airly Burd Cotches de Worm.' In a leetle time I missed my hoo. Den the buck-saw went. Den odder nayburs' loose property begun to go. We got a policeman up dar' to watch, an' when he caught de thief it proved to be de man wid de motto. He was de airliest burd on tda hull street, an' de way he took de worms was sad fur us.

"If dar' am any members of dis club who can't keep to work widout some motto 'bout industry behind 'em—who can't pay deir honest debts widout some motto 'bout honesty above 'em—who can't be good husbands an' fathers widout some scriptural quotashun pasted in deir hats, such pussons had better sever deir connexun to once."

BOUNCED.

The Committee on the Interior, through the Chairman, Judge Chewso, then reported back the case of Prof. Ashfoot Smith, an honorary member residing in Milwaukee. He had been charged with being an Anarchist, and an investigation had resulted in the discovery that he believed in and contended for:

"No taxation."

"Death to the rich."

"Equal division of all property."

"Neither laws nor prisons."

The committee were unanimous in recommending that his name be stricken from the rolls.

"Which the same will be did to once," said the President, "an' it may be sot down as de sentiments of dis club dat de gov'ment should take sich akshun as will prevent conspirators, Nihilists and criminals from Yurup findin' a safe asylum in de United States."

NOT INFORMED.

Giveadam Jones arose for information. He would like to be informed whether any correspondence has passed between the Lime-Kiln Club and Congress in reference to the summer adjournment. He had understood that neither body proposed to adjourn unless the other followed suit.

"I kin inform de member," answered the President, "dat dar' am no late correspondence to be submitted. While dar' am no direct coldness between dis club and Congress, we doan' waste much postage writin' to each odder. It am my opinyun, however, dat we shall boaf take a vacashun doorin' July and August. Many of our members will be away durin' dose two months, an' de occashun will probably be seized to make some necessary repairs to Paradise Hall. If dis program am carried out sich of us as remain will meet in de Library once a week fur muchal improvement. I has been axed to deliver a series of eight or ten short lecktures to sich as gather, an' hev partly promised to do so."

PROBABLY DOES.

Some time since the following query from Toronto was respectfully submitted: "Does our mental progress keep pace with that of other nations?" The query was given to the Committee on Social Science for investigation, and Prof. Hackensack Johnson, Chairman, now begged leave to report. The committee had kept their eyes open and their tongues going. They had discovered that where one work on history or science was sold 10,000 fly sheets of some new love story were thrown upon the doorsteps of as many houses and eagerly read by the mother and her daughters. They had found that for every one book of solid reading carried home by an adult 20,000 boys purchased dime novels relating to Indian slayers or "Old Sleuth" detectives. For every schoolbook in America there were five novels. Where one woman reads her Bible 100 read a story paper. The committee were therefore of the opinion that "she does," and they asked to be discharged from further consideration of the subject.

NOT THAT FAR.

Shindig Watkins also desired information. He wanted to ask how far the fraternal feelings of a member of the Lime-Kiln Club should carry him. He expected to lend his coffee-mill, his hoe and his lawn mower to a brother member, but was there a point where the line must be drawn?

"Dar' am," answered Brother Gardner, "an' dat pint am reached when you conclude to give a leetle party at your cabin an' hev ice cream an' strawberries fur refreshments. At sich an epoch as dat a pusson am supposed to pick hiz own company, an' a member of dis club livin' next doah must not lay up any hard feelin's bekase he am not invited."

A Young Woman Dies of a Rattler's Bite.

About a month ago Miss Gertrude Martin, a lovely and accomplished society young lady of Eort Hallry, went on a visit to a married sister in Tatnall county. One Tuesday evening Miss Martin, accompanied by her sister and a young lady, went to a blackberry patch about half a mile from the house to pick blackberries. About sundown, just as the party was ready to return home, Miss Martin cried out that she was bitten by a snake. Her sister ran to her, and, pulling off the shoe and stocking of the wounded limb, saw only a slight scratch, as if made by a pin. She at once applied her mouth to the bite and tried to suck out the poison, but the limb began swelling at a rapid rate. She stopped sucking, and taking her handkerchief tied it around the leg just below the knee. In the mean time the young lady had gone to the house for assistance. In about an hour Miss Martin was taken to the house, where all that was possible was done to relieve her. The swelling continued until her entire body was swollen out of all proportion, and in five hours after the snake had fastened its fang into her flesh she was a corpse. Her death was a horrible one, and yet she was conscious up to the last moment.

Stepping-Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing—in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself. Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed, except when sleeping. Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny path. Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind. He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Some Remarkable Parrots.

History and tradition tell us of some most remarkable parrots. In the seventeenth century, during the government of Prince Maurice in Brazil, he had heard of an old parrot that was much celebrated for answering like a rational creature many common questions. The parrot was at a great distance from his residence, but so much had been said about it that the prince's curiosity was aroused, and he directed the bird to be sent for. When pretty Poll was introduced into the room where the prince was sitting in company with several Dutchmen, the bird immediately exclaimed in the Brazilian language,

"What a company of white men are here!"

They asked, "Who is that man?" pointing to the prince.

The parrot answered, "Some general or other."

The prince was ignorant of the language, and when the attendants carried the bird to him, he asked it through the medium of an interpreter,

"To whom do you belong?"

The parrot answered, "To a Portuguese."

He asked again, "What do you there?"

The bird answered, "I look after chickens."

The prince laughed, and exclaimed, "You look after chickens?"

The parrot in answer said, "Yes, I, and I know well enough how to do it!" clucking at the same time in imitation of the hen to call together her young.

Early in the present century, there died the celebrated parrot of Colonel O'Kelly, who lived in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London. This wonderful parrot sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She could express her wants and give her orders very much like a human being. She could repeat a number of sentences and answer many questions put to her. When singing she beat time with all the appearance of science, and she would often correct her mistakes in singing. This parrot died at the age of thirty years. Parrots frequently live to the age of one hundred.

In a bird-store once upon a time, the keeper of the shop taught his birds to say cute things, and when a young lady called to buy a parrot he brought out a green parrot that was small and meek-looking. The dealer asked the bird to "Say something sweet to the pretty lady." The bird, to the surprise of all, rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out, "I ain't as green as I look."

A common gray parrot having been brought from Guinea by a sailor with a coarse, rough voice, and afflicted with a cough, the parrot learned to imitate the exact tones of his master, even to the cough, so closely that the sound of his voice was often mistaken for that of the sailor. The bird was afterward taken in hand by another instructor and taught a softer tone, but it never forgot the harsh voice of its former master, and often amused by-standers by relapsing into sea-slang, interspersed with the cough of the sailor.

While Dean Stanley was a canon at Canterbury, a gentleman who had been invited to breakfast with him found all the servants assembled in the garden, where the master's parrot was at large in a tree. The master came out at that moment. The parrot looked down at him, and said, in a low but distinct voice—exactly like the dean's—"Let us not pray." The bird was eventually captured by the aid of a fishing-rod.

A grey parrot was stationed in a nursery, where his greatest delight was to see the baby bathed. The child becoming ill, the parrot was removed to the kitchen. There after a time he set up a terrible cry: "The baby! the dear baby!" All the family rushed down to find the parrot in a state of the wildest excitement watching the roasting of a sucking pig.

A gentleman in Yorkshire was attacked with a fever about Christmas time, and his parrot was removed from the dining-room to the kitchen, where its voice was less likely to disturb its master. It remained there for several weeks, during which time it stole the raisins intended for a plum-pudding. The cook in anger threw some hot grease at it, and scalded its head. When the gentleman got better the parrot was removed to the dining-room. The master came in with his head newly shaved, whereupon the parrot turned one eye upon him, and slowly said, "You bald-headed ruffian! So you stole the cook's plums, did you?"

A parrot belonging to a hotel in Philadelphia walked about on the window ledge one night. The window was open and the bird lost her balance and fell on the pavement below. A policeman picked up the bird, and as he carried Polly into the hotel, she said,

"Polly's sick."

Blood trickled from its green feathered head, and as the officer handed it to the clerk the bird said again, as it closed its eyes,

"Polly's sick."

While its wounded head was being washed and bathed, the parrot repeated several times,

"Polly's sick."

For an hour it lay perfectly quiet with its eyes closed, and then suddenly repeated again,

"Polly's sick."

A moment later the parrot fell over dead.

On the West Coast of Africa.

My voyage along the coast and visits to all the principal places have astonished me profoundly. I looked forward with pleasure to a study of the influence which a century of contact with civilisation has effected in the barbarous tribes of the seaboard. The result has been unspeakably disappointing. Leaving out of consideration the towns of Sierra Leone and Lagos, where the conditions have been abnormal, the tendency has been everywhere in the line of deterioration. There is absolutely not a single place, where the natives are left to their own free will, in which there is the slightest evidence of a desire for better things. The worst vices and diseases of Europe have found a congenial soil, and the taste for spirits has risen out of all proportion to their desire for clothes —the criterion with many of growth in grace. . . . In these villages men, women, and children, with scarcely a rag upon their persons, follow you about beseeching for a little gin or tobacco. Eternally gin, tobbacco, or gunpowder! These are the sole wants aroused by a century of trade and of contact with Europeans! And yet how is this region represented in England? Why, as a field "white unto harvest." The African is described as looking to our Government for a more settled rule; as crying to the Churches, "Come over and help us;" to our merchants, "We have oil, and rubber, and ivory; give us in exchange your cloth and your cutlery." "Ye see us naked, and ye clothe us not;" to the philanthropist, "We are able and willing to work, only come and show us the way." Pray banish all such rubbish from your minds. It is simply myth.—*Joseph Thomson, F. R. G. S.*

Newspapers.

No newspaper ever published pleased everybody, and every sensible taker of a paper, in passing judgment upon it decides the matter upon the whole appearance of the publication from week to week, not condemning it because he finds something printed therein that displeases him, or considering it infallible because it expresses, from week to week, his exact views. Otherwise the only successful newspaper would be the one which was neutral upon all subjects, or one which never expressed any views on a point of interest, confining itself to more items of news. These two classes of papers were never known to exist in an intelligent community, after being conducted upon that principle for any length of time, for a community is judged by the outside world by the newspapers which it supports.

A sweet story this, of a dear little girl in North Carolina who cut off and sold her "silken tresses" to buy a communion service for the church.

LATE HOME NEWS.

Residents of Belleville complain of letter collectors reading postcards.

Diphtheria is very bad at Ancaster. Three and four persons are ill in some families.

Battleford has established a Protestant Public School district and elected trustees.

During the last week of May the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade at Battleford.

The Jews at the Jewish colony in the North-west are threatened with starvation. Relief measures are being taken.

A party of forty police have left Battleford by the Cypress trail with a month's forage and provisions for patrol duty.

It is alleged that some Ottawa youths, who insulted young ladies at a Saved Army meeting in Kemptville, were soundly thrashed by incensed young men of the village.

The Calgary Tribune reports that "Cariboo" Cameron, who made $150,000 in the Cariboo mines, is at present "broke," and has gone to the Big Bend to repair his fortunes.

Reports from Yale, B. C., represent the Fraser River to be higher than ever before at this date. It is only ten feet below the highest point reached in the great freshet of 1882, and old settlers predict that the high water mark of that year will be exceeded.

A young man has been arrested at Montreal for stealing half a ton of iron from the Canadian Pacific Railway yards. He and a companion, who is still at large, are alleged to have succeeded in stealing this large amount in small quantities before they were detected.

While Mr. O. E. Howell, of Jerseyville, was teaming logs into the mill yard of Mr. Obed Howell's in some way one of the logs he had on the trucks slid and caught him. When found the log was lying on his breast and he was unconscious. It is thought he will recover.

Battleford has had an exhibition of contractor's beef in the raw. Last week a herd of cattle, alleged to be milch cows, intended for the Indian Department, were delivered at that place, but the agent refused to receive them, and the men in charge turned them loose to take their chance upon the prairie.

It is estimated that five miles of shedding will have to be built on the C. P. R. in the Selkirks, that the cost will be about $1,200,-000, and that the sheds will be completed by the first of December. A great number of men are now employed in taking out square timber, driving piles, and running the lumber mills.

Mr. Andrew Stapleton, of Jerseyville, had been missing for some days, and his wife becoming alarmed about him proceeded on Friday with her son over the path he usually takes to his work at Abram Vansickle's, and found him lying against a tree dead. He was taken to a house and buried the same evening. It is supposed he had a fit.

Farewell, the new divisional centre on the C. P. R., is situated on the high banks of the Columbia River, on a loamy flat, and has water communication with Spokane Falls and with Colville, in Washington Territory. Vegetation is quite far advanced, and garden products, such as lettuce, radishes, and onions, are fit for table use. A number of prospectors have already gone into the mines and have a tunnel many feet in depth from which they are taking gold, although they have not yet reached bed-rock. They are busy preparing sluice-boxes, and seem quite confident of results. Already $4,000 has been expended on the claim.

AN HISTORICAL TREE.

A Silent Witness of the Terrible Massacre of British Soldiers.

The obliteration of a landmark in the history of Detroit and the northwest has been commenced on the property of the Michigan stove company, on Jefferson avenue. Tradition says that the old whitewood tree was a silent witness to the terrible massacre by Pontiac's Indians on July 31, 1763. Pontiac was carrying out his great conspiracy against the whites, which was agreed to at a council of Ottawas, Pottawatomies and Hurons, held at Ecorse on April 27, 1763. His first movement, to massacre the garrison, was betrayed to Maj. Gladwin, the British commander, by an Indian girl, on May 9, and, with his braves, he was ordered out of the stockade. The fort was afterwards invested, Pontiac hoping to starve out the garrison. He captured supply boats and trains, and the garrison retaliated with several sorties. On July 29, Captain Dalyell arrived with 22 barges and 280 soldiers of the Fifty fifth and Eightieth regiments, and 20 rangers commanded by Major Robert Rogers, of New Hampshire, with cannons and provisions—all under Dalyell's orders.

The latter, who had been an officer, under the daring Putman, besought permission to lead an expedition against Pontiac, and was finally given that privilege. He started before daylight on the morning of June 31, 1763. Dalyell marched up the river road with three detachments, and supported by two batteries armed with swivel guns, on the river. The wily Pontiac had been informed of the sortie, and was lying on the banks of Bloody Run, then called Parent's Creek. As the British forces neared the bridge the Indians poured in a withering volley. The soldiers charged across, but the enemy was invisible, and their numbers melted away under the terrible fire. The troops retreated, and Dalyell, while trying to save a wounded soldier, was shot dead. The British loss was: Killed, 17; captured, 3; wounded, 38.

Detroit was virtually besieged by Pontiac's forces till that great warrior signed a treaty of peace, Aug. 17, 1786. Detroit was the only western post that held out against the Indians under his command.

Old residents in the city tell that hundreds of British and Indian bullets entered the tree, and that the cutting of them out was one of their juvenile pastimes half a century ago.

A Tragedy of the Far West.

A dispute arose in an Indian camp near Stockton Hill, Arizona, recently, and before it ended a buck named Pizzar with his Winchester rifle shot and killed Ah Quinthe and his squaw, a daughter of Chief Love-Love, mortally wounded another buck and another daughter of the chief, and slightly wounded two other Indians. Then the murderer fled, pursued by mounted braves. Head Chief Surrum arrived at the camp soon after, and his first order was to kill all the relatives of the murderer. The squaws and pappooses hurried to the miners' camp near by, and begged hiding places in their cabins, and this aroused the miners, who told the chief that he could not carry out his bloody plan, and that he must countermand his order. He reluctantly complied, but issued fresh orders to bring Pizzar in at any cost.

In the mean time the avengers were riding fast after the fleeing murderer, and followed his trail into the Wallapai Valley until darkness put an end to the pursuit. Early next morning they took up the trail, and, after riding twelve miles, they came upon the dead bodies of the murderer and his horse. It was apparent that after riding his horse until he gave out the Indian killed him, and then, putting the muzzle of his Winchester to his right eye, pulled the trigger, and cheated his pursuers of their anticipated vengeance.

Made to Order.

Alderman—"You are charged with entering the complainant's tent, while camping out, with purposes of stealing. What have you to say?"

Prisoner—"I didn't intend to steal, your Honor. I only went to see if there was anything I could do for him."

"Oh, yes; then you admit that you were found in the complainant's tent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is for the in-tent I sentence you to sixty days."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY A. R. CARMAN, B. A.

There is one phase of this woman suffrage question that I have hitherto deemed unworthy of notice, but it crops up so persistently and constitutes the stock-in-trade of so many petty supporters of this movement, that I must crave space to expose its network of fallacy. It is the hackneyed but ever confident assertion that if a woman pays taxes, she certainly has a right to say how they should be expended. This is gratuitously juggled into a reason why tax-paying women should vote on all questions, utterly regardless of the fact that our legislators are supposedly elected for many other purposes than the disposal of the revenue. (Late developments at Ottawa, however, might seem an excuse for this mistake.) This reasoning would show that such women have a right to vote only on purely financial questions, but if the advocates of woman suffrage are pleased with such arguments they need not stop for want of them. They are plentiful, as for instance:—If a woman must obey laws, surely she has a right to say how these laws shall be made; or if a woman is affected by the rays of the sun, or must be subservient to the laws of sickness and health, it is outrageous to hinder her from having a voice in deciding when "old Sol" shall shine, or as to what will be the effects of late hours and bad air and so on, *ad infinitum*. Hence it is evident that it does not always follow that because a person is affected, financially or otherwise, by certain laws that they can rightfully claim a hand in the framing of those laws.

Again, this argument rests on the supposition that the property qualification is an essential element of the franchise; while it is freely conceded by all the ripe thinkers of the age that it is merely accidental, a means to reach an end. If the possession of property or the reception of income were the *sine qua non* of voting, a certain amount of property, (or income,) would be made the unit of the franchise. That is, a man representing, say, 200 acres of land would have *one* vote, while he, who held the deed for 400 acres, could cast *two* votes; the property (or income) possessing the vote, the man being simply a highly complicated automatic machine for depositing the ballot.

But this is not the case. The unit of the franchise is the MAN, and the great Republic to the south freely recognises this principle in manhood suffrage. I do not intend to defend, nor even to discuss, this problem of manhood suffrage; it has its advantages and it has its faults, and it is solely to avoid one of these faults that we took the property qualification as a test on to our system of franchise. We wish to escape the "tramp vote," as it is called, an uninterested, irresponsible and purchasable element; and hence, while admitting the principle of MANhood suffrage by making man the unit, we effectively shut out this obnoxious influence by requiring a qualification that they do not possess. Other means might have been used. To demand a certain length of residence would have been equally effectual; making a certain status of education the standard would have barred, not only this vote, but a propertied ignorant vote with which we are now cursed; and these precautions to purify the ballot would not have constituted the vital essence of the franchise, but simply outside helps to render its operations more effective. And so it is with the qualification of property. It is the man that votes; and in so doing he exercises his legitimate, God-given privilege.

Women, in some instances, because, without their natural protectors, may possess an accidental, artificial qualification of the franchise, but they lack the essential element, the Divinely-ordained prerogative of manhood. As well might a woman claim the suffrage because, forsooth, she is not insane nor an alien, or on the ground that she escapes any of the barriers that are raised to protect the dignity or purity of the franchise.

I fancy that I have earned the right to say a few words anent the noble work of our women through the centuries without exposing myself to a charge of flattery. History is replete with their achievements, and when we look for their lightest work it is not to Semairamus and Joan of Arc but rather to Esther and Florence Nightingale; their duty lies nearer the hospital than the front of the charge, rather at the hearthstone than on the hustings. From their homes they nerved Roman valor and, defying the barbarism of the middle ages, made a beautiful chivalry possible. How many of the foremost men of our planet, when asked the secret of their success, have crystalized it all in the word "mother?" Ah!

"The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world."

And if I were to write a panegyric upon "woman, her work and her influence," I should not seek my ideal on the lecture platform or among the corridors of the Capitals, but in the humble homes of the people where Martha Washingtons are rearing deliverers of the future, and Susannah Wesleys are training minds to mould the masses. *There* is true devotion, true heroism, true nobility, true woman.

In closing, I venture to state that women are truer to their sphere than many suppose. As a class they do *not* desire the franchise, and would repudiate it as a semi-insult if it were offered. They recognise that God has given them a grand work to do, equal if not superior to that allotted man; and they are in no haste to barter their womanliness, their sceptre of love, for a chance to jostle with man as he sweats amid the dust of his sordid struggle for pelf and position.

He Didn't Know the Difference.

In the ladies waiting-room of the central depot the other day were a newly-married couple from Charlotte. They had been visiting in the city two or three days, and were then ready to go home. They sat side by side, of course, his arm around her waist and her head on his shoulder. A long-waisted stranger from the east, having sore eyes and a big heart, walked in, saw them thus seated, and in about a minute he asked of the husband:

"Has that woman got the toothache?"

The husband looked up in surprise but made no answer. After two or three minutes the long-waisted man again remarked:

"If that woman has got the toothache, I've got a bottle of peppermint in my satchel here."

The bride rolled her big white eyes around and the husband looked somewhat embarrassed. The man from down east unlocked his satchel, fumbled among his shirts and collars, and brought up four ounces of peppermint essence. He uncorked it touched the contents of the bottle against his big, red tongue, and handing it forward toward the husband feelingly said:

"Just have her sop some on a rag and rub her gooms with it. We've used it in our family fer——"

The bride's eyes threw out sparks as she lifted her head from its loving position, and, striking at the bottle she snarled out:

"Tuthache, you fule! If you don't know the difference between true love and tuthache, you'd better pick grass with the geese!"

"Jeroosh!" gasped the man, and he evaporated like a tender steak before a boarder.

Revolvers and mince pies should always be handled with care. You never know how the things are loaded.

"My question puzzles you?" said a professor to a pupil. "Not at all," was the bright reply, "it is the answer that is a sticker."

The inventor of a car coupler was lately admitted to an interview with a railroad president, and started off with: "Last year twenty six men were killed or crippled on your road while coupling cars. I warrant this invention to—" "To save how much wear and tear on the bumpers?" interrupted the president. "I warrant it to save the lives of employes sir." "Um! Don't want it. We are after something to save the bumpers."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Jules Ferry is described as just now "rotund, robust, affable and ambitious, and as full of tortuous political schemes as ever."

The Queen Regent of Spain will maintain and educate at her private expense the children of those who perished in the recent tornado at Madrid.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley is now in Paris; to some extent, as the guest of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. He is considering a United States visit in next December.

The wedding present of the Countess of Paris to her daughter, now Crown Princess of Portugal, was a white morocco prayer book, costing about a hundred dollars.

The late James Smith, of Falkirk, Scotland, who introduced American cooking-stoves into Great Britain, was a brother of that Colonel Robert Smith, who was killed in the assault upon Fort Craig, and was also such a warm personal friend of Jefferson Davis.

Frank D. Stockton, the story writer, denies the published statement that he is "almost blind." "On the contrary," he writes, "my eyes are every good. I dictate all my stories, it is true, but this method of composition is so satisfactory to me that under no circumstances would I employ any other."

The balance of the sum raised by popular subscription for the statue of Sir Robert Peel at the western end of Cheapside, is to be used for endowing a "Peel scholarship." It has lain idle for some years, and amounts to $3,150. The scholarship will be for political economy.

Wendell Phillips was buried on the spot he selected for his grave many years ago—a wooded rise of ground at Milton, Mass. Philips is laid beside her husband, and their names are inscribed just as he used to like to write them—"Anna and Wendell Phillips."

Parson Gray, who is at the head of a congregation of colored folks in Denver, has been preaching sermons that reflected severely on the morals of some of his people. James Hawkins thought the coat fitted him, and not only put it on but talked back savagely to the pastor. Then Parson Gray got a pistol and put it in his pocket, and the next time he and Hawkins met there were more high words and the pistol went off and Hawkins was hurt. And now the pastor is on trial, charged with assault against this black sheep.

While Bismarck, in a recent debate in the German Reichstag, was speaking with his accustomed vehemence, the president of the Berlin Academy, Herr von Werner, was smuggled in among the members, and rapidly sketched him in the heat of oration. The Prince caught sight of the artist, and the moment he had finish his speech, made straight for Herr von Werner. Various wary members, however, buttonholed him on his way and closed about him. The artist had safely retreated before the Prince could catch him.

A lost dispatch of General Gordon has just been found on the person of a spy newly-escaped from captivity. It is dated Dec. 29th, 1884, and addressed to the "Sovereigns of the Powers." It concludes pathetically: "During the twelve months that I have been here these two Powers [Great Britain and Turkey] the one remarkable for her wealth and the other for military force, have remained unaffected by my situation—perhaps relying too much on the news sent by Hussein Pacha Khalifa, who surrendered of his own accord. Although I personally am too insignificant to be taken into account, the Powers were bound, nevertheless, to fulfil the engagement upon which my appointment was based, so as to shield the honor of the Governments What I have gone through I cannot describe. The Almighty God will help me."

SUMMER SMILES.

Two heads are better than one on a freak in a dime museum.

Jaehne has been put to work in the laundry. There is a sad irony about this.

The Anarchist movement appears to be composed principally of bombs and bums.

"Why, Mary, have you come back to be a hired girl again? I thought you left us to get married and have a house of your own?" "So I did, mum." "Well what have you come back for?" "Well, you see, mum, John's done purty well, an' we kep' a hired girl, too, an' I'm kind av tired o' the way o' life. I thought I'd like to come back an' be boss again fur a while."

"Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre of the table, and place three or four hymn books carelessly around on the sofas. I have advertised for a young man to board in a Christian family, and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you to take him in, why I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out."

Lawyer—"May it please the Court, the defence does not care to cross-examine the witness as testimony coming from him is not worthy of belief." Judge—"Has the witness ever been convicted of any criminal offense?" Lawyer—"Not that I know of, your Honor." Judge—"Has he the reputation of being a falsifier?" Lawyer—"Not exactly that, your Honor; but he has been employed two seasons as a baseball umpire." Judge—"Ah! (To the witness) You can step down, sir. (To the clerk) Call the next witness."

"Fannie," he said to her, "I love you with my whole heart, and I want you to be my wife. It is true I'm only a department clerk with $1,400 a year; but, Fannie, money does not buy happiness. Do you love me, darling?" "Oo-oo," she cooed, nestling her head on his new coat front. "And you do love me?" he exclaimed, with confidence. "You love me with your whole soul and being?" "May be not quite that much," she gurgled, "but I love you $1,400 worth, George, and that's $400 more than I ever loved any living man."

No Wonder the Shippers Kick.

"Do you know, I never until recently felt the iron hand of a gigantic monopoly close on my throat, and so realized how slowly it was tightening its constricting folds, like the deadening upas tree, over whose blighted valley there flies no living bird and comparatively few dead ones, as it were, upon the life of the nation? (Applause, and loud cries of 'go on.') Needless is it to say that I refer to the railroad. I live in a small village on the line of the Pennsylvania Railway. We have no competing line. We lie at the feet of the monopoly that hau's us in and out of town; we are passive and helpless. The other day I had two boxes of freight to send west by this monopoly. I went crouching into the office of the freight agent. When I told him I had two boxes of stuff to send to Chicago, a distance of about 800 miles, I saw his eyes light up with the keen glare of savage greed. He said he would ask Harrisburg for rates, which I knew was a mere subterfuge to gain time while he could guess how much money I could raise this side of the grave, and then the grasping tool of a soulless corporation charged me 69 cents for carrying two big boxes 800 miles. What's more he made me pay it. It's no wonder that shippers kick. I am only surprised that they don't boycott the railroads. Let us return to the days and the quiet ways of our good old fathers, when, by paying only one-half of the price of the boat, I could have sent my boxes to Buffalo by canal and the rest of the way by lake boat, and got them through to Chicago or the bottom the same year."

"Well, prisoner! How came you to appropriate this step ladder?" "Judge, I've been taught that I ought to avail myself of every possible means to get up in the world." "Indeed! And didn't you realize that this was taking a step too much?" "Not in view of the circumstances, Judge; I'd just read a sign: 'Take the elevator,' and this being the only elevator I could conveniently take I lifted it." "So it seems; and since your ambition prompts to such an upward tendency we'll humor the whim and send you up for ninety days."

Retribution At Last!

CHAPTER I.

Through the open window of the little sitting room in Mill's Farm the setting sun shone with warm and yellow lustre, the sunlight lying across the somewhat faded carpet in broad streaks, lighting up wall and ceiling, and glorifying a large bunch of pink hawthorn that adorned a square table in the centre of the room, whereon was spread Cecil Graham's modest supper.

In the single holland covered easy-chair the apartment boasted, drawn close to the window, reclined Cecil Graham, revelling in the delicious lilac-scented air and in the last rich splendours of the sunshine. In the garden outside was an abundance of grass, tall and daisy-dappled, which grew close to the rough stone walls of the house; there were also lilacs, purple and white, blossoming apple-trees, and laburnum with its golden clusters, and a wilderness of flowers blooming under their shelter. Innumerable bees kept up a low steady humming over their hives, which were placed on a bench beneath a mass of honey-suckle; a wood-pigeon or two cooed in the dusky grove of firs and beeches which almost surrounded the garden. No other sound, save the occasional faint rustling of the wind among the leaves, disturbed the sweet stillness of the vesper hour.

Cecil Graham lay back in his chair, enjoying the silence and the beauty of the evening to the full. Poet in heart and soul, barrister by profession, the idolized son of wealthy parents, his life thus far had been one of almost unexampled prosperity and happiness. At the Bar he was neither anxious nor likely to astonish the world by his legal eminence and plausible eloquence; but his first volume of poems, lately published, had been kindly reviewed, if anything, indeed, overpraised, and a third edition had already been called for. In society he was courted, flattered, and admired, and even genuinely beloved, his handsome person, his winning smile, and polished address gaining him friends without an effort on his part. There were some, it is true, who thought that both the man and his poetry might be the better for a little less sunshine, and a little more shadow in his life; but these were not his personal friends, who would have been sorry to miss the heart-whole brightness of his smile and the joyous ring of his voice.

Ever the creature of impulse, his last whim had been to retire, in the very dawn of the London season, into the bowery recesses of the wildest and loveliest part of Blankshire, to read in charmed solitude the hidden thoughts of Nature, to study her secret lore, to get by heart the passion of her summer days and the mystery of her shadowy nights. Drinking at her countless wells of inspiration thus, he meant to hive the whole sweetness in the crystal of such a poem as would make his name immortal, while it elevated and purified the world.

He had found in a steep ferny dell, opening on one side to the west, this rustic farm, which was a very gem of beauty and loneliness. Its rough walls clothed with jessamine, rose, and wistaria to the low overhanging roof; its diamond-paned windows looking towards the west; its wide, cool hall, and its tiny lavender-scented rooms, spotlessly clean, pleased his fancy at once, and Mill's Farm became his temporary home forthwith.

Almost close to the back of the house the rocky sides of the dell rose to the height of a hundred feet or more, a mass of gorse, wild hyacinths, and ferns. Slender, graceful birches, emerald-foliaged oaks, and mountain ashes cast their shadows here and there. Towards the "sunset land" wound a narrow river through meadows ripening for hay harvest; then more woods, more rocks, more hills, till in the distance the blue line of the sea seemed to wed earth and sky.

> "'Beautiful as the wreck of Paradise!'"

murmured Cecil, as he watched the sun disappear beyond the fair landscape.

Softly the twilight shadows deepened, the wonderful rose and purple lights died away, and the nightingale began to sing, flooding the groves with melody. Lost in poetic dreams, beautiful and evanescent as the sunset clouds, Cecil sat till a gentle knock at the door startled him from his reverie, and his landlady, a stout comely matron of sixty, with rosy cheeks, stood courtesying on the threshold.

"Please, Mr. Graham, sir, would you be a-wanting aught? It's main late, sir, and me and my master's going to bed, sir; and—but dear me! you'll excuse me being so bold—you've not touched your supper, sir; and that milk's as cold as hice, and'll sit as 'eavy; I couldn't abide you to drink it now. I could ha' warmed it up only the fire's gone out; deary, deary me!"

With a countenance expressive of dire dismay, Mrs. Mill surveyed first the basin of cold bread-and-milk, then the amused face of the young man.

"Never mind, Mrs. Mill! You can't expect people to eat on an exquisite evening like this. With such a view before them too!"

"Well, sir, it is bonnie weather, and a deal o' folks admires the view; but I don't think you'd like it very often instead of your dinner, sir!"

"No, perhaps not," said Cecil, laughing blithely; "the flesh is weak, or rather, I should say, strong, and dinner is a necessity of our sublunary existence."

"Ye-es, sir," answered the old woman, considerably mystified.

"If you don't object, Mrs. Mill," said Cecil, laughing again, "I will go for a stroll by the river to smoke my pipe. You may trust me to fasten 'the big front door' safely on my return."

"Ay, do, sir! A walk'll do you good. As for locking of the door, why we never does that once in twelve years—bless you! Who's to harm us here?"

"Who indeed!" echoed the young man, as, in the balmy stillness of the long twilight, he went down the scented garden, and along the dewy meadow path to the river. "Who indeed in such 'a haunt of ancient peace' as this? Oh, how happy I shall be here—no dinners, no theatres, no bores, and no women! Nothing to disturb the eye, to break the thread of thought, or to frighten the shy nurse. A second Adam in a second Paradise, without an Eve!"

Here followed a silence; and a sigh smothered by a laugh.

"After all, Adam couldn't get on long without an Eve; though she brought him nothing but trouble when he got her. I wonder if I shall fare better! Doubtless, yes, having had a surfeit of the fair fickle sex already? But oh, ye gods of sleep and silence, what a glorious night!"

At his feet as he paused, the limpid water of the stream, level with the grassy turf, murmured drowsily. The whole landscape lay hushed in tender repose, while in the west, still bright with memories of day, one large star glittered like a jewel. Afar, embowered in darkness, the nightingale sang, and now and then a wakeful thrush sent its clear whistle across the meadows. Truly it was a glorious night! The young poet's sensitive spirit acknowledged its holy influence, growing hushed and calm beneath it. Cecil Graham felt like a child kneeling at its mother's knee when evening has come, and this, his mother Nature, seemed to look tenderly into his face with her starry eyes, murmuring, "Pray!" But to pray was one of the few things that Cecil Graham had never learned, and only in sore strait and sorrow, which was the very Valley of the Shadow of Death, did the knowledge come to him.

* * * * *

Beautiful was the morning when Cecil Graham sauntered out to find some quiet nook wherein, free from fear of intrusion, he might revel in "the light that never was on sea or shore"—a nook wherein the heaven-born muse might choose to fold her wings, and sit by his side through the long sweet hours.

Attired in a suit of gray tweed, with a wide-awake on his closely-cropped head, the young man strolled down the gravelled path between the laburnums, to the meadow beyond. His brow—such of it as could be seen beneath the large hat,—was square; his mouth, a trifle too thin-lipped, was shaded by a slight moustache; his nose was large and aquiline; and his eyes, rather deeply set, were singularly dark and lustrous, full of changing restless light, expressive of every emotion of his mind. They were beautiful but never yet had they been softened by the pathos of loss, sorrow or love. For, though his feelings were easily excited, and all his emotions near the surface, his heart was exceedingly difficult to reach. So at least decided many a lovely maiden, as she gazed at her face in her mirror, wondering how he could remain blind to a face like hers—how one so susceptible to the influence of female beauty, so quick to admire, and so enthusiastic in its description, should be so loath to love.

Meanwhile Cecil wandered along by the river, now sparkling in the sunshine, until its level banks rose shelving and rocky to a considerable height, crowned by a belt of pines. In every crevice of the rocks, long thick mosses, ferns, and wild flowers grew untouched, and

> "You scarce could see the grass for flowers,"

over whose petals butterflies fluttered. The stream here widened and foamed over vari-coloured granite blocks tumultuously.

> "'Not a sign of man's existence,
> Not a glimpse of man's abode;
> But the church-spire in the distance
> Links the solitude with God,'"

quoted Cecil,. "Ah, this is the place for me!"

In an ecstasy of enjoyment he threw himself full length upon the grass, and, lying with his arms folded above his head, he gazed up through emerald leaves at the exquisite sapphire of the sky, whence came the liquid notes of the lark, though the songster was invisible, drowned in light. From the deep slumberous reverie into which he had fallen the poet was roused by the shrill notes of a voice singing—

> "'Twas near that streamlet's murmur
> I passed my happy youth."

Looking up with a quick movement of annoyance, he beheld coming round a corner of the rocks a small girlish figure in a holland dress and bright scarlet petticoat. The girl did not see him, so he surveyed her leisurely, his annoyance giving way to amusement and admiration.

The girl wore a large straw hat adorned with poppies, and coquettishly turned up at one side, which partly shaded the rich pomegranate hues of cheek and lips, the arched dark brows, the hazel eyes, and the short boyish curls clustering round her head. In one hand she swung a basket half full of ferns, and, as she came along, her round dimpled face well up, she lilted out at the top of her not very musical voice the old ballad. She would have stepped on Cecil's recumbent form had he not jumped up. He raised his hat and courteously expressed his regret for being in the way. The girl started aside with a suppressed scream, deep blushes suffusing her face at this most unexpected encounter; and she looked at Cecil with frightened eyes.

"I fear I have alarmed you," he said, smiling reassuringly. "I ought to have moved before, but I did not apprehend any danger until you came so near."

Recovering her composure she laughed joyously.

"Danger!" she echoed, with the merest *soupcon* of Blankshire accent, and in a shrill childish voice. "But only think how I should have felt if I had really trodden on you!" And she laughed again, Cecil joining in heartily.

"And only think how I should have felt too! You must always look where you are going, you know"—with a paternal air; "but you were so engrossed by your song."

She blushed again at the recollection of her singing.

"May I not hear the end of it?" said Cecil. "I was listening with great pleasure, I assure you."

"No, no!" she murmured, greatly confused. "And indeed I must go now. Good morning."

"If you must," returned Cecil languidly, again raising his hat, "then good morning."

He threw himself down again upon the grass.

"Some sort of an Eve in my Paradise," he mused. "But not a dangerous one—oh, no! A pretty child though; innocent as a daisy and as fresh. I wonder who she is, and how she has found out these outlandish parts. Surely my peace is not going to be disturbed by that awful phantom, the British tourist, in any form or shape! But begone dull care!

> "'He is but a landscape painter,
> And a village maiden she.'"

And he drew forth his little M.S. book and pencil and began to write, the silver-tongued river setting his words to sweetest music.

Great was Cecil Graham's astonishment when, seated at his early tea-table that afternoon, he beheld fluttering among the flowers in the garden the fair heroine of his morning's adventure.

"Some friend or relative perhaps of Mrs. Mill," he told himself. "What a pretty picture it is!" And he paused in the act of helping himself to a large plateful of cold ham to contemplate it.

Robed in blue muslin, the hue of the sky, the girl passed in and out among the trees, plucking a blossom here and there, caressing with small fingers the golden clusters of the laburnum, burying her round face in sweet-briar, her long dress sweeping the butter-cups in the grass, and the light wind ruffing her dark silken curls. There was a native child-like grace in every movement which charmed the poet's eye. Presently he saw Mrs. Mill appear on the scene, in stiff old-fashioned gown and spotless folded kerchief. She said something to the girl in low tones. He saw the girl give a quick glance towards his window, blush like a rose, and disappear from view with his landlady.

"Now I must find out what that's all about," pondered the young man. "I believe the old dame was bullying her. I won't have the child turned out of the garden like that; it amuses me to see her. Such a haunter of my solitude is very different from the fashionable lady or inquisitive snob I dread. This girl is like a fairy or a butterfly; the flowers seem to miss her now she's gone. I'll have her back; she doesn't disturb me at all. Now I say, Mrs. Mill," as his landlady entered to remove the tea equipage "why have you been turning that young lady out of the garden, eh?"

The suddenness of this attack quite gave Mrs. Mill "a turn," to use her own expression.

"Well, Mr. Graham, sir, I—I thought as you'd maybe be coming out presently, and I—I thought Nellie'd better not be in the way; there's plenty o' blooms at the back o' the house if she must needs be allays a-gathering on 'em."

"Well, when you sent her away, you deprived me of a pleasure, Mrs. Mill. I beg you will allow her to be as much in the garden as she likes, or she will regard me in the light of a regular ogre!"

Mrs. Mill always confessed that she was unable to tell what Mr. Graham was driving at, and never half understood him; but she replied with dignity—

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure, sir; but young gells like her is better out o' young gentleman's ways sometimes."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Mill," laughed Cecil, "if I am an ogre, you are a dragon!" and he began to sing—

> "'A lake and a fairy boat,
> To sail in the moonlight clear;
> And merrily we would float
> From the dragons that guard us here.'"

He laughed again at the end so heartily that Mrs. Mill was fain to join in with the laugh.

"You must let her come when I am out then," he said: "that will suit all parties. By-the-bye, might I ask is she your daughter?"

"No, sir, she's my niece—my husband's brother's only daughter. She's an orphan, and is like our own, seeing we've neither chick nor child beside. She's been well brought up," said Mrs. Mill, with pardonable pride. "An' a good girl in the main, but a trifle flighty, according to my ideas, you know, sir."

Cecil did not know that the good woman's ideas of correct girlish behavior consisted in sitting upright, never speaking except when spoken to, dressing with quakerish simplicity, and doing "useful" work all hours of the day. Still he guessed they would be different enough from modern ones, and he laughed lightly.

"Youth cannot possess the wisdom of age," he said. "However, I am sure you will make the very best of duennas!"

Gravely wondering what a "duenna" could be, the landlady retired to her own apartments, where she warned the blushing Nellie solemnly against the folly and vanity and beauty of youth; and dwelt upon the awful impropriety of speaking to, or attracting the attention of, young men in general, and her lodger in particular; until, in the eyes of the young girl, Mr. Graham's room possessed all the charm and fascination of a Bluebeard's chamber, and a degree of interest in him was excited in her simple soul which nothing could ever have convinced Mrs. Mill was the result of her own injudicious remarks.

CHAPTER II.

For two or three days afterwards Cecil Graham never saw the "butterfly," as he called Nellie, and she was gradually passing from his memory, when an event occurred which brought about their meeting.

One unusually warm afternoon he walked towards the ruins of an ancient abbey standing on the borders of a forest, about four miles from Mill's Farm, and two miles from the scattered village of Easthore—the town of those benighted regions—boasting its tiny Anglican church, its lawyer, its doctor, and one or two mansions of aristocratic pretension. Cecil did not notice, until the sun had disappeared, that the sky had become overcast with black clouds, while the dead silence seemed to portend some dread event. However, being near the Abbey, he pressed on—sure of shelter there if the storm should burst.

Darkly defined against the forest the old walls stood revealed, severe and beautiful, as he approached. Long grass waved over a few forgotten graves and massive fallen blocks. Dank mosses coated the stones, and amid the exquisite tracery of the east window hung wreaths of ivy, while the wall-flower opened its rich sweet blossoms among the cloister arches.

"There is ever something sad and weird about a ruin," thought Cecil. "Ghosts of the past seem to sit brooding in the roofless aisles. The owl's cry from the empty windows and dismantled turrets sound like the lament of some unresting spirit hovering over its tomb."

The electric state of the atmosphere had also its effects upon his sensitive nerves; and he turned pale as he heard a loud scream quite near him. The next moment he laughed at himself for his foolishness; and, hurrying to the spot whence the sound proceeded, he found Miss Nellie Mill, who had fallen back on a block of stone, apparently half-fainting.

"My dear child, what is the matter? Has any one frightened you? Now, you're not to faint; for I shan't know what on earth to do with you if you do!" he questioned and rebuked, touching the hand lying on her knee.

A faint blush replaced the pallor of the girl's face, and she smiled.

"Oh, don't! I am very silly—but it was a snake. "Oh"—shuddering irrepressibly—"it did frighten me so!"

"A snake? Where is it?"—with interest. "I'll do for it!"

"It's gone—through the grass—it reared itself up and hissed at me! Oh, dear, I thought it was going to sting me!"

"I dare say it was as much frightened as you were, and nearly as harmless, returned Mr. Graham reassuringly. "But are you here alone? It is a long walk for you, is it not?"

"Oh, no! I could walk ever so much farther. I often come here; I like to bring a book and read," responded Nellie, quite forgetting her aunt's lessons on propriety, and smiling up into the young man's face in a way that would have horrified that good lady.

"Ah, do you?"—looking at her curiously. "May I ask what books you read? Scientific works, no doubt."

"Oh, no!" she said, blushing with pretty confusion. "I—I don't think I could understand them."

"You needn't wish to; you're too young to bother your head with such stuff. Poetry then, eh?"

"No"—looking more and more ashamed. "Generally—that is often—a—a novel, sir."

"A novel? Well, well, so long as it is a good one! But don't call me 'sir,' my dear."

"And do not call me 'my dear;'"—and she spoke with spirit.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mill," he said, raising his hat. "You see you are so very young."

"I am not so very young!" she interrupted indignantly. "I am eighteen; that is, I shall be soon."

"I am putting my foot in it again," said Cecil, smiling. "Just like me."

The words had hardly left his lips when a vivid flash of lightning darted from the clouds overhead, followed almost immediately by an ear-splitting crash of thunder, while, like a cataract, down came the rain. White with terror, and trembling in every limb, Nellie Mill clung to her companion's arm.

"Don't be frightened! We can take shelter here," he said soothingly, drawing her into the cloisters near, and putting his arm round her with an instinct of protection; for she was so small and child-like, and her dimpled face was pale with fear.

Close to the inner wall he espied the fragment of a bench. Placing her gently on it, he remained standing beside her. It grew darker every moment. The sky was now black with angry-looking clouds, which were rent from time to time by the lightning the blue flashes of which lighted up the landscape with a ghastly glare. The battle of the elements raged furiously; but presently the rain ceased, and a silence more appalling than the thunder followed every long reverberating roll.

Never had Cecil Graham witnessed a scene so sublimely grand; and, absorbed in the spectacle, he almost forgot his companion's presence, until one forked dart split up the trunk of a tree just in front of the arch beneath which they cowered, scattering leaves and branches, and upheaving the turf. It was followed by a clap so frightful that even Cecil was aghast, and Nellie, wildly shrieking, started from her seat. But firmly, albeit tenderly, he put her back, while she, scarcely knowing what she did, hid her face on his breast as he knelt by her side. A feeling of pity and tenderness stirred in Cecil's heart for the weak creature looking to him for protection. Her hat had long since fallen off, and he stroked her dark tossed curls with womanly softness. Even in her wild terror, and amid the unabated fury of the tempest, Nellie felt and owned the influence of the man's stronger nature, and she became gradually, if not calm, at least perfectly quiet.

"At last! Look up, my child," he said gently; and, looking up—the tears she had been shedding glistening on the long curled lashes—Nellie saw a bright golden burst of sunshine streaming down from the parting clouds, bathing leaf and grass in its splendour, while every tiny blade glistened.

Swiftly the lurid clouds fled from the fair face of heaven, and the earth seemed to gain life and gladness every moment. The swallows darted gaily about the ruined walls, shaking glistening rain-drops from the ivy, and thrushes and larks sang as if they had never sung before.

"It is like Heaven," said the girl, speaking in a hushed tone, as they emerged from their retreat.

"Like Heaven after a horrible death," added Cecil. "But, really, that lightning was magnificent! What a split it has made here"—moving towards the shattered tree.

"Oh, don't go near!" cried Nellie, taking his hand in her own small one, and holding it fast.

"Why not? Do you think it is possessed by an evil spirit?" he asked, laughing heartily. Nevertheless he obeyed that soft grasp; and, taking the little hand, he drew it within his arm.

The two found Mrs. Mill looking out for them in the greatest anxiety.

"Oh, Nellie, oh, my darling," she cried, almost sobbing, "where have you been? I have been terribly upset. I could not think where you'd been and got to; and such a hawful storm as we've had! And Mr. Graham—ay, but I'm right glad to see you safe, sir. And not wet, child? Where have you been?"

"Sheltering at Easthore Abbey," laughed Cecil; "and a sad fright your niece has had. I am afraid that she too is 'terribly upset.'"

Nellie did not speak; but her glowing face, radiant with smiles, belied this conjecture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIRTY-THREE YEARS.

The Length of Time Viau Must Spend in Penitentiary.

Louis Viau's trial is ended. Late the other afternoon he was found guilty of having endeavored to escape, and the Clerk of the Court then read to him the third indictment of having escaped from the penitentiary. Viau admitted that he had escaped, but said that it had been with the aid of the guards. They had opened doors for him, and he had simply walked away. The clerk again said guilty or not guilty, and he replied, "I am guilty, I got out, but as everybody knows," he added with a smile, "I was recaptured."

The Clerk of the Peace then asked Viau if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"Well," said the prisoner, "I have this much to say; I have

NOT HAD A FAIR TRIAL!

I should have enjoyed rights similar to those of other prisoners. I have not had fair treatment, and as a proof look here!"

Viau here raised his foot over the dock and exhibited the manacle chained to his leg. "This ball," he said, "weighs eleven pounds, and I have never been free from it for one moment since my case has been going on." He then complained bitterly of the meagre diet to which he had been subjected since his attempt to escape, which had the effect of injuring his health, and that he had not long to live at any rate.

His Honor, the Chief Justice, then proceeded to sentence the prisoner. It was useless, said he, to urge him to do better. He had been a criminal almost from childhood and he had no hope that he would ever improve. He would therefore sentence him to

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PENAL SERVITUDE

on the first indictment of feloniously shooting with intent to murder Guard Chartrand, while sentence on the other indictment was suspended.

When his Honor had finished speaking, all eyes turned towards Viau to see what impression the knowledge of having to spend so many years of his life imprisoned between four stone walls would make upon him, and to everyone's astonishment he was seen to smile and without a word turn round and leave the dock. Then, with a deep scowl, he whispered to a guard: "I will be free in less than three months or again standing in this very dock!"

He was driven back to the penitentiary shortly afterwards.

Viau is now thirty-three years of age. He had eight years to spend in the penitentiary and this additional sentence has increased his term to thirty-three years. When he is allowed to breath the air of liberty again he will be an old man of sixty-six.

AN ANCIENT TOWN.

Where Thirteenth Century Fortifications Still Exist.

It is written in olden records that Julius Cæsar had a beautiful breastplate, made of gold studded with British pearls, which he dedicated to the Venus Genitrix. One of the pearls in the English crown is said to have been found in an English river, but the balmy days of English pearl fishing are over. Few and far between are the rich pearls found in English rivers now. One of the most famous rivers in all Britain for pearl mussels was the Conway, in Wales. Here were great fisheries, and it was doubtless from the Conway that Julius Cæsar drew his fine pearls for the breastplate of the Venus. The Conway rises in a little dark tarn among the Welsh hills, and wends its way for 30 miles through a smiling country to the Irish Sea, where its waters mix with the briny flood.

THE TOWN OF CONWAY

stands on the river's bank, about four miles from the sea and about forty-five miles from Liverpool, and is one of the quaintest of mediæval town. It is almost incredible that there should exist such an ancient, sleepy, romantic, little walled city near a great, bustling, nineteenth-century place as Liverpool. In two and a half hours, the steamboat carries the traveller from Liverpool to Llandudno; and a few minutes in the train takes one away from this modern watering place to the peacefulness of a thirteenth century fortified town. The castle of Conway is one of the most beautiful in a country of beautiful castles, towering grimly and grandly over the ragged little town that nestles beside it. Very odd it seems to stand on the crumbling battlements and look down on the town which is enclosed within the battlemented stone walls of the same age and fashion as the castle. Six long centuries have come and gone since the First Edward conquered Wales, and built his strong fortresses to keep the the wild Cymry in subjection; but every hill-top and valley is full of suggestions of the ancient and little known race. A few names have come to us from out the mists, such as Caractacus, Llewellyn, and Owen Glyndwr; but few to-day have any idea of the fierce bravery of this ancient race or how desperately they fought for their fatherland. On every mountain-side and hill-top there are remains of

ANCIENT FORTRESSES,

of a rude type, built for defence in the long past time; of cromlechs, built for worship or for sepulture, of traces, in one form or another, of a brave and home-loving race. There is a saying among the Welsh that "Wales was Wales before England twas porn look you"; and an old Welsh family had written, in the midst of their family records, "About this time, the world was created." How old these ancient Britons were when Wales was first peopled, no man can say. Certain it is that the little principality has borne a brave part in the world's history, and its people have been true to their traditions. Centuries have passed since Edward conquered them, but they still speak their own language. Many a change has come over the fashions of the busy world; but the frugal and industrious Welshmen still fears God, and lifts his voice in tuneful praise on the Sabbath day. The towers and walls of Conway are nought save crumbling ruins; the ivy and the wall-flower have taken possession of lordly halls; the grass grows green in the banqueting places of the forgotten great ones.

A superstitious subscriber, who found a spider in his paper, wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the columns of the paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his store door and be free from disturbance.

Canadian women as well as Canadian men are often honored in foreign countries. One of the latest illustrations of this fact is the appointment of Miss Annie A. Stewart, B. Sc., of Dalhousie College, N. B., to a mathematical fellowship in Bryn Mawr College, Philadelphia; an honor from which graduates of ladies' colleges throughout the United States competed. The names of Canadians who have attained distinction in the United States would fill a long list.

HEALTH.

Corpulence.

A correspondent, who, without any known organic or functional trouble, is greatly incommoded by superfluous fat,—he wrongly calls it *flesh*—requests an article on the subject.

The condition is known as corpulence, or obesity. It consists in a tendency to the formation and deposit of fat. A certain amount of this deposit is normal. It is an element of beauty, rounding out the form. It lessens the effect of sudden changes of temperature. It is a reserve of nutriment, to be drawn upon in emergencies, thus saving the muscles and other tissues.

Some persons inherit a tendency to it. Some races are more liable to it than others. Women are more so than men. Both sexes are more inclined to it after the age of forty. There are individual cases of extreme obesity. A boy at the age of three weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds; a girl, one hundred and eighty-two at twelve. A woman, who was thin and delicate at eighteen, died at forty-one with some eight inches of fat around her body. The famous Daniel Lambert's maximum weight was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Much the largest part of the body in these persons was pure fat.

In all cases of obesity, there is a deficiency of oxygen in the blood, either absolutely, or relatively to the amount of food. Excess of food tends to produce it, and yet some are corpulent on a spare diet. Lack of exercise favors it, by lessening the oxidation of the tissues. It is also produced by diseases which diminish the number of the red blood corpuscles. It is the latter that absorb oxygen from the inspired air and convey it to the tissues.

According to Quain, very corpulent people have large hearts and small lungs. This may help to explain the deficiency of oxygen. It has also quite recently been proved that women have fewer, by many millions, of red blood corpuscles than men. This, too, may be one reason for their greater tendency to corpulence.

As the muscles become infiltrated with fat, they are weakened. Hence corpulent persons are apt to be indisposed to active exercise. For the same reason, the heart is rendered feeble and is easily disturbed. The deficiency of oxygen tends to the formation of uric acid, and hence to the production of gout. The very corpulent are specially liable to various forms of congestion, and acute diseases are apt to have an unfavorable course.

In treating the corpulent, regard must be had to the fact that their heart is weak. The main reliance for reducing the obesity is on diet and exercise. The latter increases the power of the blood to take up oxygen. The more oxygen one can receive, the better, if kept well within the person's strength and the capacity of a weakened heart. The diet should contain but little fatty or starchy food, and much animal food—lean meats, fish, but not the richer kinds, also fresh fruits, vegetables, and bread with only a moderate allowance of butter. Alkaline water is believed to be helpful.

How to Disinfect.

To disinfect a sick-room, burn three pounds of sulphur for every thousand cubic feet of air. Place an iron kettle on some bricks in the room, put the sulphur in the kettle, then add some live coals from a coal fire. Or, pour on a little alcohol, and light with a bit of burning paper dropped into it. Shut the room up tight, and allow the sulphur fumes to remain in the room over night; afterward air the room three or four days with doors and windows wide open.

To disinfect solid or liquid matter, a solution of copperas or green vitriol, two pounds dissolved in a gallon of hot water, is an efficient agent. The solution should be applied to decomposing matter which needs disinfection, and will destroy any offensive odor and stop the putrefactive process. Sulphate of zinc, a pound to the gallon of water, is better for disinfecting clothing, as it does not stain or injure the fabric.

Heat is a good disinfectant. Clothing subjected to a temperature of 240° in an oven for two or three hours will be disinfected. This is the time of the year when it is important to give attention to matters of this sort, and whoever has not already made a tour of his premises with a view to a thorough cleaning up and disinfection, should at once give attention to this important matter.

Compensation.

"This a compensating world!" says the optimist, and the following anecdote illustrates the fact. Bernal Osborne, for many years the humorist of the House of Commons, was noted, when a young man, for his saucy tongue and his propensity for ridiculing his friends. One of them, a Mr. Stanley, was a massive but slowly-speaking man, who at last lost his temper, and said to Osborne's banter,—

"I'll tell you what it is, Osborne. The Almighty has been very equal in the distribution of His gifts. He has given you a tongue, and He has given me a leg. Now the next time you use the tongue, I'll use the leg."

Osborne was an officer of the 21st Regiment. One day, when his colonel, his wife, and the officers were lunching at Lord C—'s beautiful place, it fell to Osborn's lot to carve a pigeon pie. He had a grudge against the colonel, whose name was Pigeon. Turning to Mrs. Pigeon, and offering to helping her, he impudently said,—

"Do you like Pigeon? I don't."

The audacious subaltern shortly after found it convenient to exchange into another regiment. Later in life, he entered the House of Commons, became its "free lance," the terror of all and the trusted of none. He failed, because Englishmen thought that a man of so much humor, and with such a saucy tongue, could not be a good legislator.

"O S——," said he one day, to an intimate friend, "if you only knew how much my jokes cost me!"

They cost him his re-election to Parliament, and illustrated the compensating nature of the world. Mr. Rolfe, who became Lord Chancellor Cramworth, was in court one day when the leader of the circuit was keeping his audience in a roar of laughter.

"How glad I am," said Mr. Rolfe, "that I am not as clever as that!"

Getting Into Bed Without Awakening Her.

On a certain occasion Ferguson was wending his uncertain way homeward, sorely troubled in his mind over the curtain lecture he knew was in store for him, and casting about for some means of evading it. Suddenly a bright idea was evolved from his befuddled brain. He would slip quietly into the house and get into bed without awakening his wife. Accordingly he carefully undressed in the lower hall, stole gently upstairs and crept into bed, with his face turned toward the outside. He mentally congratulated himself upon his success thus far and went to sleep. When he awoke in the morning he dared not look at his wife, and after lying still for a few minutes, and not hearing any noise from her, he concluded she was still asleep. He then determined to arise very quietly, carry his clothes into the hall, dress there, and go down town to business without waiting for breakfast. He was successful in this, and meeting the colored servant girl downstairs, he said:

"Eliza, you can tell your mistress I expect to be very busy to-day, and therefore I didn't stop to eat breakfast this morning."

"Law sakes, Mr. Ferguson!" said Eliza. "missus done gone 'way yesterday morning, and said she wouldn't be back till dis evening."

Summer Resort Diamonds.

"What's them?" said a workman in a glass factory, as the men rolled a number of barrels and crates into a car on the side track.

"Oh, them's Summer resort dimints," was the reply, "wich we are shippin' off to hotel clerks at waterin' places."

OVER THE OCEAN.

In the parish of St Peter, Cornhill (says the City Press), where the rector receives £2,300 a year, there is only one bona fide resident ratepayer, and he is not a member of the Church of England.

The Christian boys of our Sunday school will have to look to their laurels. A Chinese boy in a Christian mission school of Pekin recently repeated the entire New Testament without missing a word or making a mistake.

The cross is said to be a pre Christian sacred symbol. In the British Museum a colossal tablet from Nimroud displays a cross hanging from the breast of Tiglath Pileser. Dr. Schlieman found this figure on terra cotta disks at Troy, dating, as he supposes, from a period of about 2,500 years before Christ.

"Episcopal duty in some parts of Australia has its humorous side," says the Ballarat Courier. "One prelate on his first journey round was flung into deep mud from his horse. Rising ruefully, with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the bishop consoled himself with the reflection: 'I have left a deep impression in that part of the diocese at any rate.'"

The Rev. Arthur Gray-Hone, of Tankeston Towers, Kent, England, who recently died, has left his two sons the comfortable sum of £4,000,000. This is a good deal of wealth for a clergyman to possess, and some of the brethren on this side of the water would doubtless like to know how he saved it out of his salary. The cable does not say anything about it, but it is pretty certain that he never allowed his parishioners to give him a donation party.

The little prayer book which Mary of Scotland used on the scaffold was sold at auction in London the other day. The prayers are the handiwork of some rare fifteenth century scribe; they are written in Latin on vellum. The pages of the missal are exquisitely illuminated with elegant borders of fruit, flowers and birds; they are also decorated with 35 miniatures by a Flemish artist, pieces of elaborate workmanship. The little book still rests in the original oak board, covered with silk, now much worn, in which it was originally bound.

A rival to the Rev. Mr. Jasper, the Richmond negro who maintained, in spite of all argument to the contrary, that "the sun do move," has been found in Kentucky, where Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Church, has just been preaching that the terrible tornadoes that have devastated Western States of late are caused by the white man's impious uses of electricity. He predicts that, if the same rate of progress is maintained for the next five years, whole cities will be blown away, and that floods will cover the land as it never has been covered since the Noachian period.

The organ blower in a London church recently fell asleep during the service, of which fact the audience soon became conscious by the vigorous blowing of his own organ. The Rev. Arthur Hall, the preacher, after bearing it for awhile, stopped and remarked: "I do not object to a quiet nap on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to any body's repose. But while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him." The offender was quickly roused.

An engineering feat of more than ordinary importance is the completion of the railroad tunnel under the river Severn, that considerably lessens the distance between the South Wales coal fields and those ports and markets where a large amount of Welsh coal is required. This new tunnel is four miles and a half long, and being ventilated on the fan system, the air is sufficiently clear to admit of daylight being seen for a distance of two miles from either entrance. The tunnel is not yet quite completed, as the necessary ventilation will require a larger fan than the one now in use, and the pumping machinery is not yet in thorough working order, while a good deal of work on the new sidings and approaches is necessary for the full development of the traffic.

The Comoro Isles, which have just been formally ceded to France, will strengthen her hold in Madagascar waters, as they lie between the great island and Africa, in Mozambique Channel. Those of importance are four in number, and contain perhaps 70,000 people, with some manufactures, and a very considerable cultivation of sugar, now an export. French influence has long been dominant in the group, the island of Mayotta having been ceded to France more that forty years ago, under an agreement reaffirmed in 1845. Johanna, on the island of the same name, where the new treaty has just been signed, has long been a port call, at which ships obtain provisions; and to some extent the other two islands—Angazlya or Great Comoro and Mohilla—have also furnished supplies. The soil is fertile, and no doubt they will do quite as well under formal annexation as hitherto.

Russia, France, and Germany.

Speaking of the attitude of Russia in the event of a war between France and Germany, the *Novoje Vrjemia* of St. Petersburg says:

"There is no doubt that, in any case, it would not be proper for us to lend our support to either one of the belligerent powers to the detriment of any one of them. But at the same time it would be a mistake to imagine that Russia would necessarily remain neutral in case one of the two powers interested should attempt to weaken the other. Such an indifference upon her part would be a gross political error. The intervention of Prince Gortchakoff, in 1875, in the Franco-German difficulty—an intervention which made Germany give up her intention to finally crush France—will always be counted as one of the most important services that the Chancellor rendered to Russia. The same considerations which governed him then ought to guide us to-day. But these considerations ought not in any manner to hinder the consolidation of the most friendly relations with Germany, because such relations respond on all points at present to the interests of Russia. More, over, from a Government point of view, Germany is more closely allied to Russia than Republican France is. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the sympathies of the Russian people are rather for France than for Germany, and that, in a normal development of policy, our interests might not be in discord with those of France. It is, therefore, natural that the country should be of great importance to us as a political factor. Germany represents for us the present; France the future; and, since we need both the present and the future, it would not be for our interest that one of these factors should absorb or weaken the other."

Too Sarcastic.

First Dude—"Ole fellah, what do you think of Miss Commonsense?"

Second Dude—"Well, ma deah boy, me opinion of her is not vewy fwattwing."

First Dude—"Thath bad. Wat's the weason you don't wike her?"

Second Dude—"Too deuced sahcastic, don't ye know. W'y, the other day we were out widing, she and I, and we passed by one of these donkeys, a miswable animal, you unnerstan, and I asked her the difference between that beast and myself. I thwought she would say she didn't know, and I would tell her that the donkey dwew loads and I dwew picturus. You know I am a sowt of an ahtist, and that would be a fwine joke, bah Jove."

First Dude—"And what did she say?"

Second Dude—"She said the onwl difference *she* could see was in the length of the ears."

A man who lost five hundred dollars on a horse-race says he had turf luck. He has a tough way of spelling it.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

The volunteers of this district will go into camp at Kingston on the 7th of September.

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

There will be service in St. Andrew's Church, Stirling, on Sunday next, as usual. Rev. Mr. Gray returned from the Assembly last week.

There will not be any service in St. John's Church in this village, or St Thomas' Church, Rawdon, on Sunday next, owing to the absence of Rev. Mr. Godden to the Synod.

Mr. Wm. Mitchell, of this village, presented the editor with a very fine sample of new potatoes on the 25th of June. They were of good size and very nice when cooked. Thanks.

A number of panes of glass have recently been broken in the Town Hall, and as we understand the parties are known who did the mischief, they had better settle the matter at once and save further trouble.

Mr. Jos. Rightmyre, a fruit-grower of the neighborhood of Wooler, brought a wagonload of huge strawberries to Campbellford on Tuesday. Some of his berries measure five inches in circumference.—*Herald.*

Mr. Isaac R. Scott, of Seymour West, has invented a car coupler which is said to be just the thing wanted. Cars coming together couple themselves and they can be uncoupled by brakemen from the top of the car.

The Campbellford *Herald* says.—"While a gentleman of Rawdon township was in the village on Thursday last he lost his pocket book containing about $50, and a number of notes and due bills. A reward of $10 is offered to any person returning the same to Dinwoodie Bros. or to the Standard Bank.

Quite recently we understand there has been considerable vandalism going on at the cemetery, and a number of tombstones have been injured and the ornaments and decorations on graves removed or destroyed. It is time this sort of thing was put a stop to, and the parties doing it should be severely punished.

Mr. J. A. Bell, C. P. R. agent at the Central Ontario Junction, left on Monday last for his holiday trip, and intends to visit Manitoba and the western states, taking in Chicago and Detroit on his return. We wish him a pleasant trip. Mr. W. B. Lanigan is the relieving agent who has charge until Mr. Bell's return.

On Saturday morning last Mr. Jas. Boldrick had the misfortune to have his cow killed on the railway track at the crossing on the east side of the village. By some means she had got out of her pasture field during the night and wandered to the place where the accident occurred. The cow was a very fine animal and valued at $40.

A boy who was adopted by one of the farmers of Seymour east a few days ago, and who has been treated as one of the family, pursued an evil course one day last week, in stealing some jewelry and a sum of money belonging to the household and starting off for greener pastures. Search was made for the young fugitive, but without success.—*Campbellford Herald.*

As a young woman and two boys, children of Mr. E. Bennett, of Rawdon, were picking berries on Saturday last they were caught in a thunder storm and took refuge under a tree. The tree was struck by lightning and the young woman and one of the boys were seriously injured. They were unconscious for some hours, but are doing well, under the care of Dr. Faulkner, of Foxboro.—*Intelligencer.*

The strawberry and ice-cream festival given by the ladies of St John's Church, in Bennett's Hall, last Saturday evening, was fairly well attended, and there was an abundance of refreshments provided. An excellent programme of music, readings, recitations, etc., was also furnished, but we regret to say was not listened to as attentively as it should have been. The total amount of proceeds we have not learned.

At a great Orange demonstration to be held at Belleville on the Twelfth Mr. Wm. Johnston, Grand Master of Ontario East, will preside, and resolutions will be moved and addresses delivered by Hon. M. Bowell, M. P., Past Grand Master of British America; Dr. Smithett, Grand Chaplain of Ontario East; John White, M. P., Past Grand Master of Ontario East; and Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Grand Chaplain of the True Blues.

The Central Ontario Railway now runs an additional train north to the C. P. R. Junction, leaving Trenton at 3.45, p. m., and making close connection with the C. P. R. train at 5.18, p. m., for Toronto and points west. Returning will leave the C. P. R. Junction at 5.20, arriving at Trenton at 6.25. The train which leaves Trenton at 11.45, a. m., makes connection at C. P. R. Junction at 1.44, p. m., with train for Ottawa and points east.

The Campbellford *News* says:—"A very remarkable case of fasting is reported to us this week, from a source which leaves no room for doubt as to the genuineness of the case. A lad named McCarthy, son of Mr. McCarthy, who kept a store at Codrington, but who died a few weeks ago, was taken ill of a fever about the first of May. The fever left him after a few days but the boy remained prostrate, refusing all nourishment and simply desiring to be left undisturbed. Yesterday was the forty-third day of absolute fasting from food or nourishment of any description. From a stout, fleshy lad he has been reduced to a mere skeleton. Occasionally he appeared to be conscious, at which times he is inclined to be irritable, but generally he appears to be in a comatose state. The case is certainly a very remarkable one. Dr. Richards, of Warkworth, we understand, is the medical attendant."

The excursion to Wellington and the Sand Banks, under the auspices of the Stirling Methodist Church, on Tuesday last, was a grand success. Between three and four hundred persons took advantage of the low fare, and the day being pleasant, a most enjoyable time was spent. On arrival at Wellington the party at once proceeded to a beautiful grove on the shore of the lake, about a mile below the village, where the contents of the lunch baskets were heartily partaken of. The party then proceeded to amuse themselves in various ways. Some went to the village of Wellington; while a great number went over to the Sandbanks on a little steamer and sail boats that were at the service of the excursionists. The whole party seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and were well pleased with their trip. We noticed some young ladies with a new kind of head dress, but it was probably of necessity and not choice, as we heard they lost their hats in the treacherous waters of the Trent, one at Chisholm's Rapids and another at Trenton. Mr. G. W. Dench, the genial manager of the Central Ontario Railway, accompanied the excursionists as far as Trenton on the down trip, and then coming on to Wellington by a later train, was with them on the return to Trenton.

Mr. F. Warren, of Beaverton, is at Calgary inspecting a lease which he holds at the mouth of High River. He expects to place 2,000 Shropshires on it, which he will export from Ontario during the present season.

Sir John A. Macdonald laid the corner stone of a new Methodist church at Fallowfield, county of Carleton, on the 24th. Sir John alluded only incidentally to political affairs. His reception was highly enthusiastic.

Court of Revision.

E. B. Fraleck, Esq., Revising Officer for North Hastings, held the Court of Revision for this village at the Town Hall, on Monday last, for the final revision of the voters list for the municipality of Stirling under the Dominion Franchise Act. There were 45 corrections made upon behalf of the Conservative party. 14 Conservative votes added and 11 Reformers struck off the list. The Reformers added one name.

The Conservatives claim a total gain of 33 votes by their close attention to the list in this village.

W. H. Hastings acted as counsel for the Conservatives.

It is now stated that the Reform party might have made considerable changes to the benefit of their party had they attended to the matter in time. This was not done however and they will have to bear the consequences. The revising officer, Judge Fraleck, appears to have acted in a very fair and impartial manner, and to have given general satisfaction.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, June 29th, 1886.

The excursion to Wellington and the Sand Banks was not very well patronized from here. Everyone is laying by the surplus cash for Dominion Day, which is to be observed here as a general holiday.

The last log is expected soon to go over the slide, then there will be some chance to get a fish.

This village is rapidly becoming depopulated. Miss Annie McWilliams started yesterday for Belleville, Deseronto and other places. More to follow.

Ticket No. 201, held by Mrs. Devlin, drew the watch at the Masonic drawing last week. The watch is a very handsome one.

Thermometer has gone up. In dog-days it will need wings. G. E. M.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR,—As your correspondent has noticed in the columns of the ARGUS some Chips from various places, namely: Chatterton, Marmora, Sine and Oak Hills, your correspondent thought that he would say something about some of the old settlers of Sidney and Rawdon. And for a start I thought that I would commence with part of the Rosebush family, as I am acquainted with and a relative of them, and will try and give as correct a history as I am able to do from tradition and some records. I will commence with the great grandfather, Joseph Rosebush, sr. He married one Hannah Hart, in New England, June 5th, 1759. There was a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters, namely: the sons, Samuel, Solomon, Lewis, William and Joseph; the daughters, Catharine, Fanny, Nancy, Polly and Olive. Some married in the States and some in Canada. The sons married as follows: Joseph Rosebush married Clancy Cummings, (date not known); Samuel Rosebush married Huldah Clark; Lewis Rosebush married Lancy Smith; Solomon Rosebush married Hannah Finkle. The daughters married as follows: Catharine married a man by the name of Barce Chard; Fanny married Ebenezer Green; Nancy married John Wiss; Polly married Jacob Fox; Olive married Freeman Nappin. They all formerly lived in Connecticut and New England States, but in the breaking out of the war in 1777 between the United States and England, they all came to Canada and settled in Sidney and Rawdon, and spent there last days in said townships. Joseph Rosebush, sr., settled on the place that John Shea now owns about a mile below Stirling; Samuel Rosebush settled near the Grist Mill, now owned by Mrs. McDougall in Stirling; Solomon Rosebush settled on the east bank of the Trent river, at what is now Frankford; Lewis Rosebush settled on the banks of the Trent, where the widow of Peter Chard now lives; William Rosebush settled where Henry Lynn now lives; Joseph Rosebush settled where Joseph Rosebush, jr., now lives; Barce Chard settled where George Baragar now lives; Ebenezer Green, sr., settled where Truman Bradley now lives; John Wiss settled where the Widow Wescott now lives in Stirling; Jacob Fox settled where James Anson Rosebush now lives; Truman Nappin first settled in Percy, Northumberland County. But this is only a commencement of the Rosebush family, for Joseph Rosebush, sr., could, or did say, arise daughter go to your daughter, for your daughters daughter hath a daughter. Perhaps if these few lines meet the approbation of your readers you may hear from me again on the subject of the Rosebush family and their descendants. Yours,

P. WHITE.

White's Hill, Rawdon, June 25, '86.

P. S. I hope that some old settler in the County of Hastings will take up the subject of the original settlement of the different Townships of this County so that the rising generation may profit by so doing. P. W.

Frank Lockerty, aged 20, a cigarmaker from Belleville, was drowned at Charlotte, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week, just as he was about taking the steamer for home.

Evidence given in the investigation at Chicago shows that the man who threw the bomb in the fatal riots in May was Rheinhold Kruger, and that he was killed by Officer Madden, who he first tried to shoot down.

The Picton canning factory, recently destroyed by fire, is being rapidly rebuilt on a much larger scale than before. Machinery has been received from the United States and the factory will soon be in full operation again.

Bomby, the rhinoceros just imported and installed in Central Park as New York's latest pet in pachyderms, is the largest of his species ever brought to America. He cost $5,000, is 5½ feet high and 11½ long and weighs over two tons.

The combined armies of the European Powers are 9,000,000 strong, and if the men were drawn up in line the distance from right to left would be 6,000 miles, and the reviewing officer would require an express train for several days to go from one end of the line to the other.

The first through train for the Pacific coast left the Canadian Pacific railway station in Montreal at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, or 17 o'clock under the twenty four hours system, carrying about one hundred passengers, amid enthusiastic cheers from the crowds in the station and a salute fired by the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

Canada first is a tolerably good cry for Canadians, but Canada will be first about the time that Canadians are first in their own country. With all due deference, and many thanks to the Scotchmen, Irishmen, Englishmen and other kinds of men who kindly permit Canadians to live in Canada, let it to suggested that perhaps the men who failed to have been born in London, Edinboro', Dublin, Paris, or elsewhere, may have feelings, and aspirations and things. It is no doubt very wrong for a Canadian to feel that way, but we must humor these Canadians. It is possible that they have votes, and votes have a habit of standing up to be counted.

On Friday last a severe storm swept over Ennismore and Otonabee. In Ennismore the dwellings of Mr. Wm. Rivington and Mr. Wm. Mahony were badly damaged and in Otonabee the house of Mr. Wm. Hastie, Jr., and his paint shop, the dwelling of Mr. Rennie, and that of Mr. James Ruth were more or less wrecked. In the house of Mr. Hastie the lightning indulged in a peculiar freak. It tore off one sole of a pair of boots and another off a pair of shoes, leaving the thread drawn out about half an inch where the soles had been. In the same house Miss Drummond had just risen from a chair near the back door when the floor under the chair was torn up by the lightning.

This season's orange crop in Southern California aggregated 720,000 boxes, or 100,000,000 oranges.

There are now in operation in California machines which cut, thresh and bag grain on the field. Six horses are required for each, and from 20 to 40 acres are cut daily by every machine.

The High School at Vincennes, Ind., had but one graduate the other day and that was a negro girl. The white members of the class refused to appear if she did. The trustees decided that the procession could not stop and the girl graduated all alone.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

The following from the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Belleville, sufficiently explains itself:—

Kindly allow me to say to your readers that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is open to the deaf children of the Province, and every deaf mute child in Ontario, whether the parents are poor or rich, may share in the many advantages the Institution affords, such as tuition, board, care, etc.

There are many parents of such children who do not know of this place, and persons who will inform them of what the Province has so generously provided for their children will confer a lasting obligation.

Uneducated, a deaf mute child has no knowledge of language; is isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind; is irresponsible and in many cases dangerous to the community; life is a blank without a ray of hope to illuminate the future. With an education such as may be had here, all this is changed and the mute is enabled to take his or her place as respectable members of society and law abiding citizens and learn of the glorious life beyond. Over 700 mute children upon our books and the large majority of them spread over the Province bear testimony to the good work already accomplished. We have a full staff of capable, devoted teachers in the literary and industrial departments. We are doing all we can for these afflicted in this way and we are anxious to do whatever work of this kind there is to do. There will be room for all who can come in September next, and in the meantime it will give me pleasure to supply application papers and necessary information to any one who may apply.

Yours faithfully,
R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

Belleville, July 1st, 1886.

Farmers' Pests.

A correspondent of the *Intelligencer* writes as follows:—

"We have a great deal of respect for the farmers of this vicinity. Many of them show considerable enterprise in the improvement of their farms, stock, buildings, &c., and not a few take high rank as specialists in some departments of their noble profession. But there are exceptions to this rule of excellence, and the exceptions are too frequently met with to be consoling. A drive of a few miles just now reveals a state of affairs quite out of harmony with accepted theories in first-class husbandry. Noxious weeds and hurtful seeds are taking possession of entire fields and even farms. That abomination known as "yellow top," more properly called "herrick," is spreading over the country with alarming rapidity. It is an intolerable nuisance, and is as tenacious of life as our national thistle. Its presence reflects severely, and sometimes unjustly, upon the owner of fields in which it flourishes. One careless farmer can keep all his neighbors abundantly supplied with the weed. Undoubtedly it is a great injury to the crops, and militates against the value of the farms. A radical means of extermination must be resorted to in order to avoid ruination. Just how to apply the antidote without an entire cessation of cropping for a year or two is the question that remains unsolved. Great care must be exercised in the selection of seed grain. Only the cleanest should be sown, and then an industrious eradication practiced upon the objectionable plants. By this means an improvement may be expected after a patient trial.

Recently another and still more disagreeable pest has laid siege to the farmer's domain. For many miles about Belleville the Daisy, commonly called "Bull's Eye," is covering the surface of the earth with its white blossoms, much to the annoyance of "the horny-handed son of toil." The growth of this weed has been most prolific this spring, and many meadows and fields of grain are almost worthless by its presence. Its spread has been extraordinarily rapid, and it promises to increase a hundred fold every season. Farmers stand aghast before the new intrusion upon their land, and ask each other what is to be done to get relief. The outlook is not cheerful, as the probability is that the trouble is only begun. If the weed is produced from the seed annually, the only way to battle with it would be to cut it down in blossom. But, the grass and grain are then about the same growth, and to get at the Daisy they must be cut also. This would be too much of a sacrifice. Summer fallowing may answer the purpose but the whole farm would have to be put under treatment in order to make the system effective. Perhaps the nuisance will disappear naturally, but the indications do not favor such a belief."

Births.

In Huntingdon, on June 27th, the wife of JAMES McEVOY, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on June 28th, the wife of ROB'T KINGSTON, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on June 29th, the wife of WILLIAM KEEGAN, of a daughter.

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in malarial diseases. It contains a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poisons, with remedial agents which expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it healthy and reinvigorated.

Cable advices have been received in Toronto that one vessel had sailed from a Japanese port with a cargo of teas direct for Vancouver, B.C., for Canadian and American houses, that another was ready to sail, and a third would sail a few weeks later.

In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases.

On Friday about noon a young man named John Blackaby, of Seeley's Bay, was run over and beheaded by a freight train, near Ballantyne's station, in the township of Pittsburg, about nine miles east of Kingston.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

The number of Canadians making a trip to the Old Country this year is unprecedented, all the outgoing steamships being filled with passengers.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

The Beechers never grow old. Dr. Edward Beecher, now over eighty, has sent in his application for membership of the Young Men's Prohibition Club, of Brooklyn.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

"Grandma" Jordan, as she was called, the oldest person in Iowa, died at Wista on the 24th, aged 111 years. She was born in Kentucky and retained to the last a vivid recollection of her early years.

FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE.

Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

There is a woman in Union Point, Ga., with a beautiful beard nearly a foot long. She is well to do and thus escapes the dime museum.

EASILY CURED.

Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke st., Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. Other treatment had been tried in vain. Hagyard's Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

The British Commission for the purchase of horses for the British army arrived in Montreal yesterday. Three hundred are to be brought as an experiment, the total number required being 17,000. The Government price is forty pounds sterling for each animal.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

It is so dry in Geneseo, Ill., according to a local paper, that you can strike a match on the bottom of the cisterns. Dust is deep, the air is parched and arid and all nature goes round with her tongue hanging out.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

Ex-Mayor Beaudry, of Montreal, died on the 25th.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS SUFFERING.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the blood.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued on the 25th.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

There is scarcely any fright more alarming to a mother than the ominous sound of croup—so liable at the hour of night. When Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam (for the throat and lungs) is at hand, croups and distressing coughs lose half their terrors. It cures coughs, asthma and bronchitis.

Five thousand dollars have been granted by the Dominion Government in aid of the Vancouver fire sufferers.

A GOLDEN OPINION.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

A Protestant manifesto has been issued in Ireland favoring Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measures.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence. Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

At the entrance of a restaurant in Pesth, where young ladies are employed, is posted a notice reading:—"Gentlemen are requested to abstain from kissing the waitresses on the stairs, as this is a fruitful source of breakage and impedes the services."

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

A peculiar freak of nature is presented in the result that attended the experiment of stocking Lake Ontario with shad seven years ago. Millions of them were hatched, but they are dwarfs. None of them grow to over seven inches long and they are not fit to eat.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County of Bruce, in a letter, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure." Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Billious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

SPRINGBROOK ELEVATOR COMPANY

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Springbrook Elevator Company will be held in said elevator on the fifth day of July next, at the hour of two o'clock, p.m., for the purpose of electing seven directors and other general business.

G. D. WIGGINS, Secretary. LEVI MASON, President.

Springbrook, June 22, 1886.

AUCTION SALE —OF— PROPERTY In Township of Sidney.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage from John Kennedy to B. M. Britton, (which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale), there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, by Charles Butler, Esq., Auctioneer, at SCOTT'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of STIRLING, on

FRIDAY, the 16th Day of JULY, A.D., 1886,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON

The West half of the South half and the North Ten Acres of the East half of the South half of Lot Number Twenty-three in the Eighth Concession of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, containing in all Sixty Acres more or less.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserved bid.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, the balance within 30 days thereafter, when a deed will be given.

Further terms and conditions will be made known at the time of Sale, or on application to the undersigned.

B. M. BRITTON, Mortgagee.

Dated at Kingston, June 10th, 1886.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. CHANCERY DIVISION.

RE POUNDER.

POUNDER vs POUNDER.

PURSUANT TO JUDGMENT FOR PARTITION or sale, made in the above action, and dated the 19th day of April, 1886, there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, with the approbation of John Parker Thomas, Esquire, Local Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Belleville, at his Chambers, SHIRE HALL, on the west side of Church Street,

In the City of Belleville, on

SATURDAY, 3rd day July, '86,

At the hour of o'clock, noon, the following valuable Farm Property:

Being all and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, and being composed of the east half of Lot 22, in the 7th Concession of the said Township of Rawdon, containing 100 acres of land, be the same more or less, and known as "The Pounder Farm."

The premises is situate about 8 miles from Campbellford; 10 miles from Stirling; 4 miles from the Marmora Gravel Road; ½ mile from School House; 2 miles from Church; 2 miles from Wellman's Corners Post Office; and 3 miles from Cent. Ont. Ry. Station. About 88 acres cleared, and about 80 acres in a good state of cultivation; the balance is well-wooded with beech and maple. The soil is a good clay loam; well watered with a well and never failing spring; well fenced with cedar and black ash rails. A small orchard is upon the premises. Upon the premises are erected a good frame house, 26x36, 1½ storys, with frame kitchen, 12x16, attached. Also a frame barn in good repair, 51x30, with good sheds attached.

Possession to be given of fields as they are respectively cleared of their present crop, and possession of the premises on the 15th of November next.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

TERMS OF SALE.

The purchasers shall pay down a deposit of $10.00 for every $100 of his purchase money at the time of sale, and the balance within two months thereafter without interest. In other respects the conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice.

For further particulars apply at the law offices of W. H. Hastings, Esquire, Stirling, and Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Belleville.

W. H. HASTINGS, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

J. PARKER THOMAS, Local Master.

Dated at Chambers, this 28th day of May, 1886.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

LUMBER, LUMBER, LUMBER!

BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH ALL SORTS OF SEASONED LUMBER, JOIST, SHINGLES AND LATH.

FLOORING & STOCK, 10 INCH.

MILNE & CLUTE ARE GIVING SPECIAL BARGAINS —IN— Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, & Ready Made Clothing.

Some Lines are below Cost. Don't fail to see them.

MILNE & CLUTE.

BOOTS & SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, LADIES' SATCHELS, —AT— W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS, WORSTED COATINGS, MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS, PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ONLY 50 CENTS —FOR— THE NEWS-ARGUS, TO JANUARY 1, 1887, To New Subscribers.

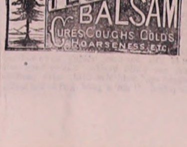
LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR PICTURE FRAMES At the NEWS-ARGUS Office.

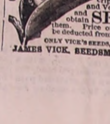
NIAGARA

W. C. REID, DEALER IN Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, —ETC., ETC., ETC.,— ENTERPRISE, ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.





VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and how to obtain SEEDS and how to grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

FOUND!

WE HAVE FOUND THAT W. MARTIN Is giving excellent value in all kinds of FURNITURE, —AND— UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY

All parties owing me lumber must deliver at once.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST Land Plaster On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of FANCY GOODS SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

STIRLING TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren, CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER, BARRISTER, McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PIANO, ORGAN, —OR— SEWING MACHINE —GO TO— JOHN CONLEY, STIRLING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal	1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 43.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

	Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for 1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

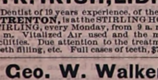
CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve. July 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.



J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. F. T. WARD.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, LADIES.

5,000 yards —— of —— over 300 Patterns.
REMNANTS OF PRINTS, GINGHAMS, BRILLIANTS,
AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
Of most beautiful designs will be cleared at COST for CASH, commencing on Monday, July 12th.

Prints from 3c. per yard to the finest made, at prices that would astonish the maker. Grey Cotton, over 1 yard wide, only 5c. Shirtings, worth 15c., reduced to 11c. Brown Ducks, Denims, Etc., all reduced as above, for CASH ONLY.

A large stock of sugars that invite comparison of prices.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE! MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.
The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING, A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK
Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,
Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.
Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal	1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor
Hair Vigor. It stimulates and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes dandruff and prevents humors. By its use, falling hair is checked, and brashy or weak hair is restored to the vigor and freshness of youth. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for promoting the growth of the hair, and think it unequalled. For restoring the hair to its original color, and for a dressing, it cannot be surpassed." — Mrs. George La Fever, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Is harmless and sure in its effects. It is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valuable for the lustre and richness of tone it imparts to the hair. "I have found Ayer's Hair Vigor highly satisfactory. As a dressing, and for its cleanliness and freedom from injurious effects, it is unexceptionable. It restores the natural color, stimulates a healthy growth, and renders the hair soft and pliable." — Mrs. (Rev.) Ozro A. Thomas, Nemaha, Kans.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. **For Sale by all Druggists.**

Arrest of Counterfeiters.

Last week a gang of counterfeiters was arrested, the headquarters of whose operations had recently been at Brighton, Ont. The leader in the gang is one Abel Christensen, who, it will be remembered, had the photograph gallery in this village for a time last summer. Another of the parties was one Duncan A. Cumming, a hotel-keeper at Brighton. Christensen had got wind of trouble ahead and went to Otterville, Ont., where he was followed by a detective, and induced to come to Toronto, when the arrest was made. Both prisoners were brought to Cobourg, when they were brought before the Police Magistrate and committed for trial at the next assizes. It was at the instance of the Merchants Bank, on which $10 counterfeit bills had been issued, that the gang was arrested.

At the police court Christensen pleaded not guilty to the charge of manufacturing counterfeit plates on the Merchants' Bank and printing notes therefrom. His face was flushed, fear was depicted in his big blue eyes, his hands worked nervously, and his whole demeanor was that of a man completely broken up. Detective Rogers told the story of the prisoner's arrest. "I went to Otterville Tuesday," said the witness, "and was introduced to the accused by the name of Johnston; he was given to understand that I wished to negotiate with him for counterfeit money. I knew that the process used by him was from negatives on glass. I showed him three new notes: a Merchants' five, a Merchants' ten and a Dominion two. The prisoner wanted to take negatives from these notes. He told me he had taken negatives at Stirling of a $50 note on a Lower Canada bank, a $20 note of United States national currency, three sets of a $10 note on the Merchants' Bank, and a $5 United States bill; and that he, Duncan Cumming and Thos. I. Brown had gone on Captain Clendenning's schooner to Rochester; that he and Cumming purchased from Marks of Rochester, I think it was, paper and inks, and then returned to the vessel, cruised round the lake and printed $900 to $1000 from these plates. [Although not brought out in evidence it might be stated that the cruise lasted nearly a week and that the fare of those on board consisted of hard tack, maple syrup and whiskey.] Cumming and Brown kept the prints. We talked the thing over and he said he could make $50,000 worth in five weeks. He had a number of small brushes for coloring notes; also some chemical preparations for toning. At the Otterville station he had a box containing the necessary apparatus for doing the work and he had used this for making plates of United States $5. While passing through Toronto for Otterville he threw a set of $5 plates into the bay from the York-street dock. The prisoner came to Toronto with me Tuesday for the purpose of buying paper and stock to carry on the business. I arrested him at the American Hotel and cautioned him. In the presence of Ins. O'Leary he acknowledged having made the plates and notes, and that he gave them to Cumming and Brown. The prisoner, I might add, is well posted on counterfeiting, and spoke of a $10 Merchants' counterfeit that had been passed at Brighton and he said the only way it was detected was owing to its being smaller than the original note, whereupon he acknowledged that it was one of his make, difference of size being due to the fact that he did not get the right focus in the photographing process. I asked him about the numbers, and he said as it would not do to circulate too many of one number he changed one of the figures here and there. He left Brighton because he heard the detectives were looking for him, and he complained that Cumming and Brown had used him meanly, that they got the plates and notes and he got nothing. The prisoner told me he had been in the same business at Hoboken, N.Y., but things became so hot for him there that he was obliged to skip.

Inspector O'Leary corroborated the last witness as to the prisoner's confession at the American Hotel. When the magistrate asked the Dane if he had anything to say, Christensen assumed a meek appearance, admitted the truth of the evidence, but said he had been led into the whole thing by Cumming and Brown. Without further ado His Worship committed him for trial at the next court of competent jurisdiction. He was then led out of the room.

The charge against Duncan A. Cumming was that he feloniously forged a certain bank note of the United States of America purporting to be a $20 bank note of the National Mohawk Valley Bank of Mohawk. He pleaded not guilty. Detective Rogers again took the stand. After his arrest, said the detective, I asked the prisoner if he had any plates on the Merchants' Bank and others; also if he had any counterfeit money. He replied that he had neither plates nor money and never saw any. I then took the prisoner outside, told him that Christensen was arrested and that he had informed me that he (Cumming) had received from him certain plates and money. I spoke to him about the trip on the schooner and that he had received $800 or $1,000 worth of counterfeit money. He then said he did not have the plates. I asked him if he had broken them. He replied in the affirmative. He said he had broken the plates on a barn floor about two and a half miles from Brighton and that he had thrown the pieces down a water closet. He said Brown and he got the money from Christensen and that he had burned it. The prisoner, McGowan and I drove out to the barn. It is on a small farm owned by Cumming's mother, who lives there. We found pieces of plates on the floor. The prisoner took us to the closet and showed us where he had thrown the pieces. (Witness here produced pieces of the $50, $10 Merchants', United States $5 and Dominion $1 plates.) He told McGowan and myself that he had a United States $20 plate and that he had printed eleven or twelve notes from it. He acknowledged the six notes found in his pocket book were some of these. (The witness handed in the notes. They are United States national currency, on the National Bank of Mohawk Valley, Mohawk.) The prisoner gave up two copying frames used in painting the notes. He stated that the camera and articles found in Brown's hotel were used for making the plates and notes.

The court committed Cumming for trial. He met with a similar fate on a charge in connection with the Merchants' Bank counterfeit. Bail was refused both prisoners. All the tell-tale stuff was produced in court. There were close upon 200 pieces of the smashed plates found on the farm, including a piece of the Merchants' Bank plate bearing the figures 8399, which corresponds to four of the figures on the bogus note detected at Toronto. In describing this note General Manager Hague says it bears the number D 83993, and "is an excellent imitation, the black lines being produced by photography, but the green tint on the face and back, instead of being printed in fine green lines on a white ground is laid on apparently with a brush covering the ground of the pattern entirely. The tint is different too, being of a more yellowish tone. The look of the tint is the best test of the bill, which is slightly smaller than the genuine one.". The six bad U. S. $20 were unfinished, but might have passed in a crowd. Then there were a camera, copying frames, inks, colors, brushes, blank plates, notes in process of preparation and other material and articles employed in the nefarious art. The whole lot was used in evidence and remains in custody of the court.

Belleville city schools are said to be overcrowded, and two teachers of the junior departments have resigned.

Through to the Pacific.

The running of through trains to the Pacific on the C. P. R. is an event of which every Canadian may be proud. It is the result of great energy, backed by the whole credit of the Dominion, and the work accomplished is thus briefly summarized by the Montreal *Witness*:—

Setting aside the different phases through which the great scheme of the Canadian Pacific has passed since it was first undertaken, it may interest our readers to have a concise synopsis of the work done by the syndicate who have just completed this great national enterprise. It was in 1880 that the Government decided to transfer the task of building the road to a syndicate, composed of Mr. Geo. Stephen, the Hon. D. A. Smith, Mr. Duncan McIntyre, Mr. J. S. Kennedy, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. J. J. Hill, Messrs. Morton, Rose & Co., and Messrs. Kohn, Reinack & Co. This syndicate subsequently resolved itself into a company. The road was to be completed by May 1st, 1891, and was divided into four sections: 1, Callendar to Port Arthur, 657 miles, to be built by the Company; 2, Port Arthur to Red River, 428 miles, to be built by the Government; 3, Red River to Savona Ferry, 1,252 miles, to be built by the Company; and 4, Savona Ferry to Port Moody, 213 miles, to be built by the Government—making a total of 2,555 miles, from Callandar to the Pacific ocean. The construction of the road was resumed with great vigor, and the Company concentrated their energies on the prairie section, where, during the year 1882, the rails were laid at an average of 2 2-3 miles per day, and by the close of the season 450 miles were ready for trains and 600 miles had been graded. In May, 1883, the line between Port Arthur and Winnipeg was so far completed as to permit of trains being allowed to run over it. During 1884, continued rapid progress was made, and the Government Engineer announced in his annual report that connection would be made between the Atlantic and the Pacific by the autumn of 1885.

The year 1884 was principally occupied with the Lake Superior district. On each of two days, in July, 1883, the astounding distance of over six miles of track was laid. On the 27th November, 1883, the line reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains, 122 miles west of Calgary and 962 from Winnipeg. The resources of the Company having failed, when Parliament opened in 1884, the Government submitted a proposition to grant the Company a loan of $22,500,000. This enabled the Company to go on with their work on the Lake Superior district, and by the end of 1884 the road was completed with the exception of a few gaps in the Rocky Mountains and to the north of Lake Superior. On the 16th of June, 1884, the track had been laid to a point 479 miles west of Montreal, and advantageous monetary transactions enabled the Company by May, 1885, to carry the track to a point 714 miles west of Montreal, where connection was made with the rails of the Nipissing division. On the 25th of October last the first freight train was despatched from Montreal to Winnipeg, and on November 6th, 1885, the Queen's message was received by the Company, congratulating Canada on the successful completion of the great enterprise. The total amount expended on the line by the Government up to 1880 was $16,488,759, and the amount expended by the Company from that date to the end of December, 1884, was $72,551,329. The funded debt of the Canadian Pacific, and its capital are respectively $35,000,000 and $65,000,000.

On the 8th day of January last a young man of weak mind named Daniel Hogan, living on the Hastings Road, went to the barn to feed the stock and never returned. An effort was made to find him but was fruitless and it was believed that he had been drowned. On the 21st day of June, 5 months and 13 days after his disappearance, a body was found in the woods eight miles from Hogan's farm and was recognized as that of the unfortunate young man. The body was taken to Madoc for interment.

THE TRENT RIVER SERPENT.—We are informed upon authority which is of some value that the great serpent which was seen by Mr. Keller, in the Trent River, about a year ago, was again out enjoying itself in the back channel of the Trent River, near Anderson's Island, one day last week. The party who got a glimpse of the monster this time was Mr. Thomas Landon, hotel keeper of Hoards, who was fishing in a canoe and while approaching what he supposed to be a small log floating he turned the course of the canoe to prevent the hooks coming in contact with it. As he did so and when about 20 or 30 yards from it the serpent raised his head and dived and a portion of its body,—about 10 feet, as well as he could judge in the short space of time he had to look upon it—was forced out of the water, hoop-shaped. Its body as Mr. Landon described it, was dark in color above but lighter and of a greenish caste on the belly, and carried a head very large and thick, with large bright eyes. He thinks the creature must be fully 20 feet long and 8 or 10 inches through the body. In diving the serpent caused so great a swell that the water struck the canoe and splashed over its side. Mr. Landon is very positive as to its appearance and does not vary in his description although his friends press upon him the joke that it was a huge bull-frog that jumped off a log. Other persons have seen the creature at different times and one man who saw it at a distance thought it was a dog swimming across the channel.—*Herald*.

A convention of young liberals was held at Montreal last week, when an endeavor was made to construct a platform for the next election. The Montreal *Witness* in referring to the convention says:—"Perhaps the most important act of the Young Liberals was their resolution demanding that prohibition be brought before the people by means of a plebiscite. This resolution contains two distinct and important propositions—one, approval of the plebiscite and the other of prohibition. They can be settled together or separately. What is really interesting is that prohibition has gained such strength in the Dominion that the rising representatives of one of the two great parties have felt constrained to introduce it into their platform with unquestioning approval. Our conviction is that this is only the first muttering of a big shower. It is quite plain in most of the Provinces that the country wants prohibition. Mr. Beaugrand is reported as having remarked that it would be many, many years before the Scott Act would be carried in a French constituency. This, in face of the fact that the Act was carried by immense majorities, and has been working effectively for long in Chicoutimi and Arthabaska, both purely French constituencies, was a little daring. The plebiscite has been already taken over a third of the country in the most practical way, and is still going on. By the time the next Parliament is elected, the attitude of the country will be so evident, and the House will be so strongly imbued with its tone on the subject, that the mediation of a plebiscite need not be asked for. Meantime, let majorities be rolled up everywhere for the Scott Act, and let temperance candidates be insisted on." It is noticeable that the *Globe* in referring to the convention ignores the temperance question altogether and it is evident would like to keep it out of sight. It is plain that a third party must be formed, and the sooner the better. Let temperance men show that they are not to be trifled with, and that prohibition must be the coming issue.

Dairy Management.

POINTS OF ATTENTION FOR THE PATRONS OF CHEESE FACTORIES AND CREAMERIES.

The Ontario Agricultural College has issued a bulletin on dairying which we reproduce below:—

The business of dairying when intelligently and carefully followed insures to the farmer a safe and steady income. The Province of Ontario is favored with all the natural advantages needed for the production of cheese and butter of the finest quality; and as the permanent success of the dairy industry depends upon the quality of the product, every dairy farmer is or should be interested in its improvement. To help in that direction is the purpose of this bulletin. In producing and supplying milk to cheese factories and creameries the following points require attention in order that the best results may be obtained.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Milk from healthy cows only should be used and not until at least four days after calving

2. Any harsh treatment that excites the cow lessens the quantity and injures the quality of her yield.

3. Cows should be allowed an abundant supply of wholesome, suitable food and as much pure water as they will drink.

4. A supply of salt should be placed where cows have access to it *every day*.

Cows should not be permitted to drink stagnant, impure water, nor to eat cleanings from horse stables, leeks, turnip tops, nor anything that would give the milk an offensive taint.

6. All milk vessels should be thoroughly cleansed; first being well washed, then scalded with boiling water and afterwards sufficiently aired to keep them perfectly sweet.

7. Cows should be milked with dry hands, and *only after* the udders have been washed or well brushed.

8. Milking should be done and milk should be kept only where the surrounding air is pure and free from all objectionable and tainting odors. Milking in a foul-smelling stable or yard imparts to milk an injurious taint. Sour whey should never be fed, nor should hogs be kept in a milking yard, or near a milk stand.

9. Tin pails only should be used.

10. All milk should be properly strained, immediately after milking and for that purpose a detached strainer is preferable to a strainer-pail.

FOR CHEESE FACTORIES.

11. In preparing milk for delivery to a cheese factory it should immediately after straining be *thoroughly aired* by pouring, dipping or stirring. This treatment is as beneficial for the morning's milk as for the evening's, and is even more necessary when the weather is cool than when it is warm.

15. In warm weather all milk should be *cooled* after it has been aired but not before.

13. Milk kept over night in small quantities—say in tin pails—will be in better condition than if kept in larger quantity in one vessel.

14. When both messes of milk are conveyed to the factory in one can, the mixing of the morning's with the evening's milk should be delayed till the milk-wagon reaches the stand.

15. While the milk is warmer than the surrounding air it should be left uncovered, but when colder it may with advantage be covered.

16. Milk-pails and cans should be protected from rain and milk-stands should be constructed to shade the cans from the sun.

17. Only honest milk with its full cream and full share of strippings should be offered; violation of this requirement leaves the patron liable to a heavy penalty.

FOR CREAMERIES.

18. In preparing milk for delivery once a day to a creamery where the whole milk is received the treatment should be similar to that recommended for cheese factories.

19. For creameries receiving cream only, the milk should be well aired but not cooled before setting.

20. Milk should be set for the separation of the cream where no impure air will reach it.

21. Cream rises best with a falling temperature and the separation of cream from the milk is promoted by cooling, after setting, to at least 40°.

FOR BUTTER MAKING AT FARM DAIRIES.

22. When the cream is used for butter-making at the farm the foregoing treatments and conditions may be observed with profit

23. Good ventilation for a milk-house, milk-cellar or dairy-room is most essential, and may be provided for by leading an air drain under-ground, for say 200 feet. Through it a supply of pure, fresh, cool air may be admitted. The foul or warm air may be allowed to escape through ventilators or windows in or near the ceiling.

24. Cream should invariably be removed from the milk before the milk is sour.

25. The cream for each churning should be gathered into and kept in one vessel.

26. The whole of the cream should be well stirred every time fresh cream is added.

27. In summer, cream should not be left longer than three days before churning.

28. The best churning temperatures are between 57° and 60° during the summer, and between 60° and 64° during the winter.

29. Butter can be more thoroughly washed free from butter-milk while in the granular condition than after it is gathered or pressed into a roll.

30. Only the best pure salt of medium and uniform fineness of grain should be used, and from three-quarters to one ounce of salt per pound of butter will be found satisfactory for the summer.

31. The utmost cleanliness in milking, in vessels, in utensils and in all surroundings must be observed to preserve the flavour and body of milk, cream, butter and cheese from contamination.

Belleville has produced a kitten with two heads, four eyes and three tongues. This feline curiosity has been purchased by two American gentlemen, who paid $100 therefor. They have taken it to the States for exhibition.

Two convictions in Peterboro have been quashed in Toronto on the ground that in a prosecution under the Scott Act the defendant is not bound to answer any question that might tend to criminate him. These cases will likely be appealed.

It is certainly a great triumph for the Canadian Pacific Railway that its first through train arrived at the Pacific coast on time, accomplishing the whole distance of 2,906 miles in 139 hours. The first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which left Montreal at 8 o'clock on Monday evening, June 28th, reached Vancouver at 12 noon, July 4th, which is equivalent to 4 p. m. Montreal time. The distance is 2,906 miles. This train left Winnipeg a little late of the advertised time, (9.40 p. m., Wednesday) reaching Canmore, on this side of the Rockies, on time, (2.10 a. m., Saturday) and passing Donald, the first station west of the summit, at 9.50 the same morning. The distance from Winnipeg to Vancouver is 1,482 miles. The total actual time consumed in the through journey was under 139 hours, or nearly 21 miles an hour, including stoppages. The Canadian Pacific officials report a very satisfactory demand for colonization tickets to Vancouver on the part of intending settlers and they anticipate that Vancouver in a very short time, will be double its original size and that the Pacific terminus thus being opened, the surrounding country will very soon be settled.

Forestry in Ontario.

We have received a copy of the Forestry Report for 1885, compiled at the instance of the Ontario Government by R. W. Phipps, Esq. It contains much valuable information, especially to the farming community of the Province, respecting this important subject. Forestry is really the chief need of Ontario. To have their land re-sheltered would double the profits of our farmers. To disseminate information however, is the only mode of proceeding apparently open to us.

The present volume contains, among other forestry information, description of what has been done in forestry this year in Ontario. One most important item has been the appointment, according to a recommendation made in last years' report, after an extended visit to the lumber districts, of a number of men, half paid by the Government and half by the lumbermen, to assist in enforcing the Fire Act in those localities; a movement which will save from destruction large amounts of valuable timber, and tend to perpetuate forest on much land useless except in forest.

We also observe that visits have been made to various places in the States where important practical experiments in forestry have been made, as to describe these things, whether by reports, lectures, or letters to the press, actual observation is necessary. Much valuable information is thus obtained.

We have not yet data, in Canada, to tell us the money profit probable from tree planting, so far as the actual sale of lumber is concerned. As this is a most important point quotations and descriptions are given of actual British and Americon experiments, with full results.

As the forestry question here is intimately connected with the amount of timber standing in the States, a full account of the position of affairs there is given, State by State, with results of over-clearing and other information.

The planting of evergreen wind-breaks is the simplest and most practicable method of regaining our forest shelter, and if followed up would, at very slight expense to each farmer, do much good to the country. A large chapter is therefore devoted to the advisability and method of this and trees fit for the purpose.

There is also (and it makes the book very valuable for reference) a complete list of the trees of Ontario, giving scientific description and means of knowing each, with statement of what other parts of North America they are found in, and uses, value and strength of timber in each.

Many letters containing much information on local forestry will also be found from parts of Ontario, and a valuable statement by a leading American scientist concerning effects of forest denudation.

We might also add that copies of the report will be sent, till the edition is distributed, to individuals who will forward their address to R. W. PHIPPS, 233 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

A number of young men residing in Napanee on Sunday last agreed to take their girls to a camp meeting. The day was spent in attending upon the religious services and strolling through the grounds and by evening the girls were pretty well tired. One of the youths, fairly well supplied with funds, therefore suggested that they should return home by way of Camden East and stop there for supper. This the girls readily assented to and the whole party were provided with an excellent supper at Clark's Mills. As soon, however, as the meal was over it was found that each of the young men sought a confidential interview with his neighbor and the result of the conferences was the discovery of the fact that only one member of the party had enough money to settle for himself and companion. A sad scene ensued. Some of the ladies paid their own bills and some couldn't. Jack-knives, rings and watches were offered as security by the young men, but the hostess was not obdurate and allowed all to depart on a promise to square on some future occasion. The journey home was not hilarious.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale, Cheap.

TO ANY ONE REQUIRING A REAPER or Mower, having a rough place, or contemplating purchasing a binder, I have two or three machines on hand which have been out as samples, but which I guarantee none the worse, and as good as anybody's machines, excepting paint, which I can sell at a little over half price, and warrant perfect in every particular, as they are our own make.
ALFRED F. HOLMES,
Agent for John Herring & Sons.
Stand next to Graham's Foundry.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE POSTMASTER General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on

FRIDAY, the 13th of AUGUST,

For the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed contract for four years, twelve times per week each way, between Stirling and Grand Junction Railway Station, from the 1st of October next.

Conveyance to be made in a vehicle.

The mails to leave the Stirling Post Office twice daily, Sundays excepted, at such hours as may be required, and to arrive at the Railway Station in time to exchange mails with the mail clerk passing each way; to leave the Railway Station after the exchange of mails, and to arrive at the Stirling Post Office within ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stirling, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 2nd July, 1886.

To Farmers of North Hastings and Vicinity.

HAVING DECIDED TO RE-ESTABLISH an agency for the sale of our Implements in North Hastings, we have rented a depot in Stirling opposite Bennett's Hotel, where samples of everything in the implement line can be seen, under the superintendence, for this year, of our general agent, Mr. Holmes, assisted by Mr. David Seeley, Jr., who will be pleased to exhibit our machinery and give price and terms to suit all customers. We have one price to all, but are always willing to allow a fair discount for cash where a purchaser wishes to settle after having a satisfactory trial. We are now manufacturing

The Lightest Binder in the Market,

As well as one of the most durable, and not being in any combination, will give terms to suit purchasers. We shall sell for $200, cash this fall, or $212.50 on three equal payments, without interest, or will vary to suit. Hoping you will give us a fair trial, especially as these implements are manufactured within two hours ride on the train, and less than a days' drive from your own door, and as a full line of repairs can always be obtained, we remain,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS,
of Napanee.

Stirling, July 6th, 1886.

N. B.—We expect to give a public exhibition of our Binder on Saturday, July 17th, in a piece of fall wheat about half a mile from Stirling, and will give time and place in next week's issue, or intending purchasers can get full particulars by calling on Mr Holmes, at Bennett's Hotel.

In this connection we have two or three machines which have been out as samples which we will sell at about half price to any one contemplating getting a Binder from us another year.

THE FARM.

Scissored and Penned.

Do not make gloomy dungeons of your stables.

When a plant has ripened its seed its mission is ended and it is ready to die.

The association between the sons and daughters and the hired man or woman is more intimate on the farm than in other kinds of business and therefore there is more need of care in the character of the "help."

Dr. Hoskins claims that on hundreds of farms where there are no barn cellars the soil under the floors where the cattle stand is worth as much or nearly as much per ton as the fertilizers of commerce.

One important reason why clover is so valuable a manurial plant is because it has a long or tap root by which materials far beneath the surface are brought into a valuable shape for plant use.

Mr. J. S. Woodward holds that no man has a moral, nor should he have a legal right, to permit his orchard to be a breeding ground for canker worms, codling moths, &c. He should be compelled to destroy the insects or to cut down the trees.

When it is understood that if allowed to ripen seed perfectly the grass loses all its rich juices and becomes mere dry straw—woody fibre, a little silicate of potash, and a very trifling quantity of vegetable extractive matter—the importance of cutting it at the right time will be apparent.

Farmers, whose whole information relative to their business is bounded by the narrow experience of themselves and neighbors, and which may be radically erroneous and ruinous in practice, are often found so convinced of their own wisdom and so dogmatic in their opinions as to be wholly unimpregnable to teaching.

If a farmer wishes to educate his boys that they may become good and contented followers of his own calling, his first step should be to educate himself. In order that he may make successful farmers of them he must himself have a just understanding of the possibilities of his vocation, and a genuine love for farm work.

Hard and steady work must be done to get a bountiful harvest, but we raise a word of caution about over-work. It is not necessary for farmers to work themselves to death in order that they may reap abundantly. Is it still necessary for farmers to continue as their forefathers did and work from sun to sun? We do not hold that a system of eight hours of labor a day can be successfully inaugurated on the farm, but we are sure that the days can be much shortened in many instances without detriment and even with good results.

A market gardener has a very fine cow that was milked week after week by hired men. He observed that the amount of butter he carried to market weighed about a pound more each alternate week. He watched the men and tried the cow after they had finished milking, but always found that there was no milk left in the teats. He finally asked the Scotch girl who took care of the milk if she could account for the difference. "Why, yes," she said, "When Jim milks he says to the old cow, 'So! my pretty muley, so!' But when Sam milks he hits her on the edge of the pail and says, 'Hist you old brute!'"

The *Kansas Farmer* asserts that dairy farming adds one dollar per acre to the value of the land, while it saves one dollar per acre of the value of the land as against grain farming, this is two dollars per acre—good rent. Twenty of the poorest milch cows in the country, that two men can milk in one hour and a half in the morning, and the same at evening will pay the wages of the two hired hands and furnish groceries for a good-sized family, by selling cream at ten cents a gauge. The skim milk will raise twenty hogs that will be worth $6 each, $120, and to this may be added $3000 worth of calves, as a clear profit over and above the crop raised by the two hired men.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Inquisitive people are the funerals of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

These men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some more by listening than by talking.

Good manners, is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in company.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose and invincible determination can accomplish almost anything; and on this lies the distinction between great men and little men.

"How," said one to Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it was said he "could toil terribly"—"how do you accomplish so much and in so short a time?" "When I have anything to do I go and do it," was the reply.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

The Salt of the Earth.

If the salt formations of Nevada were in railroad communication there would be no market in this country for the foreign article. In Lincoln county, on the Rio Virgin, there is a deposit of pure rock salt which is exposed for a length of two miles, a width of half a mile, and is of unknown depth. In places cannons are cut through it to a depth of sixty feet. It is of ancient formation, being covered in some places by basaltic rock and volcano tufa. The deposit has traced on the surface for a distance of nine miles. It is so solid that it must be blasted like rock, so pure and transparent that print can be read through blocks of it a foot thick. At Sand Springs, in Churchill county, there is a deposit of rock salt fourteen feet in depth, free from any particle of foreign substance, which can be quarried at the rate of five tons a day to the man. The great Humboldt salt field is about fifteen miles long by six wide. When the summer heats have evaporated the surface water, salt to the depth of several inches may be scraped up and underneath is a stratum of pure rock salt, of unknown depth. Soda, borax and other valuable minerals also exist in large quantities near these localities, and branch railroads will sooner or later bring them into market. A considerable business in gathering borax is already established on the line of the Carson and Colorado railroad. If Nevada will cut down her working expenses and develope her natural resources, she will be above the necessity of seeking land grants, from her neighbors or from the General Government.

A Valuable Man.

Merchant—"Well, if Sparks is a good salesman I would like to get hold of him."

Partner—"Oh, yes, he's a good salesman, but he's a terrible stutterer. Why the other day he tried to give a customer a price on a piece of silk but before he could get it out the market price of that silk had fallen $2 a yard. The woman took the piece rather than ask him if he couldn't make a reduction."

Merchant—"We want Sparks."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There is a woman in Union Point, Ga., with a beautiful beard nearly a foot long. She is well to do, and thus escapes the dime museum.

Mrs. Jennie Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing machine, which her worthless husband carried to a liquor saloon and raffled off.

Tornadoes have so scared the citizens of Meriden, Ill., that they talk of building a huge "cyclone cellar," where the whole town can take refuge when a wind storm comes along.

Georgia is likely to be known as the Mother of Evangelists. The Rev. J. H. Munday is her latest product in this line, and he is said to be doing a great work at Columbia, Tenn.

The venerable Joseph Kleinfeldt of Utica recently died at the residence of his son, Alderman Littlefield of Detroit. Since the death notice appeared the Alderman has been busy explaining that his name is simply his father's name translated into English.

A young colored woman in Lakeview, N. J., while carrying a kettle of boiling water, suddenly fainted and fell. She kept tight hold of the kettle, and thus succeeded in pouring its entire contents over her legs, scalding herself terribly.

John Coulter, of Richmond, attempted to hive a swarm of bees the other day, and they lighted upon him and nearly stung him to death. It was thought that he would surely die, but he managed to pull through and is now very sore but convalescent.

Charley Sheehan, 13 years old, of Lafayette, went in bathing accompanied by his dog. The boy could not swim, and while paddling about in water nearly up to his neck, the dog got on his back and pushed down. As fast as he came up the dog pushed him under and the boy was drowned.

Stephen Gleason, of Fall River, is 100 years and six months old, attends church every Sunday, walking unaided to and from the church; takes a long walk daily, has excellent sight and hearing, and unimpaired memory. Mrs. Gleason is nearly ninety years old, and likewise well preserved.

G. A. Barclay, of Edinburgh, told a Chicago reporter that he had been by night through the slums of his own city, of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, Paris, Rome, and Naples, and that, except in Naples he had never seen anything so bad in the way of drinking, and vice as he had seen in Chicago.

Accounts begin to come in of girls who kill themselves jumping the rope. The eleven-year-old daughter of Andrew Bosemer of Louisville has just died after matching herself against some playmates at a picnic. She jumped until she brought on heart palpitation that could not be controlled.

A writer in the *Bee Journal* says that bees have a strong antipathy to dark-colored objects. A brood of chickens ran about his hives. The bees stung one of the dark ones to death, and did not molest the light-colored ones. He says that a man with a black plug hat rarely gets stung, the bees devoting their entire attention to shooting the hat.

Three years ago, after a tornado had devastated the farm of a Georgia farmer, he found a two-year-old boy among the shrubbery of his garden. No one claiming the waif the farmer took him and cared for him. Last summer the farmer took the boy with him into Mississippi, and then another tornado took the child, and he has never been heard of since.

There is a cave about four miles from Houston, Texas, about 100 feet long, 60 feet broad, and, from 4 to sixteen feet in height where numberless bats roost by day. It is said that there are so many that it takes them nearly an hour to get into the cave each morning and in the rush hundreds are killed. It is proposed to form a company to collect and utilize batskins.

John Carothers, while burning brush near Akron, Ohio, caught his foot in a brush heap, and was in danger of being burned to death. His yells brought a man, who said: "Pay me the $5 you owe me, and I'll help you out." Carothers insisted that he didn't owe any $5. "All right, then, burn," said the man, and he walked away. Carothers then by frantic efforts released himself, but not before he was badly scorched.

Herman Reedle was digging a well at McAlister, I. T. He arranged a charge for blasting, lighted the fuse, and was hoisted towards the surface forty feet above. When half way up the rope broke, and he fell to the bottom. He tried to grasp and extinguish the fuse, but was too late. The charge exploded, Herman was blown nearly to the top of the well, and fell back dead with every bone in his body broken.

A dignified pug in the arms of its mistress was riding on the front seat of an open London street car the other day. The horses were tired, and the driver used his whip freely. The dog watched him closely, and, each he struck the weary steeds, howled dismally in sympathy with the suffering animals. He kept it up so vigorously that, for peace sake, the driver had to put up the whip, and then the pug seemed quite relieved.

Guarded Millionaires.

The private service for the protection of the Vanderbilts, Astors and Gould was organized three years ago, and is entirely separate for each family, though the men who defend the Vanderbilts and Astors are provided by the same establishment and practically work together. Regular patrol duty is done night and day, and twenty detectives are exclusively employed for the purpose. There are four Astor residences and five belonging to the Vanderbilts, all in or close to Fifth avenue, between Twenty-third and Fifty-second streets. The spies are on duty eight hours each per day, and the beats are so arranged that the nine houses cannot be approached unseen by by one or more of the guardsmen. Wm. H. Vanderbilt was the originator of this system, and he was incited to it by the large number of cranky letters he received. He professed to have no fear of rational evil-doers, but was apprehensive that maniacs might attack him or some member of his family. Since his death the mails have been laden with all sorts of appeals, demands and threats directed to his sons.

Jay Gould's self-protection is more secret and characteristic. He does not intrust it to a detective agency, but hires his own bodyguard. For years he has always been accompanied by a stalwart young fellow. But that is a safeguard against Wall street enemies. Cranks who might cut up capers in or around his home are under the view of spies whose quarters are in a room of the Windsor Hotel across the way. This is additional to patrol duty done by a separate set of men. The employes of the millionaire families, whose names are poor people's synonyms for wealth, are kept informed as to every new demonstration by a crank, and they are alert to descry and drive off the monomaniacs who attempt any exploits. During the Western strikes Jay Gould has made the trips between his home and office in a cab, instead of elevated cars as formerly, and it was observed that a ring at his bell brings a sauntering watchman to the foot of the steps about as quickly as it does the servant to the top. One of the defenses in Gould's case is against those who would write antagonistic sentiments with chalk on his sidewalk and steps. Men and boys are frequently caught at it and compelled to desist. A specimen of that class of revolutionists seemed to be a poet, and a wild one, judging by the description of him. His chalk was bright red, and he rapidly wrote:

The rich may shirk,
The poor must work.

Before he was collared; and then, as though determined that at least the terminal rhymes of his verse should be emblazoned, he added at what would have been the end of the third line, "la'or," and right underneath "neighbor." The rest remains unknown.

HEALTH.

Congested Brains.

Our article is suggested by one in the *Lancet* on "The Wear and Tear of London Life," and we shall appropriate some of its thoughts.

Brain-work, even in its highest forms, involves purely physical arts as truly as does that of the muscles or the stomach. "Excessive thought means cerebral hyperæmia as inevitably as excess in the use of a gastric stimulant means active congestion in the mucous membrane of the stomach; and just as habitual excessive use too irritating food and drink may induce passive congestion in the intervals, or as the sequel, of active congestion of the gastric organ, so may too persistent and excessive brain-work tend to the production of a chronic engorgement of the vessels of the encephalon" (the brain), "with whatever that physical fact involves or entails." A perfect similarity of law governs the development of disorders of brain and body.

Now, as some have inherited a weak muscular system, and others a feeble digestion, so still others, perhaps in some respects brilliant, have a congenital inability for considerable or prolonged brain-work, and are almost sure to be injured by a continued strain.

The times demand in this country, even more than in England, that brain-workers should have a large reserve of energy, and a capacity for producing force almost indefinitely, to meet the demands of exceptional exigencies.

In our country many enter the professions who are naturally equal to routine work, but are wholly unequal to the strains of competition and to the multiplied and varied demands which so characterise our times. They constantly and periously strike the limits of their congenital capacity. It is equally so in mercantile life. Not a few, who are equal to a small business find out that they were not equal to a large one only after both physical and financial failure. It is only less so in many other forms of business. Thousands attempt more than they are equal to, the continual pressure of which results in nervous exhaustion.

Somewhat akin to these are teachers in our common schools. The early stages of every profession and business make peculiar demands on the nervous force. And yet thousands enter the teaching profession who do not intend to remain in it. They stay just long enough to be overworked, and to be injured—in many cases for life.

So, also, our political system constantly brings forward new men who must fit themselves for new and difficult duties at an immense cost to the brain. The present physical condition of some of our public men is simply a prominent illustration of this fact.

Nervous Cough.

One may have a hard, dry and violent cough, and yet the lungs, bronchial tubes and larnyx be in a perfectly normal condition.

Says Flint, "In most of the cases of this kind which I have seen, the cough has had a peculiar barking tone, and the pitch has been low, showing that the glottis was dilated at the instant of coughing. In some cases, however, the tone is shrill, and the quality of the sound croupal, showing spasm of the glottis. In a case recently under observation, the cough consisted of a single, short, hoarse bark, often repeated several times a minute. It is sometimes in paroxysms, having a resemblance to those of whooping cough. The peculiar sound of the cough, together with its frequent recurrence, and sometimes its violence, renders its distressing to those whose sympathies are excited, and annoying to others."

It is mostly confined to females of hysterical tendencies. It may be induced by involuntary irritation. A school for girls was once broken up by it. The slightest changes of temperature excite it, as do also penetrating odors. It is constantly attended by sneezing and snuffling.

Shadewald, who has recently given it special attention, found it could be produced by gently touching a certain point within the nostrils. This point is the termination of one of the filaments of the trigeminal (or trifacial) nerve, and it is to its irritation that Shadewald regards this cough as due. Hence he calls it the *trigeminal* cough.

It bears a striking resemblance to nervous asthma, and the latter is now thought to be the most pronounced form of trigeminal cough with its seat within the nostrils. Ramifications of the trigeminal go to the pharynx (the back part of the mouth), and also to a portion of the ear, and hence this cough may sometimes be due to trigeminal irritation of the nerve within the nostrils.

Of course no treatment directed to the throat or lungs will be of any avail, and its persistence against all ordinary remedies may cause the gravest fears. But the peculiar barking tone of the cough and a certain nervous character of the patient may suggest its real nature.

The medical attendant should at once suspect its trigeminal origin, if he fails to find any organic explanation of it. All treatment should be directed to the nasal nerve, and the main object should be to lessen its undue excitability.

Galvanism is warmly recommended. Cauterization is often effectual, and so, for a time, is a slight bleeding of the parts. The copious secretion to which iodide of potassium, administered internally, gives rise is helpful, by washing out the irritating particles. In lighter cases, this and the inhaling of vapor are often sufficient.

What He Had in for Him.

The other day Judge Neckelson went a fishing. Becoming tired and hungry on his way home he stopped at a cabin near the roadside and thus addressed an old negro man who came to the gate:

"How are you, old man?"

"Po'ly, sah; how is it wid yerse'f?"

"I am hot, hungry, dusty and thirsty. Can you do anything for me?"

"No, sah."

"Can't you give me some water?"

"No, sah."

"I see that you have a well back there."

"Yas, de well's dar."

"Then why can't I get some water?"

"Look er heah, Jedge. Yourse'f thinks dat I doan know yer, but I does. I wuz er witness in yer cou't de uder week an' yer let one o' dem lawyers cross question me an' ketch me in er lie. Dat wa'n't no way ter treat a stranger in de town. Yes, sah, set right dar an' let dat blame lawyer 'buse me like I wa'n't a citizen o' dis heah county. I'se had it in fur yer eber since dat time an I wants ter tell yer what's er fack, ef yer gits any water outen dat well it'll be airter yer's had de hardest fight er white man eber had."

Strength and Diet.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on course brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton, yet he walks off with his load of 800 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. The fastest or longest-winded horse is not the biggest eater. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite for endurance.

Three weeks ago a man taught his dog, a very finely bred, well-behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burrs in his tail, goes with a lower grade of dogs, and it is feared that he is beginning to take an interest in politics.

GILBERT'S SHADOW.

A Terrible Crime Worked Out by a Boy.

Some years since a drover named Charles Stange, a German, was murdered in New Brunswick, and, for many weeks the case promised to forever remain a mystery. The body was not found until a week after the murder, as it was concealed in some bushes by the roadside. Only one blow had been struck, and that had crushed his skull. The affair occurred on a highway much travelled, and, as nearly as could be figured down, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The drover had left his lame horse at a farmhouse and started out to look at some cattle on a farm two miles away. Several persons who were driving recognized and passed him, but no one saw him nearer than within half a mile of the spot where he met his death.

It was two days before any search was begun and a week, as stated, before the body was found. Meanwhile there had been a heavy rain, and any

EVIDENCES OF A STRUGGLE

had been removed. It was believed by everybody that the drover was killed in the road and his body lifted over the fence into the bushes. As he was a man weighing 180 pounds, it was reasonable to further believe that it took two men to lift the body over the fence. The dead man had been robbed of watch and money. His clothing was considerably disarranged, and in his right hand he tightly clutched a stick about the size of a broom handle and about half the length.

The detectives accepted the theory that two men were engaged in the affair, and it was natural to suppose they were tramps. Arrests were made here and there, but none of the suspected parties could be located anywhere near the scene of the murder on that day. The bushes under which the body was found fringed one side of a field about ten acres in extent and used as a pasture. This field belonged to a man named Claire, who lived a mile away and was a manufacturer of well pumps. He had two or three teams out selling them on the road, and at the time of the murder, as was afterwards recalled, one of the drivers—a man named Gilbert, who was a stranger to the neighborhood—was at home on account of one of his horses being lame. This horse was turned into the old pasture to rest, and two or three times during the week Gilbert went up to the field to see how the animal was doing. It was finally remembered that he was there on the day of the murder.

A boy 13 years old named Robert Smith took a deep interest in the murder from the outset. While he said but little he was constantly thinking and planning. He knew that the detectives were working on the theory that two men were engaged in the crime, because the body had been lifted over the fence. This was on the theory that the murder had been committed in the road. The boy took the ground that the killing had been done in the pasture, although he was careful to say nothing. In this case the body had been dragged into the bushes. He carefully inspected the ground and found satisfactory evidence that this was the fact. He also discovered a stone weighing four or five pounds, which he believed to have been the weapon with which the blow was struck. Four or five rods away,

AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH,

he found the spot where the stone had been unrooted from the ground. If he was right, and he firmly believed he was, how came the drover in the pasture? There were no cattle in there for inspection, nor would he leave the road to make a short cut to his destination.

After days of cogitating the boy suddenly remembered that one of the pumpmaker's horses was in the pasture at the time. Could that fact have drawn the dover into the lot? Without in the least giving away his clue, the boy ascertained that the horse was removed from the pasture on the day of the murder entirely recovered from his lameness, and that Gilbert was the one who went after him. It was a spirited animal, and the boy reasoned that Gilbert had had trouble in catching him, and the drover had gone into the lot to render assistance. If this reasoning was correct, Gilbert was the murderer. Robert was the son of a poor farmer, and he could work the case no further—that is, he could not find out Gilbert's antecedents nor follow him about the country to verify his suspicion. The case rested here until the driver returned after a trip lasting four weeks. The boy at once became his shadow. Not a breath of suspicion attached to Gilbert except in the boy's mind. He talked freely of the murder, and if

HIS EXPRESSED HORROR

was not genuine it was so well counterfeited as to deceive everybody. He arrived home on a Friday night. On Saturday he was busy at the pump factory. Bright and early on Sunday morning the boy was at the pasture hidden in such a position that he could take in the whole field. He had an idea that Gilbert would visit the place, and that he would learn something new in the case, though he had no solid foundation for this idea.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Gilbert appeared. He had not entered the field from the highway, but had made a detour across a piece of woods. Near the centre of the lot was half an acre of briar patch, with several dead logs and old stumps interspersed. The driver walked and acted like one who desired to escape observation, and made straight for this patch. He was hidden from sight for about a quarter of an hour, and then he left the field by the route he had come. Robert was satisfied that he had secured a further clue, but he did not investigate until Monday morning, after the man had driven away with his load. He crossed and recrossed the patch half a dozen times, looking for he knew not what, but at length he began to closely examine the stumps and logs. In a hollow stump he found a ball of weeds and grass, and underneath this ball, wrapped in paper, was the evidence to convict the murderer of the drover. There was his watch and pocket-book, the latter containing over $400 in money and many papers.

There was no doubt in the boy's mind that Gilbert had entered the copse to see if the hidden articles were all right. There was evidence sufficient to warrant the man's arrest, but the boy was determined to wait. He knew what clues the others were working on, and he was afraid of being ridiculed, even when he had such positive proofs. As Gilbert had not removed the articles, it was probable that he would come again, and

THE BOY DETERMINED TO WAIT

for a second visit. The driver had started off to be gone three weeks, but he was back in ten days pleading illness. He returned just at dark one evening, and half an hour later the boy had taken his case to a constable and given him all the points. They soon came to the conclusion that Gilbert had returned with the intention of securing the money and leaving the country, and at daylight next morning they were hidden in the thicket.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before Gilbert showed up. He had forced a quarrel with his employer in order to have an excuse to quit work, and when he approached the field he was on his way out of the neighborhood. He made a very cautious approach, and as soon as he entered the thicket he went directly to the stump and removed the articles. When he had done this he opened the wallet and began counting the money, and he was engaged at this when the constable arrested him. Gilbert was so overcome that for a moment he could not speak. On the way to the county jail he made the following statement:

"On the day of the murder I came here after the horse. The animal was so frisky that I could not catch him. I called to the drover, who was passing on the highway, and he came over and assisted me to make the capture. We were down there by the bushes, I leading the horse and he about to return to the highway, when a snake ran before us. The drover picked up the club which was found in his grasp and I picked up a stone from the grass. He passed on ahead to the edge of the bushes, and was bent over in the act of striking the snake with his weapon

WHEN I HURLED THE STONE.

As God is my judge I flung at the snake, but the rock twisted in my hand and struck him in the back of the head. He fell without a groan, and in a minute or two I knew that he was dead. It was an accident, pure and simple, and would have been accepted as such had I at once given the alarm. I did intend to, but it struck me that if I took his money and secreted the body the crime would be laid to tramps. I drew the body into the bushes, secreted the watch and money in the stump, and came here today to secure the plunder and leave the country."

That the killing was accidental a great many people firmly believed, as Gilbert's past record was traced, and it could not be found that he had ever been arrested for any offence against the law. Others held that the killing was premediated, and it was likely that the lawyer engaged by Gilbert to defend him warned him that his life would be perilled. He had been in jail less than a fortnight when he committed suicide by hanging, thus closing the case.

A ROBBER'S CAVE.

One Man's Bones Taken from it—A Belief that it Hides Many More.

Since the killing near San Antonio, Tex., of United States Marshal Gosling by the Pitts Gang of desperadoes last year luck seems to have been against these outlaws. Old Grandma Drowns was with the party on the train at the time that Gosling was murdered, and in the melee that followed she received a fatal wound. Up to that time she had exercised a wonderful influence over the gang, adjusting their quarrels and generally making peace among them. One of the Pittses was also killed at the same time, and Yeager, a member of the murderous band, has since been sent to prison for a long term. As the surviving outlaws have been quarrelling of late it surprised no one a few days ago, when the Scotts, father and son, came to town and gave information where one of the Brannons could be found. Officers went in search of the desperado, found him at work in the field, and killed him as he was resisting arrest. This brought Cal Brannon, a brother, to the front thirsting for revenge, and he, in the course of an interview with the police, told them where they could find the body of Frank Harris, a man who disappeared two years ago, and at the same time conveyed the information that the Scotts had murdered him.

It had been known for several years that the outlaws had a retreat somewhere in the neighborhood of the Helotes settlement, several miles north of San Antonio, but until Brannon came in its exact location was a matter of conjecture. He gave the officers explicit directions, and, by following them closely, the officers came upon a small circular opening which answered to Brannon's description of the entrance to what is now called Robbers' Cave. As it was pitch dark in the hole, a Mexican with a lighted candle in his hand was sent down, and he speedily announced that he had come upon a human skeleton. After much difficulty the bones were conveyed to the surface, where they were recognized as those of Harris. Although little time was spent in examining the cave, it was seen that its dimensions were large, the entrance alone being small. This goes down for perhaps twenty feet, like a well, and then the cave widens out in all directions. It was at the bottom of the well that Harris's remains were found, just as they had been thrown there two years before.

The murder of Harris was the result of a quarrel between him and Jim Pitts, growing out of the admiration of both for a girl belonging to the Scott family. Jim was the leader of the desperadoes, and he could not brook the idea that Harris should be his rival in anything. Harris, on the other hand, was regarded by the girl with much favor, and he swore that he would marry her, and that no one else should. The Scotts favored Pitts, and on several occasions they had trouble with Harris on account of his persistency in wooing the girl. At length, in 1884, as Brannon now confesses, Pitts arrested Harris on some trivial charge, and turned him over to the Scotts, one of whom was a constable, notwithstanding his connection with the gang. The Scotts set out one evening with their prisoner, for the purpose, as was supposed, of bringing him to this city, but he was never afterward seen alive. He was killed the same night, and his body was concealed in the secret cave from which it has just been drawn. Soon after the tragedy Pitts married Miss Scott, and they lived happily together until he was killed in the Gosling affray. The Scotts are now under arrest for murder, and there is not much doubt that they will have other crimes to answer for before they again see the outside of the jail.

Since the discovery of Robbers' Cave interest in the place has become very great, and several exploring parties are making preparations to investigate it closely. It is believed to contain the remains of a good many people who have disappeared very mysteriously in the last few years. The entrance is not more than a hundred feet from the house in which the Scotts have lived for some time, and old residents in that vicinity predict that it will be found to be a regular private graveyard.

Questions of Economy.

Two old misers, one seventy and the other eighty years of age, fell into a dispute as to which was the more economical.

"The proof," said the former, "that you have no idea of saving is that during the half hour we have been arguing, a fly in your sugar bowl has been having a feast, and you have not taken the trouble to drive it away."

"And the proof that I am far more saving than you, and that nothing escapes me," retorted his aged opponent, "is that I leave that insect in my sugar-bowl on purpose. He acts as my spy. Whenever I come home and find that fly gone, I am perfectly sure that the cock has been stealing sugar."

Tommy Perry, Ga., 14, was ploughing near Battsford, aged when lightning struck his head, passed down his arms through the plough handles, and along the plough to the mule, killing both the boy and the animal.

Employer (to collector): "See Mr. Smith?" *Collector*: "Oh, yes." *Employer*: "Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?" *Collector*: "Not a bit. He asked me to call again."

A pet black squirrel owned in Savannah, Ga., was left at home while its mistress went away for a visit. As soon as the little fellow missed her he hunted all over the house, and, not finding her, showed unmistakable grief. He refused to eat day after day until it was so evident that he was starving himself to death that his mistress was sent for. When she came the squirrel was frantic with joy, and then it tried to eat, but it had fasted too long; it could not swallow and the next day died lying on the knees of its mistress.

Jones had written a local item of a social occurrence at his boarding-house for the paper, and the next day he called around to interview the editor about it. "Well," said the gentleman, "your notice was a good one, Mr. Jones, and we are always glad to have our friends help us get all the news." "That's what I thought," replied Jones, "and so I sent it in; but there was a trifling mistake in the print." "And what was it? I didn't notice." "In that part where I had written 'as the guests were going out to supper,' you got it 'as the guests were going out to suffer.'" "Um-ah-yes, I did notice that," said the editor; "but you see I boarded at that house three years, and when I saw that 'going out to suffer,' I thought 'going out to supper' wasn't any better, so I just left it that way."

HOUSEHOLD.

Summer Breakfasts.

Breakfasts are a nuisance in these warm mornings. Potatoes are no longer the balls of floury whiteness they used to be in the winter, and there is little one can do with them in a plain state. Uhlma has given us so many delicious methods of cooking potatoes that it seems a difficult matter to find anything new. Still, we have two or three pet ways of "warming over" that may be new to some of our readers. Cut cold boiled or steamed potatoes in thick slices (about a third of an inch thick,) and cut these in small squares. To about a pint allow half a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of flour. Put the milk in a saucepan and when scalding hot stir in the flour mixed to a smooth paste with milk and water, stir till it thickens then add the butter, salt, and potatoes. Simmer gently about ten minutes, stir in the cream, let it just boil up and pour it into a warm dish. Of course the quantity of salt is to be varied at pleasure, tastes differing so widely in respect to seasoning. If cream is not plenty use milk instead. These potatoes are nice to serve with cold meats.

Another way we like very much is to cut or chop the potatoes, not very fine, and for two cups of the potato put one-half cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan or frying-pan. When it boils add a generous pinch of salt and stir in the potatoes. Stir gently until well heated through and turn into a warm dish. Water may be used instead of the milk. These potatoes have a rich, buttery flavor, without the greasy taste most warmed-over potatoes acquire.

Mashed potatoes may be made into a delicious and attractive-looking dish as follows: Boil and mash the potatoes—if you once use a silver fork to mash them with you will never use anything else—and add butter, salt, and milk as usual. Then to a pint of the mashed potato allow one beaten egg, and, if you have it, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream. Butter-roll pans, or gem pans, which are much prettier, or a baking dish is preferred. Put the potato in, rounding up nicely browned. If gem or roll pans are used they should be well heated before being buttered. The potato will turn out beautifully browned all over if the oven is right.

Spiced Rhubarb.

Some one asks for a recipe for spiced rhubarb, and now that it is in season others who are fond of spiced relishes may wish to prepare some to serve with meats during the early summer, when it is not always possible to procure fruits, etc. Peel and slice the rhubarb and weigh it. Put it in a porcelain kettle and place where it will heat very gradually, until the juice flows freely. No water should be added. Then bring forward on the stove and boil gently for half an hour. Dip out about half the juice in a dish (not tin) which should be kept warm. Now add to the cooked fruit one-half pound of sugar for each pound allow one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir well, and if you like it stronger add more spice, but this amount makes it sufficiently spicy for most tastes. Should it be too thick, reduce with a little of the warm juice; the mixture should not be quite so thick as jam. Simmer for ten minutes and pour into glass fruit jars. Screw on the tops closely, and when cool wrap each jar in thick paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

Hints.

A decided improvement in the eating-bib for children is made of a towel. It is better to have the towel white. Hollow out the neck before binding and bind with white tape.

A lady writes that to kill insects she uses one teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water and sprinkles it on the plants with a hand-broom. It destroys green flies, currant worms, and other pests, and was used without injury on fuchias, geraniums, callas, and other plants. But it must be used with care.

If your dining-room has a window commanding a pretty view, dress the table in front of that rather than in the centre of the room, and give the seats commanding it to your guests, or to those who can appreciate such things.

Handsome pillow-shams can be made by using eight medium-sized, hem-stitched handkerchiefs, four for each sham. Trim them by inserting either lace or fine embroidery so that the insertion forms a cross in the middle. Edge with lace or embroidery, and make up over bright-colored cambric.

Stains may be removed even from the most delicately colored kid gloves, without injury, by suspending them for a day in an atmosphere of ammonia. Provide a tall glass cylinder, in the bottom of which place strong aqua ammonia. Be careful to remove from the sides of the jar any ammonia that may be spattered upon them. Suspend the gloves to the stopper in the jar. They must not come in contact with the liquid.

A Cape Breton Parson.

He was a tall, angular parson of the old severe Presbyterian type. As the local idiom has it, "You would know by his English that he had the Gaelic." He was preaching in a brother parson's pulpit to a congregation who were strangers to him. Descanting on the *lamb* as a type of gentleness, meekness, etc., he said:

"The lamb is *quaite and kind*. The lamb is not like the other beasts, the lion and the tiger and the wolf. Ye will not be runnin' away from the lamb. No. The lamb is kaind; the lamb will not eat ye, whatever.

"And there is *food* in the lamb, too. Oh yes, you will be killin' the lamb and the sheep when the cold weather will come in in the winter. You will be wantin' some good strong food in the winter, and it is then you will be killin' the lamb.

"And there is *clothing* in the lamb—he is good for the clothing. You will tek the wool off him, and you will mek clothing for yourselves. And how would you and I look without clothing?" etc.

At the close of the exercises he gave out the following very peculiar notice, to explain which I must state that ravages had been made among the Presbyterian flock by the influence of a divine of a different persuasion: "And there will most likely be a family from X. that will be baptized here after meeting on Friday night, but"—here he leaned forward, and added, in a loud stage whisper—"*ye'll no be saying a word about it, dear brethren, as I do not think they want it known.*"

Travelling on the Mississippi.

"Do you not like steamboat travelling on the Mississippi?" was asked of an English woman.

"Naw, cawn't sol that I do. Do you know that as I came down I came in cawntact with such a beastly and 'orrid man from Arkansaw. One night during a storm great alarm prevailed, and it was thought the 'orrid old boat was sinking. There was no life preserver in my state-room, so in frenzy I 'urried to the state-room occupied by the Arkansaw man, knocked on the door and cried; "Oh, for 'eaven's sake 'and me a life preserver!' 'All right,' said 'e, and the next moment 'e opened the door, shoved out a black bottle and said; 'Ere you are; drink 'earty.' I halmost fainted, for I never knew before that a bottle was a life preserver, don't you knaw. Oh 'e was such an 'orrid man."

"What did you do?"

"Don't you know that I was so frightened that I turned up the bottle 'Deed I did, and the 'orrid man 'ad the impudence to say, 'Touch 'er light, madam.' Naw, I cawn't sol that I like travelling on that hawful river."

Very properly the pitcher of a base ball club is generally the growler.

PEOPLE.

Mr. John G. Whittier writes to an inquirer that 1807 is the year of his birth and not the following year, as one literary authority gives it.

Mrs. Hicks Lord sent Miss Folsom (that was) a solid gold card case that, in the language of a friend of Miss Folsom, "weighed nearly a pound."

George Augustus Sala declines to contest a seat in the House of Commons, saying that he is a heart-broken, desolate old man without any ambition whatever for public life.

At a recent ball given by the Countess of Caithness in Paris many curious fancy costumes were seen. Miss Blake, a young American lady from Providence, personated a white cat.

Queen Victoria is the oldest reigning sovereign of Europe with two exceptions, Emperor William, who is in his 90th year, and King Christian, of Denmark, who has entered his 69th.

The great Bismarck has stipulated that his eldest son, Herbert, at present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, shall succeed him as Chancellor, and with that view he is making him a depository of all his schemes and plans.

Women sometimes attain a great age in Russia. A Mlle. Soanitzki died in the workhouse at St. Petersburg the other day at the age of 122 years. In the same institution another woman named Irene Nicalaieff has reached the age of 110 years.

Gen. Boulanger, the French War Minister, is said to be disgusted at the appearance of the bearded soldiers who have taken advantage of the permission he gave them to let their beards grow. As he wears a full beard himself he could not revoke the permit without being compelled to sacrifice his own facial appendage.

Charles Johnnycake, chief of the Delaware Indians in Indian Territory, is on his way to Washington to hold a conference with the "Great Father." He is 72 years of age and has presided over the Delawares for forty years. For thirty five years he has been an ordained Baptist minister and at his present age delivers two sermons every Sabbath to his people.

What is the value of a flea? According to Prof. Erbini, who owns those marvelous insects now performing at the Exchange Rooms in London, the highly-trained Russian "pulex irritans" is valued at $125—at least, that is the sum offered by the Professor for the recovery of a missing member of his troupe that plays "leading business."

The original manuscript of the Wacht am Rein has just been presented to the Emperor William by the German Ambassador in Switzerland. The composer, Max Schneckenberger, who published the song in 1840, died about twenty years ago at a village near Berne, and the manuscript was recently put up for sale by his heirs. It appears that an American offered a higher price than the Ambassador, but patriotism won the day, and the manuscript, which is written on the back of several business letters, having been purchased for $5,000, is now in the possession of the old Emperor.

Prince Baldwin, eldest son of the Count of Flanders, has now been definitely acknowledged as next heir to the crown of Belgium, and although only 17 years old takes precedence of his father and mother on all official occasions. He has just been appointed sub-lieutenant in the First Grenadier Regiment, and has taken the usual oath of allegiance. The reports as to the engagements between the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and the second daughter of the King of the Belgians are without foundation, for according to the terms of the British constitution, no British Prince is allowed, under the pain of forfeiture of all his rights and privileges, to marry a Princess of Catholic birth.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

An Invented Wheelbarrow Made to Run a Tread-Mill.

A wonderful discovery was made recently by Mr. Robt. Reeves, of Eganville, County of Renfrew, which will tend to revolutionize the locomotion of machinery in the near future. The discovery was made by throwing a ploughpoint on to the tread-board of a dog-churn, the instant the point touched the board it revolved one half turn, Mr. Reeves could see "perpetual motion" at once. The tread-board of the churn requires very little weight on the side to set in motion. The discoverer thereupon obtained a wheelbarrow and placed the wheel upon the side of the board and secured the handles firmly to a beam in the machinery hall. Everything ready the breaks were loosened and the board began to revolve, the wheel of the barrow travelling up hill, serving the same purpose as the tread of a dog. We understand word was immediately sent to Ottawa to secure a patent. There is a standing bounty of $500,000 offered by Queen Victoria to the discoverer of perpetual motion, and steps will be taken to secure this premium. The machine can be seen in motion by all who wish to call. We congratulate Mr. R. on his discovery, and trust he will be fortunate enough to secure this handsome bounty.

Too Late.

With many sad repentant tears,
I look back o'er the wasted years
Which, like a desert drear as night,
Lies stretched before my fancy's sight,
And wish with bitterness and pain,
That I could have them back again.

Though much of misery and woe
Has marred my journey here below,
Yet I would gladly turn me back
Across the rough, storm-beaten track,
And pray that God would me befriend!
That I my broken life might mend.

I might—who knows in days of old!
Have cleaned the dross from out the gold;
Have separated chaff from wheat,
And 'scaped the turmoil and the heat
Of passion, sorrow, hate and strife,
And lived a holier, better life.

I might have tasted all the good
That falls to happy womanhood;
I might—but that has passed away
And I, a mourner old and grey,
Sit in life's twilight all alone
And weep for joys I *might have known*.

What could I do, if God should give
Another life for me to live?
Could I blot out the pain, the tears,
The disappointments, woes and fears,
And walk dry shod 'midst all the strife
That swells the waves of human life!

Ah, no! Perchance it may be well,
That I the story thus must tell;
Perchance the broken threads will be
United in eternity,
And I may find beyond the tide
The joys that earth to me denied.

Wholesale Slaughter for Fashion's Freaks.

How enormous has been the slaughter of innocent birds for the purpose of beautifying ugly and heartless women is shown by these statistics: England imports from India, Africa and America $10,000,000 worth of feathers and birds every years. One and a half million exotic birds, including 250,000 humming birds are annually imported to France and England. The ostrich feathers alone do not imply slaughter of the birds for the sake of a fashion which fortunately is now being frowned on by the more sensible women.

Plain.

A farmer's wife living up among the New England hills had a longing all her life to see a hippopotamus. A circus and menagerie visited a neighboring town, and she harnessed up her old horse and eagerly jogged over the rough roads. When she stood in front of the cage where the huge beast was confined, all she said was; "My! ain't he plain!"

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.

Only One.

B. A. BOYDEN.

The world moves on at a rapid pace,
And I follow along in the surging crowd;
My gaze is fixed on a single face,
'Tis the one in life of which I'm proud.
Only one in the human throng,
And yet the fairest under the sun.
Ah! what to me, as they pass along,
Were the rest without that only one!

How proudly struts on the world's great stage
Each finical actor in the play!
From mincing youth to garrulous age,
There's never a one could pass away.
But the world must stop, and fold its hands,
And its turmoil cease and its toil be done;
And the drama end with the breaking bands,
And the final exit of only one.

But the world moves on at a steady pace,
And the ranks close up as one drops out,
And another fills the vacant place,
And will, to the end of time, no doubt.
A star may fall from the glittering sky,
And we scarcely note when its race is run;
A fellow mortal may drop and die,
And we little heed—it is only one.

To the world we may be only this—
A drop in humanity's surging sea,
But there are who will sadly, severely miss
The words and the smiles of you or me.
However humble may be my lot,
I'm glad some heart's pure love to have won;
To feel that I shall not be forgot,
And die unloved—though I'm only one.

Retribution At Last.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"And now, Mrs. Mill, seeing I have been in such danger, won't you ask me to have tea with you in your cosy kitchen to-night?" asked Cecil in his most winning and persuasive tones. "You can't expect me to go to my lonely room after such an afternoon as this has been. Why, I might have softening of the brain from mere depression of spirits!"

"It's right glad I'd be, sir, and proud; but our ways is different from yours, sir, and very humble, but——"

"But still you'll put up with me? That's a kind Christian soul. There's an uncommonly nice smell somewhere, which makes me feel as hungry as a hunter."

A very cosy happy party sat round Mrs. Mill's substantially-provided tea-table half an hour later. The snowy cloth was spread with real old china ware, and a great jar of freshly-gathered lilac adorned the centre of the table. A roast fowl and a dish of smoking ham and eggs were well supported by white bread and cakes, amber-tinted honeycomb, and delicious preserves.

The good landlady, anxious to do honor to her guest, appeared in her best flowered silk gown and company cap. Her husband, a shy, awkward, red-faced farmer, beamed on every one in an impartial silence; while Cecil confessed to himself that Nellie, in her blue dress, with a cluster of late lilies in her bosom, was the prettiest bit of nature he had seen in his life, an opinion so plainly expressed by his eyes that this was perhaps the reason why the girl's heart danced so joyously within her, causing her to blush and smile until she was prettier than ever.

The old eight-day clock ticked loudly in the corner, and a big cat purred on the stone hearth. Flowers in earthenware pots bloomed in the lozenge-paned windows; and through the wide open door could be seen the steep rocky walls of the dell, all its trees and ferns flashing with rain-drops in the lustrous sunshine. It was like an idyl of Arcadia to the young poet, and he enjoyed it to his heart's content, laying himself out to please and fascinate as he was never known to do amongst even the *creme de la creme* of the society in which he held a high place. His own family and his fashionable friends would have been surprised indeed to have seen him now—surprised and horrified, too, no doubt. Cecil gave a smile at this thought, then he banished everything but the present from his mind.

"I wonder, sir," said Mrs. Mill, filling his cup for the fourth time, "you've never been to Veriston Mere in some of your rambles. It's a beautiful spot, though, to my mind an uncanny one; and then Mr. Veriston is always poring over his books, and that there daughter of his roves about with never a companion nor nothing. Such a thing for a lady like her to grew up in that 'eathenish way."

"Veriston Mere?" echoed Cecil. "Now you have just reminded me of my duty, Mrs. Mill. The Veristons are connections of my mother, and I promised her most solemnly to look them up. I'm sure I had forgotten all about it; but really, when a man wants to write, how can he be expected to bore himself with a tribe of people he neither knows nor wishes to know?"

Nellie's eyes fixed themselves with awe upon his handsome face as he spoke. Was he an author then? Did he really write books? Novels, or poetry perhaps.

"Well, Miss Nellie, what is it?" he asked mischievously, catching her look. "Do you think me something awfully queer or unnatural?"

"Oh, no!"—and she blushed deeply, "I was only—only wondering if you wrote—books."

"I plead guilty to one only. But why need the gruesome fact alarm you?"

"It doesn't alarm me, sir—Mr. Graham, I mean; but I was thinking how very clever you must be."

Cecil smiled, not ill-pleased.

"Oh, dear, no! It's only a trick of the pen I've got." Then turning to Mrs. Mill, he said, "What sort of a place is Veriston Mere House?"

"A regular tumble-down old place, sir; gardens and everything as wild as can be. The mere's a great sheet o' water full o' lilies and what not, where Miss Veriston has a boat, and sits and reads there hours they say."

"Have you seen the lady?"—smiling. "Is she young?"

"Yes, sir. I've seed her at church once or twice. She's young enough—not much over twenty, I should say, tall and white and dazed looking. I see nothink in her myself."

"And her father?"

"He's a haristocratic hold Henglish gentleman, he is. His daughter's very like him, only his 'air's as white as snow. But you'll see for yourself, sir, if you go."

"Certainly I shall. Your description has aroused my curiosity."

"Muster Veriston's as kind a 'arted a man as hever breathed," broke in the host suddenly. "He'd give the coat o' his back to a poor man. Ay, lawk, the punds he and missie gies away!" And then Mr. Mill relapsed into silence with a heavy breath, as one for whom the medium of language was much too poor to express the thought.

"Willum allers has a word to say for Mr. Veriston," smilingly explained his wife.

"He's rare took up with him, is Willum!"

"What a lovely evening!" remarked Cecil insinuatingly, after a while when the farmer had gone to see after his live stock, and Mrs. Mill was clearing the table. "Shall we have a stroll in the garden, Miss Nellie?"

Nellie looked timidly at her aunt.

"You may go, child," said the matron affably; "and you may as well cut some flowers for them glasses in Mr. Graham's room; t'others are a little waned."

So, provided with basket and scissors, Nellie stepped out through the open door, Cecil following her, and went round to the sunny west front.

The air was perfectly delicious after the storm, cool, and redolent of perfume. The earth seemed to rejoice in restored peace and new life. The leaves—green as emerald—stood out clearly against the azure sky. There was quite a chorus of feathered singers, while the distant lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and a faint mingling of voices and bells added the grateful token of domestic life.

Cecil quite forgot his distaste for an Eve in his Paradise, and he assisted his fair companion in her rifling of the flower-beds most gallantly, feeling as merry and light-hearted as a school-boy in vacation, flirting, it must be confessed, as recklessly as he would have done with the belles of his own circle.

It never occurred to him that the girl by his side now was no finished coquette, no society belle, too well seasoned to be in the slightest degree hurt by numberless sweet words or delicate attentions. Nellie Mill was a simple country girl, very vain and impressionable, albeit with a fresh and guileless heart. She was perfectly innocent of the world's ways, of its falsehoods, and its idle games of folly.

She looked up at the tall young man bending over her so tenderly, his voice softening when he spoke to her, and his eyes full of dangerous admiration; and she deemed him the hero of every tale she had read, a god among men, a being of another world, with whom it was joy and honor unspeakable to associate.

When the flower-gathering was over Cecil repeated some of his own poetry to her, the music of which charmed her, though she could not understand the sense. The influence of the hour, of the place, and of the companionship lent its aid to lure the girl's heart from her careless keeping. It seemed to her a dream of perfect happiness. Of a waking time she never thought. She was far too simple and ignorant to dream of analysing her own emotions, or to question this gay Lothario's smiles and soft tones.

CHAPTER III.

Summer's brightest sunshine bathed in golden glory the moss-grown walls of Veriston Mere. Bewitching light and shadow played among the creeping jessamine, and the branches of an old pear-tree which entirely covered one side of the house. The sunshine streamed in at the open windows and the wide hall door; flickered amongst the dense foliage of beech, larch, sycamore, and chesnut, beamed on the flowers, and lay in broad patches and flecks on the large unmown lawn, which was full of blue-bells, buttercups and daisies. An unkempt place it was truly. The house was an old Elizabethan building with three gables, quaint stacks of chimneys, small windows in massive frames, some of them filled with heraldic devices in stained glass, long low rooms mediævally and uncomfortably furnished, and a vast square hall. The hall contained one or two priceless paintings, a few grim suits of armour, stags' heads with enormous antlers, and a huge fireplace full of ferns and flowers down to the brazen dogs at either side, with a black skin rug in front of the tiled hearth. It was lighted by three stained windows, which shed patches of color on the stone floor. One bright gleam of unsullied daylight came in at the open door, just within which an exquisite marble flower-girl held a basket on her head filled with a lavish luxuriance of crimson and purple flowers.

There were no signs of poverty about the place. It seemed rather as if the neglect were studied, as if, from some whim of the owner, Nature was left to have her own way in park and garden. And so indeed it was, nor would Harold Veriston suffer any modern addition to the old house.

"It will last my time," he had said, somewhat selfishly. "I love it as it is."

Having no son, the house and estate would pass to a nephew at his death, a fact which was a great grief to the old man. Although his daughter had a separate fortune, and broad lands in another country, it went to Mr. Veriston's heart to let the Mere House—which had descended in unbroken line so long—pass to his sister's son, and to let the old name die, as it must, unless the heir should choose to adopt it.

Half a mile from the house, in the level park, the still waters of the mere lay placidly reflecting the blue sky. The long grass grew close to its brink, and irises, hyacinths, and harebells nodded gently to their images in the water. Here and there a mighty willow or ivied elm-bole mingled its shadow with theirs; here and there a miniature forest of reeds kept up a ceaseless whispering. Great patches of lily leaves rested on the water, their buds just appearing, and very soon a crown of white flowers would add to the beauty of the scene. Hosts of water-fowl had their nests here, breaking the brooding silence with their shrill cries, and making the water sparkle like diamonds as they stirred its serene surface. A white boat lay moored to a staple in a slight indentation of the shore.

It was beside this lone glassy mere that Argent Veriston loved best to linger. Seated on the fragrant grass, her back against the bole of a tree, the lake flashing at her feet, she would watch, lost in reverie, the white clouds sail slowly over the turquoise sky, or the swift flight of the swallows in mid air. Or she would be paddling in her light skiff among the lilies, or rocking idly in the quiet current all the long sultry afternoon, with an open book on her knee, and shaded by a large umbrella from the overpowering glare.

Argent Veriston was a solitary, well-nigh a friendless girl. Her child-mother had died when Argent was a baby, and her father avoided and dreaded the society of his fellow-men. Like most book worms he was a shy, unsociable man, passionately fond of his home, his books, and his daughter, and caring for nothing beyond, save that voiceless grave in Easthore churchyard, where the darling of his young manhood lay sleeping beneath the daisies. Although passionately fond of his daughter, he never dreamt of providing her with society suited to her age and position. He never for a moment imagined that she needed other companionship than his own, or that her life was lonely and isolated beyond the lot of women. Nor had he any idea that she was, by reason of this lonely life, different from other girls; or that an existence so self contained, so silent, and so nun like was a bad preparation for that conflict with the world which must in some shape or other take place sooner or later.

He dimly realized that his little girl had become a woman fair to look upon. Her quietness suited him. She never bored him, never broke in upon his dreamy imaginings with gay laughter or lively bewildering talk. He had always a book by his side at breakfast and early dinner, the only two meals of which he partook. It was but seldom that more than a few words passed between father and daughter. As for Argent, she too dwelt in a world apart, content, like the legendary lady of mediæval ages, to spin her unsubstantial woof, shut up in a region of poetry and romance, seeing but shadows in her mirror, yet deeming them divinest reality. Sunk in its dreamy slumber her soul neither knew nor longed for anything beyond.

The only time when she was seen by ordinary folk was at the little Easthore Church, where she was a regular attendant. She would sit at the extreme end, apart from the congregation, looking like the St. Cecilia whose rapt face and golden hair gleamed in the stained-window above her head. No one accosted her either as she came or went. People stood aside respectfully to let her pass. She always had a sweet smile for them, yet somehow they never ventured to speak to her. The Vicar, a hard-working elderly man, something of an ascetic, was the only friend she had, the only visitor the Mere House welcomed within its gates. He loved the strange silent girl as a daughter; and she too had a deep reverence for him. Yet he found it impossible to interest or engage her sympathies in parish work. Her purse was at his disposal; but beyond that she was inaccessible.

It was drawing towards noon when Cecil Graham walked up the beechen avenue and by the sunny lawn to the door of Veriston Mere House. A white-haired servant, low-voiced and obsequious, admitted and conducted him through the dim flower-scented hall to a large cool room at the farther end. Its windows were shaded by the dense foliage of two chestnut-trees, through which scarcely a sunbeam could peep. The walls were dark, the floor darkly-stained, and a few skins were carelessly laid here and there. Nothing but a crystal vase, filled with fresh roses, broke the dusky hues of the apartment, the cool twilight of which was most refreshing after the heat and light without.

Presently Harold Veriston entered, a tall stooping figure in shabby clothes, with one of his darling books under his arm. He came forward with the hesitation of one unused to visitors. Cecil rose and grasped his lax hand warmly, introducing himself as a visitor in the neighbourhood, and a connection of Mr. Veriston, adding that his mother, who retained a lively recollection of her old friend, had urged this call, which he himself hoped would not be considered an intrusion.

The old gentleman smiled, vaguely murmuring something that might have been "very glad;" and Cecil, at his wits' end what to say next, took the book from his host's loose grasp. Fortunately it proved to be a classical work well known to him, and he at once entered into a discussion of the opinions of the author. Mr. Veriston thawed more and more with every word; and finally, as the gong sounded, he pressed the young man to remain for the meal.

While he wavered the door opened softly, and, looking up, Cecil saw a tall fair girl, apparently about twenty years old, advancing with a graceful listless movement across the floor. She wore a tightly-fitting dress of palest mauve colour, slashed with white, which trailed after her noiselessly, and she looked exactly like an old picture, or even more like a saint out of a painted window; there was something so wonderfully pure and unworldly in her aspect. As she drew nearer he saw that her face was fair and perfectly colourless, and the skin of satin-like texture, the scarlet lines of the lips alone breaking the clear pallor of the complexion. Her abundant hair of palest gold was parted on her forehead, Madonna fashion, and her features were regular as those of a Greek statue, and nearly as inanimate. As she raised her eyes, which were large, soft, and blue, they seemed to flood his very soul with light; yet she scarcely glanced at him, hardly appearing aware of his presence.

On being introduced she made him a charming old-fashioned curtsey; then, with the same listless grace, she put her hand within her father's arm, murmuring that dinner was ready. All Cecil's hesitation about remaining vanished, and a strange new emotion thrilled him as he mentally exclaimed, "Eve!"

Feeling like an intruder into an enchanted castle, the glamour of which was already upon him, the young man followed them into another smaller sunnier chamber, where dinner was spread, admiring on the way the long heavy curls which fell behind to the girl's waist, and the pliant grace of her figure. He told himself that she was the very realization of his own dear and dimly-imaged ideal, a lily among the thorns, "queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls."

All through the long dinner he could not keep his eyes off the pale fair face. He felt that he was almost rude, yet he was certain that she was unconscious of his scrutiny. The large blue eyes looked into his, whenever he met them, with a calm gaze that saw beyond and above him, with not the slightest recognition of his admiration; and no tint of colour rose in the smooth cheeks. Perfectly self-possessed, almost perfectly silent, she sat, with an old screen, covered with long stems and quaint flowers, for background, which threw out the contour of her golden head and the harmonious hues of her dress.

When he ventured to address some commonplace remark to her, she answered as one roused from a dream—answered in tones of rare gentleness and sweetness, but in as words few as possible, and without a smile. Never had the polished man of the world seen any one like her. She interested him in the same way as a new poem, but in a much more intense degree. His heart beat wildly when she spoke to him or looked at him. He was ashamed of himself, disgusted with what he considered his *gaucherie*, but he was powerless to resist the mighty sway of the passion which was luring him unresistingly, like the sirens' fateful singing, on to the rocks of destiny.

After dinner he expressed a wish to see the mere, and his host bade Argent escort him thither, while he himself retired awhile to his study.

The idea of the enchanted castle still possessed Cecil. It seemed to him as if the lovely silent girl by his side were some damsel held in thrall, and as if it was reserved for him by love and bravery to liberate her. Or as if some seductive spirit were about to conduct him to magic regions, where a thousand years would pass like an hour, and whence he would emerge, gray-headed and dumb, a miserable wanderer, only longing for death to restore him to the cruel angel of his dream. They were foolish fancies enough; yet he could not rid himself of them.

Silently the pair walked through the sunlit garden, through the dells and glades of the bowery park, where interlacing branches,

"Golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,"

let in sudden gleams of turquoise sky, where the hum of honey-freighted bees broke the delightful summer calm, while hundreds of coloured butterflies glanced hither and thither on their flower-like wings. At length they reached the mere, a still unrippled surface reflecting heaven's sunny blue as in a mirror, wherein lay the shadows of the trees, a white bud or two contrasting with the dead green of the floating loaves near the brink.

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed Cecil Graham at length, breaking with an effort the long silence.

"Yes," she said simply.

"Is this your boat?" he asked, emboldened by that half smile, and bending over the skiff.

"Yes," she said again.

"And do you often use it?"

"Very often. I like to be on the water; it is like floating in the sky."

"What a pity, though, your boat only holds one!"

"Why?" she asked, with perfect simplicity.

"Well, because if it had held two I could have rowed you on the mere;" and he laughed rather constrainedly.

"Oh, no!" she replied, shrinking. "I couldn't bear that. I prefer being alone."

The hot color mounted to the young man's face.

"Is my company so distasteful to you then, Miss Veriston? I can leave you now if you wish. I would not for worlds force my unwelcome presence on you."

"I don't mind here," she answered absently.

This speech was scarcely calculated to soothe his wounded pride, yet he was fain to be content. The glamour she had woven round him was too strong to be broken by a few cold words. What spell was there in that expressionless face, that sweet even voice to affect him so powerfully? Why should his heart beat so fast and his eyes, well used to control those of women, fall like a shy boy's before the dreamy light of hers? Why had his usual ease completely deserted him? He could not answer these questions. He knew only that a spell was upon him under which he was powerless.

The rest of that day passed like a dream. It might have been five minutes, it might have been five years, during which he sat by the girl's side, on the fallen moss grown trunk of an old oak-tree, watching the fluttering butterflies and errant bees, and the shadows dipping deeply into the mere, while great wafts of honeysuckle perfume came ever and anon, borne by the fitful south wind.

Then they had sauntered back to the house, and had had tea in a small sunshiny chamber, through the open casement of which large sweet roses peeped shyly and green branches drifted, while one bright ray of sunshine crowned Argent's fair head as she poured out tea from an old-fashioned silver pot into cups of priceless china.

It seemed to Cecil afterwards, on cool reflection, as if he had sat at the polished table and simply stared at this young girl all the time, drinking in the witchery of her presence. He could not recollect that any one had uttered a word. He remembered seeing, as in a picture, a rose-framed window, the delicate tinting of the walls, the sombre furniture, the old man lying back in a large easy-chair, sipping his tea at intervals, and, clear as a cameo on this background, the golden head, the pale still face, and the large dreamy eyes of Argent Veriston. He knew that he had lingered with her in the garden at sunset, and that the glory of the evening and the odors of the flowers had roused him to poetry. He knew that he had talked and she had listened, that he had held her hand closely in his own, unrebuked, as he bade her good-bye in the shadowy twilit porch, where the marble flower-girl offered her unheeded blossoms. He knew that in the soft gloom she had looked like some spirit, and that he had won from her lips one smile, faint as the shadow of a smile, yet most sweet, the light of which had guided him through the dusky lanes back to the farm—glorified all his homely surroundings there, and had lulled him into happy impossible dreams.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SOLDIER OF LUCKNOW.

Some Stirring Reminiscences of The Indian Mutiny.

On the 8th of June, 1857, twenty-nine years ago, just as England had emerged successful from the Crimean war, the great Indian mutiny broke out. The British army in India had been greatly weakened in order to maintain the struggle with Russia, and consequently at the commencement of the breakout the rebels had things all their own way. As soon, however, as the news of the revolt of the native army reached England, peace having been declared with Russia, regiment after regiment was hurried from Sebastopol to the scene of the uprising.

The story of how the mutiny was quelled is a matter of history, but as the years roll by the veterans who stormed Delhi, and

MARCHED WITH COLIN CAMPBELL

to the relief of Lucknow are becoming fewer and fewer.

One of those who possesses the medal for the rebellion, with clasp, for Delhi and Lucknow, is Mr. William Kennedy, a caretaker at the Parliament Building in Toronto. In conversation with Mr. Kennedy recently a *Globe* reporter was given some interesting information about the great mutiny.

W. KENNEDY, OF KINCORA.

"I am W. Kennedy, of Kincora," said the veteran, "and I was born in the town of Innes, county, of Clare, Ireland. I will be 54 years of age next December. On the 26th of November 1848, I enlisted in the 75th Regiment, now known as the First Battalion Gordon Highlanders. I served with this corps all through the mutiny, and finally left the service on the 26th of October, 1860, having been allowed a year for Lucknow. I spent ten years altogether in India."

"You must have seen some hot work there, Mr. Kennedy."

"Indeed I did, but Delhi was worse than Lucknow. I landed in India on the 5th of November, 1850, and so saw the mutiny from the very commencement. The first battle was at

BUDGHELIE A'SURRIE,

June, 8th, 1857. When I was in India there was not a railway or a telegraph pole in the country.

"At Delhi the fighting lasted from the 4th to the 20th of September. I was colour sergeant under General Nicholson there at the storming of the Moore battery. General Nicholson was killed and when he was shot he put his arm around my neck. He was a fine soldier, and the whitest man that ever stood on two feet. Just before the General was shot he was told that his brother, Captain Nicholson, had lost an arm. 'Let him go on and fight with the other,' he cried. At

THE STORMING OF DELHI

we lost 1,462 men inside an hour—killed mind you. I was field sergeant-major under Sir Colin Campbell at the relief of Lucknow. I served under Sir James Outram at the occupation of Allumbugh while Sir Colin went to relieve Cawnpore. The first time that we went to Cawnpore I was there, and was among the first that reached the wells where the bodies had been thrown. It was a terrible night. Do you know

WHAT OUR RATIONS CONSISTED OF

when we were marching to the relief of Lucknow? One pound of wheat a day, and, grind it yourself? Of course we had nothing to grind it with, and we used to bruise it between two stones as well as we could. One time I managed to secure a sack of split peas, but I had to keep it hid in a hole in the ground, inside my tent."

"Did you suffer much with the marching?"

"I never had corns on my feet in my life, and the climate always agreed with me; but of course we had terribly severe work. My last campaign was in Central India, where I served under Major Brooks, and was present at the

SECOND BATTLE OF AGRA,

on the 8th of October, 1858. I remember marching these 36 miles with nothing to eat, then fighting, and then doing another 36 miles. We were really not fighting natives, they were trained soldiers and many of them had their breasts covered with medals won in the English service. I remember one time in Central India, the 3rd Gwalior Cavalry charged the 9th Lancers three times, and three times they formed right under our guns, but we dared not fire on them because we would hit our own men."

"Did the 9th break the natives up badly?'

"The natives never were broken up badly.

"Oh, they were brave fellows, and they told us that they were

FIGHTING FOR THEIR COUNTRY

too. Why, that time they pitched their pistols in our faces after they had fired them, and as I told you, we dared not pull a trigger."

"Did you ever have cholera, Mr. Kennedy?"

"I did. Thirteen of us went to the hospital with it, and I was the only one that came out."

"Were there many British troops at the relief of Lucknow?"

"There were 123,000 men, and not more than 10,000 of these were natives. Sir Colin reviewed us. He commenced with Captain Peck's battery, and it was seven o'clock at night before he reached the Light Division, where my regiment was. At first he could not make out whether we were

WHITE MEN OR NOT,

for we were as dirty as Murphy's pig."

"You did not not get married until after you left the army, Mr. Kennedy?"

"No. I married in Quebec 24 years ago, and I have been in the Parliament Buildings here since 1862 I have a family of five daughters and one son."

"Discipline was severe in the army in your time, was it not?"

"Indeed it was. I have seen any number of men flogged and three shot. One man was shot for striking the doctor, another for

THROWING HIS HAT AT THE COLONEL,

and another for something else. Ever since then it had been the rule in the army that when a man is brought before the Colonel his hat is removed first."

"What do you think of flogging?"

"A man will never do any good afterwards, although his comrades will not annoy him about it. Lord Gough was a very severe commander. It was under him that the men I mentioned were shot."

Mr. Kennedy is a man of medium height and very strongly built. He has regular features, and shaves almost all his face according to the military regulations. He has always enjoyed the best of health, and declares that he has never known a day's sickness while residing in the old Parliament Buildings. In spite of all that he has gone through, Mr. Kennedy is as active as many much younger men, and bids fair to see a green old age.

Miss Longent—"Mamma, I think I'll accept young Snoopkins. He seems to be the best thing I have on the hooks at present. Mrs. L—"Why, my dear, you have plenty of time before you." Miss L.—"Your're mistaken, mamma; I am failing rapidly. I know, because I have heard several people say lately that I am 'growing younger and prettier every day.' I have no time to lose."

BILBAO TO ZARAGOZA AND BACK.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

On Monday morning the 19th of April, L. and A. and I, with Francisca carrying the baggage, rode to Bilbao by the seven o'clock train. After a cup of coffee and a bun each, we went to the station to catch the 8 30 train for Miranda. We took tickets for 3rd class but had very respectable people as fellow-travellers. After leaving Bilbao, the railroad ran alongside of the Nervion, the river which runs through Bilbao, and across which many picturesque and substantial bridges are built. The scenery was very pretty with the vine-fields and pasture land and the Nervion winding between them and in the distance the mountains a bright blue. As we approached Orduna, the scenery became more mountainous and wild. Orduna is a small but fortified town situated at the entrance to a large *concha* or basin-shaped valley round which the railway runs in a gradual ascending curve, until it leaves the concha about a third of a mile from where it entered, after having made a circle of 8½ miles and having risen about 600 feet; the rocks round this valley are very high and perpendicular, and make a most perfect circle except for that third of a mile. The Nervion rises in the mountains near this valley and

FALLS OVER A PERPENDICULAR ROCK

forming a beautiful cascade of 220 feet in height. We saw this at a favorable time, previous rains having added power and volume to the leaping torrent. After leaving the valley, we passed through the grandest mountain scenery I ever imagined, the railroad constantly winding and at the same time ascending rapidly. We passed over the top of the waterfall of Altabe, which is 600 feet high. Just above us was a rock which forms an almost perfect representation of a monk's head and shoulders, with the hood of his cloak pushed off his head and resting on his back. It is called the *Fraile*, or in English the Friar. Miranda reached, we refreshed ourselves with the ever-ready and delicious coffee and then started afresh or our terminus. The country now appears to be almost entirely cultivated for vines, and every possible and often almost inaccessible places were planted. Sometimes, part way up a stony bare hillside one would see a field or two of vines. Those grown here are not the climbing vines, but small creepers, which, however, bear profusely. They are planted in rows like so many turnips, not at all my idea of vineyards. Gradually the vineyards gave way to olive-yards, and as we went on the scene became very monotonous. The soil appeared to consist mainly of mud, and seems to indicate a comparatively recent emergence from a subaqueous state. The country was very flat, with villages here and there of mud-houses, mud walls and fences, and a mud church.

OLIVE-YARDS, ROWS OF POPLARS,

threshing-floors, mud villages, and dry river beds became tedious with frequent repetition. At Castejon we had to wait a while, and as soon as we started again, we settled ourselves to sleep, but were soon roused by our fellow travellers, who had passed their pigskin of wine round so often that they began to feel merry. They had entertained us some time before, by singing some of their church hymns and litanies, but now they sang national songs, accompanying them with dancing and all sorts of gesticulations. From that time till we reached Zaragoza we were kept wide awake watching them. At 10.15 p. m. we arrived at Zaragoza and were very glad to get into an omnibus and drive to the Europa Hotel. Next morning we first got a general view of the city from across the wide bridge over the Ebro, the prominent objects being the two cathedrals, the leaning tower, archbishops' palace, and the tall, quaintly built houses with their red tiled roofs. Re-entering the city by the Puerta del Angel we went into the cathedral of La Seo. Inside there was indeed, a "dim religious light," partly owing to the windows being so high, and my first impression on gazing around was of intense awe. Several kneeling figures could be discerned at the various altars and a funeral service was proceeding at one of the chapels. This was well lit by candles, and a highly impressive scene it was, the voice of a priest chanting in monotone, then the responses of the other priests in a plaintive minor, then all walking round the coffin, bearing lights and still chanting in a low minor key. After passing round the cathedral just looking at the numerous small chapels or shrines as we went, we passed in front of the high altar. The retablo of this altar is alabastar most beautifully and elaborately carved. The trascoro or outside of choir is richly ornamented in stucco-relief illustrating scenes from the lives of the saints. One story is that a young child martyr, an acolyte, was crucified for his faith in Christ, during one of the early persecutions and that his

BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE RIVER,

where it floated, until some pious Christian brought it to shore and in triumphal procession to this church where he was buried and an altar raised over him. In this cathedral are shown the swords which are said to have been used in the martyrdom of San Pedro Abues in 1490. We left La Seo for breakfast at 11, and after breakfast visited the other cathedral of El Pilar. The exterior appearance of this is very brilliant, the roof consisting of several domes of bright colored tiles—blue, green, yellow and white. The inside is on the whole poor and the decorations tawdy; one altar was bedecked with a number of wax models of arms, legs, heads, eyes, &c., as thanksofferings for the cure of disease in these specific parts. The cathedral takes its name from a tradition that on the spot it now stands, the Virgin once descended from heaven upon a pillar, which pillar is enclosed in a grand altar, except one small portion which is left exposed to receive the kiss of the faithful. Many performed this devotion while we were there and the stone is much worn with constant kissing. Unfortunately the choir, which is nely carved in bas-relief, was shut off, by scaffolding and the retable of the high altar, was curtained during repairs, so that the only things worth seeing were not visible. Into the daylight again, we walked on to the Torre Nueva, as the leaning tower is called, entered and climed its 270 steps to the top. A magnificent view lay below and about us, the winding river fertilizing vine and olive yards, the pasturelands and in the far, far distance the shadowy Pyrenees. The town itself is a very picturesque sight, with its narrow and tortuous street

THICKLY CLUSTERED RED-ROOFED HOUSES,

with their open garrets and balconies in every possible place, and its numerous churches. Leaving the town we went outside the city walls again to see a Moorish castle—the Aljaferia. It is a large square building in good condition, and now used as a barracks. As we were not allowed to enter it without a special permit, we saw no further and returned to the city where our next visit was to an old family mansion. It was built in a quadrangle shape with a small courtyard within, upon which the windows and doors opened, and a staircase leading to an upper gallery which we much admired, it being highly decorated with artistic work and carved balusters. From thence we went to the convent of Santa Engracia, which suffered severely from the French in 1808, a richly carved white marble front and gateway only being left. Also the crypt which is now used as the church, and where the saint is buried with other holy martyrs whose relics are fondly exhibited. During the evening A. went to the Protestant Mission room where a prayer-meeting was being held and was attended by about 40 persons. These meet with considerable opposition but persevere in hope, and during the annual fair actually sell bibles and testaments at a stall in the open street. Next day, Wednesday, the church of San Pablo was first visited, in which we remarked, as we had done in the cathedrals the ugly and sometimes ludicrous faces of even the altar images. In many cases these images are ordinary wax dolls, such as children play with, dressed in gorgeous fashion and not forgetting a lace-edged handkerchief. We were

BENT ON SEEING ALL WE COULD

in our short stay in the city, and the same morning saw us at La Longa, or the Exchange, built in 1551. The eaves are very prettily ornamented with stucco work. The inside is one large saloon, with two rows of fine pillars and a raised dais at one end. The ceiling is rather like that of La Seo, stucco with gilt rosettes and wheels. We then revisited La Seo to inspect at leisure its many objects of interest. This time the baptism of a child, 24 hours old, was about to proceed, and L. and I went near to see the ceremony. Presently the priest came up, and imagine our dismay at being addressed by him in the most persuasive tones. Then and there he urged our entrance into the Roman fold, and pleaded how he "would enjoy baptising us into the true church," as he was about to do for the infant. This of course in Spanish, which both L. and A. speak. At last A., who had been standing apart, but listening to L.'s arguments against the old priest, came up and soon silenced the old man, who not being able to state when and where it was Jesus said "All who remain outside the Holy Catholic Church shall go to hell" turned the subject, and then began to think of the poor little baby who was waiting all this time. There was quite a small congregation by this time, who laughed and seemed to enjoy the discussion immensely. The baptismal ceremony is very curious. The priest, at the gate of the baptistry put

SALT ON THE INFANT'S TONGUE,

then led it up to the font, its face being covered by the end of his stole. At the font he crossed its ears, throat, mouth, forehead and back of neck with oil and then poured about a saucerful of water over the crown of its head, after which he declared it to be a member of The Church. We then left La Seo and went to the church of Santiago, which, is said to be built on the very spot where St. James lodged when on his way through Spain, A. D. 40. At 4 the next morning we were up and soon after to the station to start for Pamplona. In our carriage were some country folks who were highly interested in A's map of the district which he explained the use of. The opera glasses were also a novelty to them, and caused much wonder. An interesting conversation was started and religious topics coming uppermost, L. and A. were nothing loath to turn it to good account, the idea prevalent among the uneducated class as to what Protestants are and believe, being most ridiculous and stupid. A pleasant spirit prevailed while an animated argument was kept up and at the end, A. gave them a New Testament in Spanish, which they seemed pleased to accept. We arrived at Pamblona at about 2 o'clock and after dinner went round the town, which was strongly fortified. It has been the scene of a good many battles and sieges both in the Peninsular and Carlist wars. The cathedral is a pretty little place, though much spoiled by the really hideous faced images. The streets are narrow, dirty and steep, the shops very poor. We walked on the walls from which we obtained an extensive view of a flat country dotted with a number of small hills at whose summit was generally built a fort or small village; but as all buildings about here are formed with mud bricks, we could hardly distinguished them from the surrounding country. Olive yards with the trees, apparently growing out of water, owing to recent rain and heavy clay and mud soil. The small hills, with their mud colored forts and a river winding between the hills made a more curious than picturesque landscape. When speaking of the cathedral, I forgot to mention that the sacristan took us, at our request, into the sacristy and showed us some of the bishop's robes, which were embroidered so thickly and elaborately in gold as to be quite stiff; also a solid silver canopy used to carry over the Virgin's effigy when taken through the streets in procession, and a large golden crucifix for a similar purpose. Then he took us into the cloisters, which I thought the most romantic and lovely spot I ever saw. An open square, in which flourished in the richest profusion, lilacs, roses, elderberries and other flowering shrubs, all round a covered walk under which were the tombs of ecclesiastics for centuries back, all so perfectly secluded and cut off from the world, so cool and tranquilizing, the influence of the place, so old fashioned and dreamlike its features, that if some of the old bishops buried there had risen and begun strolling around, one would hardly have felt astonishment. In the evening we saw the curious little church of St. Ignacius Loyola. The walls are nearly covered with immense paintings representing the chief incidents in Loyola's life. Next morning the 4 o'clock train carried us to Alsasua, which we reached at 6, after experiencing the only disagreeable company in the whole journey. A train

CROWDED WITH RECRUITS AND SOLDIERS

off their term of years and just going home, is *not* a quiet place. Oh the noise—shouting, screaming, singing, dancing, jumping, thumping the seats, shaking the doors, playing on all sorts of instruments; 40 of these men were in our compartment. At Alsasua our train forward was 2 hours late, yet the officials seemed to take it as a matter of course, despatching at the end of that time an engine to seek for it. Presently the engine returned with the missing train which had stopped midway between Alsasua and the next station, its engine failing, and had waited patiently till some one should look them up. Two priests were our company the rest of the way to Bilbao, which we reached so late at night as to miss the last tram home, so we hired a coach and pair and drove home in grand style, astonishing Francisca and our neighbors, who missing us by the last tram, had gone to bed. Thus ended a most enjoyable trip.

Dangers of the Deep.

A letter received in New Bedford some time in October last reported that four men had been lost by the whaling bark Greyhound, two boats being capsized by a whale. Capt. Joseph Silva, who has just arrived home, tells the following story of the accident:

"Sept. 4 the vessel was between Royal and St. George, and that day we landed the second mate at St. George to visit his family. The next day, a little after 6 o'clock in the evening, a large whale was raised, and two boats were manned, I having charge of one of them and the third mate in charge of the other. It was coming on dark, but the whale came up and we gave chase, the third mate striking him. His boat was immediatly capsized by the whale and the men clung on to the sides.

"I started to pick up the crew, and saw the whale come up a short distance from my boat. He laid so still that I concluded I would try and get a bomb into him and kill him. On coming up my boat was also stove and capsized. I expected a boat from the ship, as she had one on the crane. The vessel was only about two miles away. When it got late, and we saw no signs of any boat from the ship, the men on the third mate's capsized boat all swam over to my boat, and then there were twelve of us clinging to one boat. It was hard and tiresome work for us to cling to her, as there was a strong current, and the boat kept rolling over and over. At about 11 o'clock several of the men were completely exhausted and thoroughly frightened. An hour afterward one of the men had to give in, and dropped away and was drowned. His name was Antone Domingo. Two other sailors also dropped off in about three-quarters of an hour. Antone Frates, my boat steerer, held out until 6 o'clock, and then let go and was drowned.

"At daybreak the vessel was about a mile an a half off, and we were discovered and picked up at about 7 o'clock. There were seven of us left, and four of them were frothing at the mouth when saved."

She—"And that scar, Major. Did you get it during an engagement." He—absently—"Engagement? No; the first week of our honeymoon."

WHO KILLED McWILLIAMS?

Circumstantial Evidence May be Very Strong and all wrong.

The criminal who argues that he is safe because no one saw him commit the crime forgets that circumstantial evidence is a Nemesis which has pursued its thousands to the prison and the gallows. Had the Preller case in St. Louis been one in which men could testify that they saw the killing done, the sensation would have died out in a week. It depended upon circumstantial evidence alone, and as link after link has been picked up to make a complete chain the whole country has been interested. The records of crime show that where circumstantial evidence is solely depended on,

A TERRIBLY STRONG CASE

can be made against an entirely innocent man. That this has been done time after time we all know, though in the great majority of cases the real criminal gets his just deserts.

Some forty years ago there lived in Ontario a farmer named Throop, who was a widower, with a daughter 15 years old. The man had a good reputation, and his daughter was a great favorite in the neighborhood. For some time previous to the occurence which caused his arrest Throop had not been on good terms with a farmer named McWilliams, living about a mile away, on account of damage committed by cattle belonging to the latter. There had been a law suit, and the two men had once come to blows, and Throop had said in the presence of witnesses that he would like to put a bullet into McWilliams. One day about noon the cattle broke into the field again, and the daughter notified her father. Throop was terribly enraged, and, as he started to drive them out, he took his rifle along. The back end of the field bordered on a wood, and the daughter saw her father disappear among the trees after the running cattle. Soon thereafter she heard a shot, and was alarmed for fear that her father had carried out his threat.

In about half an hour Throop came home, pale, agitated, put up his gun, and sat down to his dinner without a word. The girl was crying, but he didn't seem to notice it. After the meal was eaten he hitched up a horse to the buggy and drove away, saying that he might not be back before sundown. He returned at 7 o'clock, and the daughter noticed that he was in much better humor. Neither referred to the affair of the cattle, and the evening passed off pleasantly. Two days later, Throop meanwhile pursuing his labors around home, the Sheriff appeared and arrested him. The farmer was at supper when the officer entered, and it was afterward put in evidence that

THROOP TURNED DEADLY PALE

before the errand of the officer was made known. When told to consider himself a prisoner he asked what was the charge, and the Sheriff replied:

"For the murder of Henry McWilliams. His body was found in the woods this afternoon."

Throop was terribly agitated, but protested his innocence, saying he had not seen the man for a week. As he was taken away he whispered to his child, who was clinging to him:

"Say nothing of my chasing the cattle out."

This was overheard by the Sheriff, and at the proper time was used, to the prisoner's confusion. The daughter was convinced of her father's guilt from the first. The blundering Sheriff did not take away the rifle, and he had no sooner departed than the girl inspected it, to find that it had been recently discharged. In hopes to exculpate her father, she set about and cleaned and loaded the gun. In the course of a few hours she was put under restraint and interrogated. Believing that anything she could say in regard to the affair would react on her father, she determined on silence, and not one word could be got from her as to the events of the past three days. Throop vigorously denied the killing, but was obstinately silent to all other questions. The prosecution then began to work up its case of circumstantial evidence, and was fortunate from the start. A person came forward who saw Throop leave the house, gun in hand, to chase the cattle. Two persons affirmed that they heard the report of a rifle. Several people had heard Throop make threats. The cleaning of the rifle was charged to Throop, and made to look ugly against him. The silence of himself and daughter was proof sufficient to most people that he was guilty of murder.

Court was in session and the accused was speedily brought to trial. To his lawyer he divulged the episode of pursuing the cattle, and he

ADMITTED FIRING AT A HEIFER

and missing her. The shot went over her and entered a beech tree. He gave his solemn word that he did not see McWilliams that day. When he left the house after dinner it was with the intention of going to the town several miles away to consult a lawyer in regard to a new suit. He did not find the lawyer in his office, and on his way home he got to thinking the matter over, and made up his mind he had been too hasty all along. He even had some thought of going to his neighbor and holding out the hand of reconciliation, but he was restrained by the lateness of the hour. This feeling accounted for his changed conduct when he came home.

The lawyer went to the woods and found the beech tree, and dug out the bullet. He also found that the lawyer whom Throop went to see was out at the hour specified. It was strange, however, that while scores of men in the town knew Throop, no one could be found who remembered having seen him on that occasion.

Mrs. Williams affirmed that her husband had left the house with his rifle to hunt squirrels in the woods, and she had never seen him alive again. He had been shot through the head. What had become of his rifle? The prosecution intended to charge Throop with hiding it. The defence had no theory about it, though they might ask why the body had not been hidden as well. Any theory of suicide was out of the question in the face of the circumstances.

The case was called with a strong prejudice against the prisoner. The prosecution put in all its evidence, circumstantial and otherwise, and it

SEEMED TO EVERY ONE A CLEAR CASE.

Before the defence opened an event occurred which had a most important bearing. A stranger was arrested in a town twenty miles away while trying to dispose of a rifle with McWilliams's name engraved on a silver plate in the stock. He was brought to the county seat at once, and when the right pressure was brought to bear on him he made a confession. He was a travelling clock tinker. He had been drunk two or three days before the shooting and his outfit had been lost or stolen. Early on the morning of the shooting he stole a couple of hens from Throop, and went into the woods and made a fire and roasted one for his breakfast. He was asleep when McWilliams stumbled upon him. Evidences were at hand that he was a thief, and the farmer ordered him to pick up and leave. The tinker refused, and hot words passed. McWilliams threatened him with the gun, and he closed in to wrest it from him. In the struggle the weapon was discharged, and the farmer was killed. At the same instant another shot was fired, but the tinker did not see Throop. He at first threw down the rifle and ran away, but afterward returned for the gun, thinking to sell it and procure another outfit.

There could be no doubt of the truth of the tinker's story, and Throop was discharged from custody and the other party put on trial. He pleaded guilty, but judge and jury accepted his version of the shooting, and he received a comparatively short sentence. But for his action in carrying away the gun he would probably have been set at liberty.

There are over 100 matrimonial agencies in Paris. It takes a great deal to persuade the average Frenchman to marry.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:

To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Rev. J. T. Dowling is at present in the village.

A picnic party from Huntingdon went to the Oak Hill pond on Wednesday last.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Wm. Parker for a fine mess of new potatoes on Dominion Day.

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

Mr. Arnold Sine, of Kingston, Ont., is at present visiting his parents, Mr. & Mrs. G. W. Sine, at Stirling.

There was no meeting of the Village Council on Monday last. It was said there was no business to be done.

The Presbytery of Kingston is now in session at Belleville. Rev. J. M. Gray, of this village, has been elected Moderator.

Mrs. D. Sine, of Sine, left on Tuesday morning last for Belleville and Picton. She intends spending a few weeks visiting friends.

The haying season is now fairly commenced. We believe crops are only medium and in some places rather light on account of the continued dry weather.

Miss Bowes gave a lecture in aid of the W.C.T.U. in the Methodist Church, in this village, on Wednesday evening last. There was a very fair attendance.

Is this hot enough for you? is the question that meets one about a hundred times per day for the past week. With the thermometer ranging away up among the nineties it ought to be hot enough for anybody.

The crops generally are suffering for want of rain and everything has become very dry and parched. The heat for the first week in this month was also excessive, though it has been somewhat cooler since Wednesday evening.

An excursion to Coe Hill under the auspices of the Grace Methodist Church, Trenton, is to take place on Thursday next, the 15th July. The excursion train starts from Picton at 6 a. m., and will leave Trenton at 7.30, calling at all intermediate stations. The fare is very low.

Dominion Day passed off very quietly here, being generally observed as a holiday. A good many went to Chisholm's Rapids fishing, while a number of youths were interested in the cricket match between the Campbellford and Stirling clubs. The stores and all places of business were closed.

The dust which has been blown about for the past week or more has been very annoying and suggests the question whether it cannot be remedied by the merchants and business men combining to raise a fund for watering the streets in the centre of the village. What do you say to the proposition, gentlemen?

It should be considered part of the road work everywhere to keep the weeds and thistles cut down, which spring up along the highways, as the statute requires; and this work should never be neglected. There is scarcely a neighborhood in which the the highways do not mature enough weeds and thistles to seed half of the adjoining fields.

For a considerable time this village has not been the centre of any big doings by which the place has profited. The great eagerness to rush to this or that demonstration at some other place seems to be the order of the times. We think that some one, or both of the prominent societies here can muster enough vigor to inaugurate a demonstration in which there would be both profit and pleasure.

A real estate agency and general intelligence office established here we imagine would pay well in connection with other office work. It would supply information in regard to farms to rent, for sale, or wanted, &c. The town and vicinity should well sustain such a business and if some one enterprising enough to engage in it proves successful let him alone, and do not everyone dabble in it, as is, or formerly was the custom in this place.

The examinations for entrance to High Schools took place at the school house in this village on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday last. There were nineteen pupils who attended the examination, some from this school and some from different parts of Rawdon, Marmora, etc. The examination papers were said to be very difficult and although the final results are not known, yet it is thought that not one of the nineteen will succeed in getting through.

There is an old but true saying that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and this is most certainly the case with regard to cleaning up the streets and premises of our village. It is true we have a board of health, but the council has not appointed an inspector to see that the law is carried out, and it is not to be supposed that a man will lodge a complaint against himself and there are but few who care to do so against a neighbor. There is no question but that the streets and yards in many parts of the village are in a filthy condition and if the village escapes an epidemic of sickness it will be more by good luck than by good management.

The other day we received the following, asking its insertion as an advertisement:—

MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.— ——, ——, & Co., London, England. Established to supply settlers in the States with the addresses of respectable young women who are willing to communicate with bona fide Tradesmen, Farmers and others desirous of meeting with useful wives. They will be supplied from the Agricultural Districts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, as well as the Continent of Europe. Applicants should state their particular requirements and preferences, enclosing postal order for two shillings to meet preliminary expenses.

We refuse to insert it as such as we doubt its good faith. As a rule useful wives are not obtained by this method and young women desiring good husbands do not peddle their wants in any such compromising way. Canadian young men who want wives will do better to spend their two shillings on the preliminaries of an honest home courtship than by contributing to the funds of these foreign matrimonial brokers. And, besides, a man who cannot do his own courting does not deserve to have a wife.

On Saturday last we saw an exhibition on our streets of what appeared to us to be one of the lightest and strongest twine binders in the market. On making inquiry of the agent we found it was manufactured in Napanee by Messrs. John Herring & Sons, who, by the way, are among the earliest manufacturers of implements in Canada, having sold reapers and rakes in this County as long ago as 1860, many of their first machines being still in use in this County. We were introduced by the agent to the builder of the binder, Mr. Charles Aishton, who is direct from the "Deering factory" in Chicago, where he had the personal supervision of over 4,000 binders for season of 1885, and is the patentee of some of the essential parts. The Messrs. Herring have secured him for two seasons, at a salary of $1,200 a year, to superintend the building of 200 binders, and this in itself ought to be a guarantee to our farmers that they will get a first-class article by giving their order to Mr. Holmes, whose place of business is opposite Bennett's Hotel. We refer to Messrs. Herring's advertisement in another column.

The Belleville police are having an easy time this hot weather, as for more than a week not a single arrest has been made. The Scott Act is not in force in Belleville either.

Stirling Public School.

At the recent promotion examinations four pupils were regularly passed from Miss Smith's room, and four others having secured nearly the required number of marks were, on appeal, passed by the Inspector. The minimum number of marks necessary to pass was 268. The standing of the pupils promoted is as follows:—

Jennie Chard, 410; Lyda Bull, 383; Willie Parker, 307; Don Milne, 281; Dolly Heard, 252; Mabel McDonnell, 245; Willie Montgomery and Bertha Rodgers, 238.

Aggregate attendance for June, 1791; average, 81.

From Miss Mustard's room two pupils were promoted, Ella Phillips and May McKeown. An appeal was made to Mr. Mackintosh in the case of two others, but on account of their standing being low the appeal was not allowed.

The three pupils in each class that secured the highest number of marks for the month were:—

SENIOR CLASS—Maud Megginson, Clinton McGee, May Megginson.

JUNIOR CLASS—Annie Cosbey, Fred Sine, Minnie Demill.

Aggregate attendance, 669; average, 20.

Eight of Miss Henry's pupils wrote for promotion to the 4th class, and all passed. The papers of these were examined by committees of teachers in various parts of the inspectorate. On Tuesday the information was received, but the relative standing of the successful pupils is not given. The following are the names: May Green, Lizzie Caldwell, Maud Gilbert, Millie Langman, Clinton Green, Wilbert Jones, Charlie Martin and John Downs.

As there were no reports issued to the pupils in the Senior Division the standing of the pupils who attended to the close of the term, or within a few days, is given below. These marks are the result of perfect recitation and written examinations from which are deducted five marks each for lates and misdemeanors. This gives the standing of the pupils:—

5TH CLASS:—Mabel Parker, 735; Lizzie Chambers, 677; Ellen Shea, 656; Minnie Crosby, 638; Mary Ann Gallagher, 442; Charlotte Montgomery, 395; Judson Bush, 354; Flossie McDougall, 306; May Milne, 294; Charlie Parker, 293; Harry Black, 245; Melita Smith, 209; Elsie LaPrad, 201.

4TH CLASS:—Maggie Gallagher, 574; Nora Martin, 485; Thomas Donnan, 467; Delia Martin, 448; Harford Sine, 400; James Chambers, 387; James Loucks, 371; Bernice Utman, 367; Addie Barlow, 349; George Downes, 296; James Parker, 137.

Irregular attendance and absence from written examinations accounts for the low standing of some of the pupils.

Aggregate attendance, 445; average, 20.

Springbrook.

The dwelling house of Caleb Bateman, Rawdon, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday last. When first discovered the flames had so far advanced that there was no chance of saving any portion of the furniture.

Harold Notes.

Hot weather, so says everybody.

Crops never looked more promising and the farmers are now harvesting their hay with beautiful weather and everybody feels happy.

The Council met on Monday last. They appear to have a great deal to contend with, on account of the heavy rain having destroyed so many culverts, bridges and the roads generally. A great many apply to have them repaired. The process of sifting all the applications and giving assistance to those which are just and necessary only does not appear to be a very pleasant task.

Mr. Richard Bailey, while working his horse fork the other day, received a hard fall by the rope upon which he was pulling becoming loose, falling some distance and striking his back across a beam. He is able to be around.

Mr. Sidney Nicholson started a few days ago for Kingston Hospital for treatment for rheumatism from which he has been a great sufferer.

Miss Keer has gone to her home at Perth to spend her vacation.

Mrs. Wm. Heath has gone on a visit to sisters in Michigan.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Everybody with an eye or an ear to the great events that are transpiring around us knows that there is a Portable Hotel, called the North American, run by a syndicate of level-headed, steady-going men with considerable talent for fishing, who claim for their hotel that it is a double sidewheeler, runs upon dry land but never runs dry.

I believe I can make arrangements that will unite the interests of the Clinky Jane and the North American. I propose to take the chief cook of that hotel, when not needed by them, and keep him out of idleness, which no doubt would be a great load off their minds, as well as keeping him in practice. I understand he is very neat and tidy in his habits, keeps a healthy dog and his plates always come up shining, also scoures his knives once a week at least. His reputation would help to boom the Clinky Jane.

Report says there is a company being organized to furnish the drouthy City of Belleville with water and that their attention has been drawn to this. I would naturally feel uneasy about it if it were not for two things; firstly, there is no sane man that would waste money by taking water from a place that would not supply the city for three months in the year. I'm sure it would not supply Stirling if the Scott Act were to come in force; secondly, if this thing is depending in any way on the City Fathers I have not much need to fear so long as they can take their whiskey straight; they would think waterworks a useless expense.

I have again been put back with my boat building; one of the steers upset the tar.

B. B.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, July 7th, 1886.

With the closing of the school for the midsummer vacation there is an exodus of both teachers and scholars, Mr. Dale going to Princeton, Miss Metcalf to Bayview and the pupils in different directions, each seeking rest and pleasure in their different ways.

On Wednesday last Dr. Jones, who for a long time has been a resident of Marmora, was married by Rev. C. M. Harris, incumbent of St. Paul's Church, to Mary, eldest daughter of our respected townsman, James Wilkinson, Esq. Almost immediately after the ceremony the happy pair left on the C. P. R. for a trip to the west, the usual showers of rice, old shoes, &c., being thrown after them to insure prosperity. Dr. and Mrs. Jones have the sincere wishes of the community for a happy future.

Dominion day passed very quietly here, a few spending the time in a pleasant picnic on Crow Lake, the majority going to Trenton, the numerous inducements for pleasure being so temptingly shown by the large bills displayed in different places in our village; and again others left for Belleville where there were counter attractions.

Rev. Mr. Harris has gone to Ottawa to attend the meeting of the Synod, which was postponed in June, owing to the illness of Mrs. Lewis, the Bishop's wife.

Mrs. Nelson McWilliams, and Miss Kate Bentley give a garden party on Wednesday next, on Mr. Bentley's grounds, proceeds in aid of the English Church. Refreshments, ice-cream and good music will combine to make it as attractive as possible. It is expected that the Marmora brass band will be in attendance and should the weather prove favorable a large number are expected to be present and all will be gladly welcomed, the small sum of ten cents being the charge for admission to the grounds.

The dust and heat are very oppressive. Nothing would be more welcome than a good rain. Some of the farmers are complaining of their crops being affected by the prolonged dry season, grain in many places being burnt and dried up by the sun.

G. E. M.

Cricket Match.

A cricket match was played here on Dominion Day between the junior clubs of Campbellford and Stirling. Wickets were pitched about eleven o'clock, and play was commenced by the Campbellford boys taking the bat. As will be noticed by the score the batting was not particularly heavy, but the bowling was very good, and the fielding, with the exception of an occasional overthrow, was fair. The game ended about three o'clock with the best of feeling on both sides. Our boys treated the visiting club to luncheon on the field and to a good substantial dinner at the Scott House after the game was finished. The match was an easy victory for Stirling. Appended is the score:—

CAMPBELLFORD, FIRST INNINGS.

S. Lee, c Boldrick, b Girdwood	0
W. Mitchell, run out, b Allen	0
J. Clarke, b Allen	3
G. Horkins, b Girdwood	14
C Benor, c Sine, b Allen	0
W. Rooksby, b Girdwood	3
I. Frederick, c Chard, b Allen	0
A. McKeel, c Loucks, b Allen	6
J. Mitchell, b Allen	1
W. Oulton, c Bush, b Girdwood	0
J. Benor, not out	1
Byes	4
Wides	6
Total	38

STIRLING, FIRST INNINGS.

J. McDonnell, b Horkins	0
C. Empey, b Lee	21
D. Allen, c Frederick, b Lee	1
J. Bush, b Lee	1
N. Girdwood, c Horkins, b Lee	0
H. Sine, run out, b Lee	3
J. Empey, c Lee, b Rooksby	4
F. Boldrick, c Mitchell, b Lee	0
J. Loucks, not out	2
C. Chard, c Horkins, b Rooksby	0
W. Delaney, b Rooksby	6
Byes	7
Wides	1
Total	46

CAMPBELLFORD, SECOND INNINGS.

S. Lee, b Allen	3
W. Mitchell, c Empey, b Allen	0
J. Clarke, b Allen	1
G. Horkins, b Allen	4
C. Benor, b Girdwood	7
W. Rooksby, b Allen	1
I. Frederick, b Girdwood	3
A. McKeel, b Allen	5
J. Mitchell, not out	2
W. Oulton, b Girdwood	0
J. Benor c Loucks, b Girdwood	6
Byes	2
Wides	2
Total	36

STIRLING, SECOND INNINGS.

J. McDonnell, not out	10
C. Empey, b Lee	1
D. Allen, not out	9
J. Bush, not out	0
N. Girdwood, not out	0
H. Sine, not out	0
J. Empey, not out	0
F. Boldrick, not out	0
J. Loucks, b McKeel	1
C. Chard, not out	0
W. Delaney, b Clarke	2
Byes	6
Total	29

Rawdon Council.

TOWN HALL, July 5th, 1886.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of former meeting read and approved.

The committees appointed at former meeting reported as follows: Road on 7th con., cost of repairs thirty dollars. Road by Mr. McIninch's should be opened full width. Road on the 14th con. should be opened to Spry's Settlement. Road into C. O. Junction Station. That they had offered Mr. David Heath $175 which was refused.

Mr. Henry Gibson reported on the road on the 11th con. Report received and he was instructed to build a culvert of stone and cover with cedar at the foot of Wright's Hill.

Mr. Wilson presented an account of Archie and Samuel McGee for payment. Ordered to be laid over for further investigation.

Mr. John Morrow applied for a grant on the road in the 14th con. The road surveyor was instructed to examine and report at the next meeting.

Mr. Cook presented a petition of Thomas Rupert and 37 others asking aid for Mrs. McComb. The petition was laid over until the afternoon.

On motion the Council adjourned for one hour. Council resumed.

Mr. D. Wootton applied for a grant on his road beat. The reeve and road surveyor was instructed to examine the same with power to grant.

Messrs. D. Wootton, president, and Wilmot Vandervoort, secretary of the Agricultural Society, made application for a grant of one hundred dollars to aid the Society in building one hundred feet of shed on the Town Hall property. Application granted.

Messrs. Thos. John, Edward, and James Bateman made application for a grant to aid in repairing the road between lots No. 2 and 3 in the 9th con.

Mr. Cook moved, sec. by Mr. Kingston, that the Reeve and first and second Deputy Reeves examine the same with power to grant.

Mr. Mumby's application for a grant on the town line was taken up and ordered that fifteen dollars be granted, the same amount being granted by Huntingdon Council. Mr. Lewis Radcliff made application for a grant to aid in building a road east of his house on the 11th con. Not granted.

The petition asking aid for Mrs. McComb was taken up and the sum of one dollar per week was granted.

The Agricultural Society made application for the loan of three hundred and fifty dollars to make repairs on the ground of the said company.

The Reeve and Treasurer were authorized to make the loan.

The following notices of By laws to be introduced at the next meeting were handed in. Mr. Bateman to open the road on the 14th con. line, east of the Marmora gravel road as far as the Spry Settlement.

Mr. Wilson to open the road in the rear of the 2nd con., between lots no. 7 and 8, full width.

Mr. Kingston to open a road into the C. O. Junction station from the Marmora gravel road.

The following accounts were then ordered to be paid.

Frank Wellman, support, $5.00; David Fox, plank, $4.38; Joseph B. Green, building bridge, $11.50; Alex. McMullen, cedar, $4.60; John Booth, bridge on the 10th con., $28.00; Henry Gibson, road work, $6.00; Thos. McKeown, road work, $8.00; Tobias Sine, road work, $30.00; William Gay, road work, $2.00; James Johnston, road work, $27.00; James Bateman, road work, $2.00; Mrs. McComb, support, $26.00; S. Tanner, road work, $21.00; S. Mack, road work, $8.00; Caleb Bateman, road work, 9.75; George Kennedy, road work, $5.00.

The Council then adjourned until the first Monday in August.

G. D. WIGGINS,
Township Clerk.

With commendable liberality, the Minister of Education, Hon. G. W. Ross, has, at the suggestion of the Inspector of Schools for North Hastings, presented a number of of maps, charts, engravings and other useful articles to each of twenty-eight of the poorer schools in the Riding. Altogether between 100 and 200 maps, in addition to a large number of other useful articles, have, through the thoughtful kindness of the Minister, been placed in the schools. We feel safe in saying that the people of these Sections will gratefully appreciate Mr. Ross's act.—*Madoc Review.*

A new sidewalk is now being built on the south side of Front Street.

We see by despatches in some of our exchanges that Whitby jail is now without a prisoner, for the first time since it was built. As the Scott Act is now in force in Ontario County this circumstance gets the credit of this unusual state of affairs.

Great preparations are being made in Belleville for the celebration of the 12th of July on Monday next. At least four thousand persons are expected to arrive by trains from various points, in addition to which many thousands will come by boats and private conveyances. Altogether it is expected to be one of the biggest days in the history of the city.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. W. S. Martin, of a son.

In Dundas, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. J. D. Bissonnette, of a son.

At Springbrook, on the 3rd inst,, the wife of Mr. Edgar Caverly, of a son.

In Sidney, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. Reuben Lansing, of a son.

At Wellman's Corners, on the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. Scott, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on the 30th ult., the wife of Mr. Jas. W. Vandervoort, of a daughter.

Married.

At Marmora, on June 30, by Rev. C. M. Harris, HENRY M. JONES, M. D., and MARY, eldest daughter of JAMES WILKINSON, Esq.

At Christ Church, Belleville, on the 30th ult., by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Mr. WILLIAM A. MITCHELL, of Stirling, and Miss MARY O. MULLER, formerly of Dresden, Germany.

At the residence of the bride's father, on 30th June, by Rev. W. C. Beer, MR. HERBERT W. BARAGAR, of the township of Sidney, to MISS SARAH ELIZABETH REDINGTON, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Redington, of the township of Elzevir.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To most children the bare suggestion of a a dose of castor oil is nauseating. When physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and, being sugar-coated, are easily taken.

Little Topsy, owned by G. W. Robinson, of Kingston, foaled on Dominion Day. The colt stands 21 inches high, is 23 inches long, and weighs only 33 pounds. It is five inches less in height than any colt that has been heard of yet in Canada.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this poison develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those who discover that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will eradicate this evil.

Chicago has now a population of 750,000, an increase of 50,000 in the last year.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

The Queen has made Sir John Rose a Privy Councillor. The only other Canadian honored with that distinction is Sir John Macdonald.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

There were seven lives lost by drowning accidents in various parts of the Dominion on Sunday last.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE.

Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the great British Premier, has taken the platform in aid of her husband and Home Rule for Ireland.

EASILY CURED.

Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke st., Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. Other treatment had been tried in vain. Hagyard's Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

A Philadelphia cooper proposes to go down Niagara rapids in a barrel, which is built somewhat in the shape of an egg, with a 26 inch top, 17 inch bottom and 33 inches in the centre. It is made of one-and-a-half inch stuff, and is seven feet long.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS SUFFERING.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiarton, was cured of scrofulous abscess that seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the blood.

The first through train on the C.P.R. arrived at its destination, Port Moody, on time.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

There is scarcely any fright more alarming to a mother than the ominous sound of croup —so liable at the hour of night. When Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam (for the throat and lungs) is at hand, croups and distressing coughs lose half their terrors. It cures coughs, asthma and bronchitis.

A GOLDEN OPINION.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

Two more Portland fishing schooners were captured near Shelburne, N. S., on Friday night by the cruiser Terror. During Thursday and Friday seven American fishing vessels in all have been seized in Nova Scotia for infractions of the law.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence. Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

All the rebellion prisoners have been released from Stony Mountain with the exception of Big Bear and a half-breed, who made himself conspicuous during the late rebellion. It is understood that clemency will be exerted in their behalf ere long.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County of Bruce, in a letter, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure." Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
PROPERTY
In Township of Sidney.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage from John Kennedy to B. M. Britton, (which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale), there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, by Charles Butler, Esq., Auctioneer, at SCOTT'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of STIRLING, on

FRIDAY, the 16th Day of JULY, A.D., 1886,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON.

The West half of the South half and the North Ten Acres of the East half of the South half of Lot Number Twenty-three in the Eighth Concession of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, containing in all Sixty Acres more or less.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserved bid.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, the balance within 30 days thereafter, when a deed will be given.

Further terms and conditions will be made known at the time of Sale, or on application to the undersigned.

B. M. BRITTON,
Mortgagee.

Dated at Kingston, June 10th, 1886.

LUMBER, LUMBER, LUMBER!

BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD

IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH ALL SORTS OF

SEASONED LUMBER, JOIST, SHINGLES AND LATH.

FLOORING & STOCK, 10 INCH.

See what you can buy for Money at

MARTIN'S, STIRLING,

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50	7.50 " " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50	18.00 " " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO,—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

MILNE & CLUTE

ARE GIVING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds,

& Ready Made Clothing.

Some Lines are below Cost. Don't fail to see them.

MILNE & CLUTE.

BOOTS & SHOES,

TRUNKS, VALISES,

LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

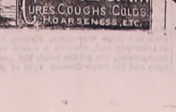
The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

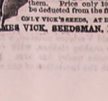
He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.





VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

MORTGAGE SALE.

PURSUANT TO THE POWER OF SALE contained in a mortgage made by James McKee, I shall offer for sale

At Bennett's Hotel, in Stirling,

—ON—

Friday, 9th day of July, 1886,

At 10 a.m., the shop and property he occupied on the south side of Front Street, in Stirling, described as being a part of the east three quarters of village lot 5, on the south side of Front Street, as set out in the mortgage.

For further particulars apply to F. B. Parker, Esquire, Stirling, or of

SKINNER & REDICK,
Vendor's Solicitors

Belleville, June 14th, 1886.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln.

JAMES COUTTS.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST

Land Plaster

On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS

SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886. | Vol. VII, No. 44.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
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If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. ; If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,

TRINITY UNIVERSITY,

MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69,

A. F. & A. M.,

G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,

on

Thursday Eve. July 22, '86.

Visiting brethren welcome.

J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE

NO. 239,

I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON**, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,

DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,

Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Walker visits Stirling the

Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delav.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. F. T. WARD.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK

Is now complete, including

Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades

OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,

STIRLING.

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, LADIES.

5,000 yards —— of —— over 300 Patterns.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS, GINGHAMS, BRILLIANTS, AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

Of most beautiful designs will be cleared at COST for CASH, commencing on Monday, July 12th.

Prints from 3c. per yard to the finest made, at prices that would astonish the maker. Grey Cotton, over 1 yard wide, only 5c. Shirtings, worlh 15c., reduced to 11c. Brown Ducks, Denims, Etc., all reduced as above, for CASH ONLY.

A large stock of sugars that invite comparison of prices.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE! MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE

—IN—

COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,

A SPECIALTY.

The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.	
Express for Montreal	1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope	9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal	12.13 a.m.
GOING WEST.	
Express for Toronto	5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto	7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West	4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.

Should always be provided with a box of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are the most desirable remedy for the cure of all Liver and Stomach troubles. "Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over 30 years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and billous troubles, and seldom call a physician.

Ayer's Pills have always proved an unfailing remedy for the cure of Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Heartburn, Costiveness, Piles, and all disorders arising from a morbid condition of the Liver and Bowels. J. M. Haden, Concord, N. C., writes: "I have been, for many years, a firm believer in Ayer's Cathartic

Ayer's Pills.

Pills are the only pills used in our neighborhood." — R. C. Comly, Row Landing, W. Feliciana Parish, La.

I use them for any irregularity in the bowels, and find them thorough and effective."

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Sale by all Druggists.

The British Elections.

The general election in Great Britain is now about over and the Gladstone Ministry has sustained a severe defeat. This defeat has been brought about by the defection of a portion of the liberal party on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Amongst those who differed from Mr. Gladstone on this question were such prominent men as Lord Hartington, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. John Bright. The influence of these leading men took off a large following from Mr. Gladstone and has postponed the granting of Home Rule for a time. We say only postponed it, for although Gladstone is defeated Home Rule must surely come in time and that perhaps not a very long time either.

The Conservatives have won largely in the elections though it is doubtful if they have a sufficent number to carry on the government alone, independent of all others. The latest reports state that negotiations are in progress between Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury to form a coalition ministry.

It is said that Lord Hartington has pledged himself to support Lord Salisbury's local Government Bill and to reject all approaches of Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone remains in office the first move of the Unionists will be a vote of want of confidence. In a speech foreshadowing the Conservative policy Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said the first measure would be to suppress the Irish National League, exercise the cloture and suspend the Irish obstructionists.

The Fishery Trouble.

The fishery difficulties are assuming a more serious aspect. Instead of any approach to a settlement, so far as appears on the surface the situation between the two countries grows more strained. Two of the recently seized schooners are to be dismantled if the fines inflicted are not settled. The owner of the schooner Adams is bringing suit against the Digby (N.S.) collector for $12,000, which will test the legality of the seizure. The determination of the Dominion government to protect the fisheries seems to be unabated and the New England politicians talk of retaliating by a heavy increase of the duty on fish imported from Canada into the United States. The whole aspect of the business is a striking commentary on the folly and incapacity of the rulers of two adjoining nations whose people have every interest in living in amity and cultivating close and friendly relations, but who, through pure wrongheadedness, have got into a wrangle which is likely to put both to no end of trouble and expense, without compensating benefits to either.

More Counterfeiters Arrested.

Thos. I. Brown, partner of Abel Christensen and Duncan Cumming in the manufacture of counterfeit notes on the Merchant's Bank and U. S banks, was committed for trial at Cobourg on Saturday last. He was arrested at Trenton through the joint efforts of Inspector O'Leary and Detective Rogers. To the latter he confessed his connection with the crime; Cumming and he printed the bogus notes from plates supplied by the Dane.

OTTAWA, July 12.—Inspector O'Leary, of the Dominion Detective force, returned from Trenton yesterday morning with T. B. Isaacs, head of the counterfeiters operating in Canada. When arrested Isaacs drew a revolver and attempted to shoot the officer, and a desperate struggle ensued, but the Inspector threw Isaacs violently to the floor and put him in irons. Besides getting the most notorious counterfeiter in America he secured a large quantity of bogus money and plates for bills on the Mohawk National Bank, Dominion bills, the Maverick National Bank of Boston, the Sioux County Bank of Sioux City, Ia., and the Merchants' National Bank of Kansas City. He also got a book showing the names of over fifty dealers in spurious coin. This record shows that over $1,000,000 of the "queer" has been circulated.

The Immoral Traffic in Young Girls.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Massachusetts, as well as that of Indiana, has begun a crusade against the immoral traffic in young girls, which it is said is being carried on between Canada and the States. It has memorialized Congress to make a thorough official investigation into the whole matter and to take such measures as may be found necessary to have it effectually stamped out. It is said that agents from disreputable houses in the large United States cities make it their business to visit Canadian towns and cities for the purpose of inveigling into their power young and thoughtless girls under the pretence of securing for them comfortable and remunerative employment on the other side of the lines. They aim at securing not only servant girls but also others who may be socially much higher, though their circumstances may be such as to render it necessary for them to work for a living. All the usual plans are resorted to. The proposals made through advertisements in the newspapers are all apparently of the most innocent and most honorable character. High wages, congenial occupation, with all the usual et ceteras, are held out as baits, and it is to be feared in many cases with too great success. When it can be stated that over fifty girls have been sent to one Chicago house within the year, it is more than time that all who have the interests of morality at heart should be up and doing, even if the result be only to disprove the story. It would be well if the members of Canadian W. C. T. Unions were also to go actively into the investigation of this matter. In the meantime young women can scarcely be too careful about answering employment advertisements, especially if the promises are very flattering and the inducements held out in the way of remuneration specially great.

In all cases it is well to ask the advice of experienced friends before corresponding about such places and especially before making any definite engagements. If something like a vigilance committee was organized in every city and town much good might be done and many poor girls be saved from utter ruin.—*Globe.*

The last issue of the *Canada Gazette* anounces that the Dominion Government has appointed Sir A. T. Galt, Cellingwood Schrieber and George Moberly a Royal Commission, with M. S. Lonergan as secretary, to make inquiries and report as to the advisability of the constitution of a court of railway commissioners in Canada.

The commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of the Northwest settlers on account of rebellion losses have returned to Ottawa to prepare their report to the Government. They have examined about 700 claims and the aggregate amount awarded will reach $670,000. The claim of the Hudson Bay Company for losses has not yet been settled.

On Sunday last Mr. C. D. Graham, a Buffalo cooper, went through the rapids and whirlpool below Niagara Falls, in a barrel specially made for the purpose. The trip was successfully made. After pounding over the rocks, and being tossed several times out of the water by the huge waves, he was shot through the rapids into the whirlpool. He made one circuit of the pool, dashed out into the lower rapids, quickly passing through them and safely landing at Queenston. This was a trial trip. Graham proposes to repeat the feat frequently during the season. He was afterwards arrested for announcing his foolhardy feat.

Murder and Suicide.

Shocking Tragedy in Belleville.

A shocking tragedy, the result of a trifling quarrel, occurred in Belleville on the afternoon of Thursday, the 8th inst. John Pentland, an old pensioner, was an old tenant of Wm. Mack, the parties occupying separate apartments in Mack's grocery building, north corner of Ridley and North Front streets. Pentland some time ago claimed a portion of the garden plot attached to the lot, but his claim was denied. Being of a violent disposition he threatened the life and property of Mack, who is a cripple, and on Monday he was bound over to keep the peace towards the landlord. In the Police Court on Thursday morning Pentland charged Mack with having assaulted him, but the charge was dismissed. Pentland, on leaving the Police Court, swore he would have vengeance, but no heed was paid to his threats. At about 1.30 p. m., as Mr. and Mrs. Mack were seated in their shop, Pentland approached and presenting a revolver at Mrs. Mack deliberately fired at her.

She screamed and started to run across the road, when Pentland pursued her and placing the pistol's muzzle close to her back fired a second shot at her as she fled. The ball struck her between the shoulder blades on the left side and passing entirely through her body came out at the left breast, directly above the heart. The assassin then returned to the shop where Mack was seated and fired three shots at him, but fortunately without effect. In trying to escape Mack fell and Pentland thinking he had completed his work coolly walked to the end of the house and locked the door. Meantime the police had been summoned and the Chief with Officer Newton, together with two doctors, were soon on the spot. Mrs. Mack, who had been taken to the house of a neighbor, was at once attended to. Though severely wounded it is likely she will recover.

Chief McKinnon and City Solicitor Henderson attempted to hold a parley with Pentland, who appeared at a window when his name was called and pointing a revolver from the window swore he would not be taken alive, that the first to attempt to enter would be shot down and that he would also shoot himself. The chief told him that matters were not so bad but that they might be made better. Pentland then drew back from the window, placed the muzzle of the pistol over his left breast and fired. He was found stretched upon a bed gasping for breath. On the bed beside him lay a 42 calibre Blue Jacket revolver. He died at 2.30 without uttering a word after he shot himself. Pentland was an old pensioner and had had no employment for some time. He was perhaps 45 years of age. He was addicted to drink, but had not been drinking that day.

The Drought Broken.

From Chicago we hear that the severe drought from which the Northwest States have been suffering is broken at last. Over the Northwest a general rain has fallen and farmers are again hopeful. To the south, in the fall wheat states—say from the latitude of Virginia to that of Lake Erie—the crop is already for the most part harvested and probably will not be found much the less in quantity because of the drought. This break of the dry weather spell in the west foreshadows that a similar change must quickly follow in the east unless the usual course of weather changes is to be revolutionized for this time.

From our own Northwest we have good news. In Manitoba harvest prospects are reported brilliant. The yield of wheat will probably be a little under the average in quantity but the quality will far exceed anything known in recent years. This has an important bearing on prices and on both sides of the border this year's wheat will be at a premium, because of its superior quality. When the summer is too moist the result is a heavy yield of straw and generally of grain too; but the grain is soft and inferior in quality. The converse of this is that in a dry summer we have a light crop of straw, also somewhat less in quantity of wheat, the grain being at the same time of superior quality. The prospect on the whole is good, but still we should like to hear of rain in Manitoba immediately.—*World.*

Crops in the United States.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 10.—From more than five thousand reports from special correspondents the *American Rural Home* summarizes the crops of the country as follows: The uprecedented heat accompanied with dry weather ever since the first of July is telling very seriously upon meadows and pastures. Spring wheat, oats and grass crops are all more or less injured by extremes of weather during the growing season. The winter wheat harvest is over with the exception of Michigan, which is rapidly being finished. North of the Ohio river the crop is secured generally in good condition. Stacking and threshing are progressing and an early movement is looked for. It is very fine weather for securing the crop. The yield is about the same as the crop of 1885, which was generally below an average. Oats are very irregular in stand. Early sown has headed out and turning good; late sown indifferent in length and stand poor. The decrease in the spring wheat yield is variously estimated all the way from 25 to 40 percent, according to locality. Corn is holding its own well, but must have rain within the next ten days to insure a full crop.

Scott Act Outrages.

HASTINGS, July 13.—This village has become most notorious since the passage of the Scott Act. On Saturday night the glass was broken in the store windows of Mr. G. T. Jackson, and Mr. J. W. Doxsee and Constable Striker had two ploughs stolen, as well as damage done to their property. Last night A. C. Huycke, J.P., before whom cases of infractions of the law have been tried, had his orchard totally destroyed by some persons, who stripped the bark from every tree. Excitement runs high, and efforts are being made to secure evidence against the parties suspected.

SMITH'S FALLS, July 13.—The stable and outbuildings belonging to Wm. Graham, license commissioner, were burnt this morning. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary. The buildings were totally destroyed, together with a horse and other contents. The loss is about $500. In endeavoring to save the horse Mr. Graham was so seriously burnt that he now lies in a critical condition. Mr. Graham is the man through whom information has been given to the license inspector of breaches of the Scott Act.

The Ottawa mail bag, which was on the steamer Oregon at the time it was wrecked off Sandy Hook has been found on the coast of Georgia, some 450 miles from where the wreck took place. The bag, which was found imbedded in the sand, has arrived at the postoffice and the newspapers and letters are spread out to dry.

The lines of one member of the Salvation Army have at least fallen in pleasant places. One of the brightest and prettiest having gone to Plymouth, Mass., to convert the town, met with such success as a preacher that, at the suggestion of many prominent citizens, she has been induced to leave the Army and to establish herself as an independent minister in a church of her own. A gentleman who offered to escort her home was rather taken aback with the response: "I have come to Plymouth to catch souls, not beaux.

Prohibition a Failure.

Men Steal, Kill and Drink Whiskey.

"But prohibition don't prohibit!
Why?
"The law is violated."

Go to! Get thee to a hennery and pray for brains. We are living this side of the millenium, brother, and just now God's prohibitory laws don't prohibit; that is, if violations of law so prove. "Thou shalt not kill," said God; yet there is a murder in this country every two hours. "Thou shalt not steal," said God; but there is a theft of over $100 in value every ten minutes in this country, and a petty theft every three minutes. According to your argument God's prohibitory laws are a failure, and they should be wiped off His statutes and the church should issue high licenses to kill and steal. I say, brother, would you take out a license and go gunning yourself occasionally? The prohibition law, however, does prohibit everybody but criminals and outlaws from violating it. And from the beginning that class have had to be educated by the penalties attached to the laws, rather than by the laws themselves. The men who are violating our prohibition laws, in deep, dark dens where God's sunlight never enters, are being slowly but surely unearthed, as we draw nearer to our country's moral millenium, and when they are given six months in jail on dried apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, and "swell-up" for supper, they are no longer like you, brother. They are thoroughly convinced that prohibition does prohibit. If prohibition does not prohibit, it can only be proven on the same line of reason which would argue that Christianity does not Christianize, because poor little Bobbie Ingersoll, the dear soul, is not yet a Methodist preacher.

"We are not educated up to prohibition, and must not pass laws in advance of the people."

You don't say so? Why, my dear brother that's just what the hundred papers and the thousands of speakers are at work now, and we want the law, so as to know where to take you fellows who are "down." The law educates. If Moses had told his God that the prohibition laws of the ten commandments were "too far up" for the people, the children of Israel would have had a new leader in about fifteen minutes. God, however, gave Moses the laws and sent him down the mountains to bring the people up to those laws. Help us to get a prohibitory law and we will soon get people right. The law will educate the good class and the criminal class will be educated by the penalty attached to the law.

LOU. J. BEAUCHAMP.

Hamilton, Ohio.

Advice to Country Girls.

City life is not all that it is painted. It has its pleasures and conveniences, but it also has its serious drawbacks. Before making the plunge into life in the city country girls should ask themselves what is really to be gained by it. Perhaps in their quiet rural homes some stray advertisement has reached them promising to young women high salaries for light work. Hundreds of advertisements are framed for the very purpose of deceiving the unwary. They accomplish their purpose, however, and large numbers of young girls rush up to the city, dazzled by the generous profusion of promises. A girl from the farm answers one of these advertisements. Life may have been slow at home, but there was always good food and in plenty, and there was some one to care for in the old farm house. When she goes into the big city she finds that "light work" consists in working all day in a badly lighted and ill-smelling workshop, where scores of other girls and women are employed at wages hardly high enough to keep body and soul together. We know what often comes next. The girl has left home; she is ashamed or unwilling to return and she must take the consequences, oftentimes one of two things—shame or suffering. Many a girl finds first in the frivolities and next in the iniquity of the streets that excitement by which regrets and remorse may be deadened. If she is too strong in principle, too pure and elevated in tone thus to sink down to one of the pitiful women of the street she may find herself in some cold garret, lonely, overworked, despondent and miserable. Better remain at home than risk the failure which attends so many girls who go to the city in pursuit of high pay for light work. It is the saddest of all ventures, forsaking a country home for the illusions and deceptions of a large town.

Fruits as Food and Medicine.

Of all the fruits with which we are blessed, the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medicinal than good, ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not over ripe and half rotten; and of this kind they may make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals; but it is better to make them part of the regular meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling, sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach, and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior, in many cases, to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than liver pills.

Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantages of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp.

The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates, and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and other nauseous things in many cases of cough.

Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass and "liver regulators." The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins.

The small seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative.

We would be much the gainers if we would look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicines, and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys, no febrifuge or diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may, with very few exceptions, be taken in sickness and health in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. But in using them, the water or juice should be taken, excluding the pulp; the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over ripe and stale.—[*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Knights of Pythias are this week holding an immense demonstration in Toronto. There are large numbers present from the United States. 20,000 visitors are said to be in Toronto in connection with the demonstration.

"Pay Your Bills."

A well-known business man hailed us the other day with:

"Come here, I want to interview you."

The idea of a merchant interviewing a newspaper man was so odd that the call was answered right away.

"What made you put that article in the paper headed "'Pay Your Bills?'" he asked.

"Because," we replied' "it appears to be the proper thing to do."

"Well," he said, "you are right; it was the proper thing to do. Now let me tell you that I have been in business here for several years and before in other places, too, and I believe I know what I am talking about when I say that if everybody would pay the bills be owes to his neighbors once in thirty days, or upon presentation, there would be very little of what we call 'hard times.' The man who owes a dollar and has got it to pay but hangs to it prevents the payment of a great many debts. The journey that a dollar travels the first week of the month and the time it makes, as we say when we talk of race horses, would surprise the man who never investigated. I marked a dollar once and kept track of it a few days, requesting each man to keep a record of whom it was received by him and to whom paid. Before it disappeared, about the end of the first week of the month, it had paid between twenty-five and thirty dollars in debts. Not long ago I presented a bill of about forty dollars to a man abundantly able to pay it. I knew he had the money but he looked scared and said 'I can't collect my bills you know; wait awhile.' Now that forty dollars belonged to me but he had it in his possession and of course I couldn't take it away from him. If he had paid it to me I should have paid it out almost immediately and the chances are that it would have been kept going and by this time have paid ten times its value in debts.

"You see," he went on, "money is valuable when it is in circulation. Like blood in a man's body, when stagnant it is of no use. There are too many cowards. A man who gets scared and grips his dollars when he ought to pay his debts with them does the public a positive injury. His money would certainly return to him through creditors. The financial cowards do more to bring on hard times than any other cause. He is a stumbling block and a nuisance. We talk of the timidity of capital. It is not the money but the men who handle it who are timid.

"You were right," he continued, "when you said that if everybody will pay his bills next week in three months' time business will be good and money plenty. We can make courage and confidence if we will. Some men who are chronic dead-beats put on a great deal of style. I could point you out a man who dashes up and down the street behind a fast horse and his creditors are thicker than bees. He stands them off and rides while they have to take wind for money and walk. He is 'kiting' now, but he is sure to come down to dishonor and disgrace. Let every honest man who can do it, square up with his neighbors to whom he owes a few dollars and times will ease up at once. There is plenty of money, plenty of produce and plenty of everything except honesty and courage. Honesty and courage will restore confidence. The croaker, whether it be a newspaper or business man, will soon quit his croaking and nobody will remain with a woeful tale about hard times except the professional dead-beat, who is always looking for an excuse for dishonesty.—*Exchange.*

The wheat harvest in Essex and Kent counties was fairly commenced last week, and is said to be the earliest ever known in Ontario.

Petitions are being circulated in Mitchell soliciting names of electors pledging themselves to support temperance principles and temperance men only, regardless of politics.

The suffering from the long drought in Western Texas is unprecedented. In some localities rain has not fallen to amount to anything for fourteen months. Cattle are perishing and in many localities settlers are selling their farms for a mere trifle and leaving for the East in abject poverty.

De Lesseps has issued a circular to the shareholders of the Panama Canal Company, in which he says: "Despite all obstacles we shall march on. The apparatus and machinery are all ready. We only require $120,-000,000 to complete the canal in 1889. We shall issue debentures forthwith to enable France to complete her peaceful conquest of the Isthmus of Panama." The Government has withdrawn the Panama Canal Lottery Bill. The company will issue bonds to the extent of 600,000,000 francs, with large premiums and frequent drawings.

Advocates of prohibition base their arguments on the greatest good to the greatest number; the duty of Government to conserve general warfare; the right of the State to exact obedience by the citizen; the known tendency of intoxicating liquors to produce immorality, vice and crime; their certain source of taxation, and their enormous national waste. Human brotherhood, Christian sentiment, moral need, and progressive civilization, it is held, demand the supression of a traffic which cares for none of these considerations, but debases manhood, debars Christianty, and defiles the State. With John Stuart Mill, Prohibitionists believe "to tax stimulants, for the sole purpose of making them more difficult to be obtained, is a measure differing only in degree from their entire prohibition;" and the claim of "personal liberty," as opposed to prohibitory law, they meet with a further declaration by Mr. Mill that "the liberty of one man ends, however profitable it may be to himself, when it interferes with the well being of another."—*Prof. Hopkins.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAYED.

CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE undersigned, lot 15, con' 1, Rawdon, on or about the 15th of June, one yearling bull. The owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. HENRY UTMAN.

ESTRAY.

CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE subscriber, lot 8, con. 1, Rawdon, on the 7th July, a young horse, about 5 years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

ARCH'D McGEE, Sr.

RAWDON FAIR

IMPORTANT!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PATRONS and general public is called to the importance of seeing that they are on the member's roll of the Rawdon Agricultural Society before the first of August, as at that date the returns have to be made to Government in order to get the grant. It is the intention of the Society to charge $2 after that date for members joining. The fee now is only one dollar, and may be paid to the treasurer, M. G. Vandervoort, Harold, or to any of the officers of the Society, who will report before that date.

The prizes this year will be nearly double that of last year, and with the grounds and sheds which are being fitted up for show purposes, the show will be far ahead of any former one.

SEE THAT YOU ARE A MEMBER.

By order.
DANIEL WOOTTON, President.
WILMOT VANDERVOORT, Secretary.

Retribution At Last!

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

When he awoke the next morning, Cecil Graham knew still further that he had indeed found his Eve, that the pale silent girl had stolen his heart without an effort on her part, without resistance on his, and that he loved at last—a love strong as death, unending as eternity!

With disembalmed eyes the young poet looked upon Nellie Mill when he accidentally met her, somewhat later, during his aimless strolling by the river. She blushed and smiled, her foolish happiness shining in eyes and smile; but he turned from her coldly, almost with a frown. He did not know why he had never noticed before how vulgarly red her cheeks were, how milk maid like the plump roundness of her figure, and how commonplace the hazel eyes and dark crisp curls. Surely a woman ought always to be tall and slight, pale and yellow haired! Then, when she spoke, how coarse was her accent, and how unmusical were the shrill tones of her voice!

Although he had turned from her so coldly, the quick childish tears which brimmed her eyes melted Cecil's heart, and, patting her cheek lightly, he said—

"Forgive me, Nellie! I am as cross as a bear this morning. Won't you turn back with me and see if you can coax me into a better temper?"

Foolish Nellie turned at once and lent a reverent and enchanted ear to his idle remarks and his poetical quotations. She was silent when he was silent—lost in reveries of yesterday. Cecil had no idea that the girl loved him, no idea that for her to walk by his side, seeing him and hearing him, was the highest bliss she could imagine. He simply regarded her as an amusing rustically pretty child. When at length she ventured timidly and reluctantly to hint that the early dinner hour was past, he started.

"Dinner?—and he repeated the word absently. "Oh, ah, yes! You had better turn back, child. I am going to the Mere House, and you not be back until late."

Turn back alone! A strange pain smote Nellie's heart; but with a careless wave of the hand Cecil had already gone on, hastening towards Verlston, his head bent, and his light cane switching the tremulous grasses. Had he turned to look, he would have seen the girl throw herself down among the ferns in passionate childish grief, sobs almost stifling her—jealousy, love, and wounded pride in fierce conflict. He might have been startled to hear from those childish lips the almost inarticulate bitter cry—

"He is going to see Argent Verlston! I hate him—I hate him!"

But all unheeding, he pursued his path. Awakening to the fact that the hour was an untimely one for calling, he strolled along to the mere, feeling sure that Argent would visit her favorite haunt.

A shower had fallen during the night, and there was now a delicious freshness in the air. The birds were alight in the trees, seeds and pollens were wafted by the gentle breeze, dragon flies hung quivering among the long cool reeds, and the water flashed and dimpled. All was ineffably fair, innocently joyous, and joy-giving, and yet Cecil's heart was sad with an indefinable foreboding. All day a cloud had hung over his spirits which would not be shaken off. In vain he reasoned with himself, in vain he called himself a morbid fool and a senseless idiot. The vague clinging shadow was still there. Rattling with it, he paced up and down, until suddenly he saw Argent coming toward him; then the cold miserying fiend and all the golden glory of "love's young dream," surrounded him instead.

Slowly she came, her hands clasped before her, her long dress sweeping the grass. She were no hat, but a white quaintly-embroidered umbrella shielded her face from the hot glare. Listlessly graceful, fair and pale, the dark blue sky throwing out the purity of her white cheek, she came towards him, appearing neither surprised nor pleased when she saw him, and replying with dreamy indifference to his warm nervous greeting. Her eyes rested without emotion of any sort upon his changing face, which was many shades redder than was its wont.

"A great blundering booby! I must have looked!" he afterwards told himself savagely. "But if I had looked like an angel she would never have noticed me."

With a sigh as of one roused to her fate, the young lady sank down on the old trunk gazing with longing eyes out over the water.

"You seem to love the mere?" ventured Cecil Graham presently, finding her apparently forgetful of his presence.

She sighed again softly.

"Love! That is a strange word."

"It should not be strange word to you," continued the poet, seating himself suddenly by her side.

"Why not to me?" she asked in calm surprise.

"Why not? Because,—pardon me, but you are so young, so—so beautiful, so beloved! Why all your life must be filled with love?"

"Young, beautiful, beloved," she murmured, as if studying the meaning of the words. "I have read of women who were all three, and you say I am. But that doesn't make me love."

She spoke wearily, without passion, and without change of tone or expression.

"Do you not love your father?" he asked, rather startled and feeling by his way.

"No; I think not—I do not know," she answered quite calmly. "I do not know what you mean by love."

"I mean that power which makes pain heaven, and death bliss," said Cecil solemnly.

A slight quiver disturbed the serenity of the girl's face; she turned her eyes on his, and he saw in them an expression of vague pain.

"I have read of it," she said; "but I know of nothing which would make death bliss to me"—shuddering a little.

"Death borne for, or with another, I meant," he continued gently. "There have been those who have endured—there are millions who would endure torture with a smile, for love's sweet sake."

Argent turned away from his passionate gaze and his passionately uttered words.

"Do not," she implored, with a gesture as of one warding off a blow. "Let me be at peace."

Then a long silence fell upon them. It was broken by the appearance of Mr. Verlston, who, book in hand, came up, and drew the unwilling youth away from the fair hatred siren for a stroll in the park and a metaphysical discussion, finally taking him, much more willingly, to the mere.

The whole room was redolent of the scent of narcissus as the love men entered—a subtle odour which ever after seemed to Cecil's mind strangely characteristic of Argent Verlston, for she wore clusters of the flower in her hair and bosom. It was wonderful how her mere presence fascinated the young man; the tones of her voice charmed him like sweetest music, and her listless movement enchanted his eyes. Even the colourlessness of her face and dress, which would have displeased most men, possessed some indescribable attraction for him. He could have knelt and worshipped her as a saint. She seemed to him sweet as a rose, pure as a dewdrop, more noble and more to be desired than aught the world contained.

"When I have taught her to love," he said to himself, as he walked home in the gloaming, and his pulses throbbed violently as he said it, "she will awake heart and soul, and she will have learned the only lesson needed to make her perfect. I shall write what I will on those unspotted tablets. Am I not the first who has penetrated into the palace of the sleeping beauty? Am I not therefore the only one destined to awake her with a kiss to love and life?" And the words of a favorite song rose to his lips as he pressed on gally.

"Give her time, you grass and sky
Let her grass if she be fair.
As they looked on her asleep
They will never look again."

CHAPTER IV.

"Did you ever see Mrs. Verlston?" asked Mr. G ham one morning of his landlady, as he passed her in the kitchen garden, where she was engaged in cutting cabbages. He had paused on his way to have a chat with Mrs. Mill.

"Yes, sir," she said, pausing, knife in hand. "It seems only as yesterday the master brought her home to the Mere House and yet it must be over twenty years agone. Ay, but time do fly! Here to day and gone tomorrow, as you may say. A light pretty crater she was!"

"Anything like her daughter, Mrs. Mill?"

"Not a deal, sir; she were little and playful as a kitling—only sweetness in her old, yes sir, sir. I remember I was up to the 'ouse with fresh butter and hegge; and as I was set down, having a crack of your father and the housekeeper, in comes young Mrs. Verlston, all dressed in blue, sir, with gold spectacles on her pretty eyes, for all the world like a fairy at the pantomine. She comes in smiling, and, sez she, 'Who's this?' sez she. 'Well, I guess I know who you are—for I knows what's due to gentlefolks—and sez I, 'I am Willi Mill's wife at the farm, what brings your better nigh to my poor lady, and wishes you, if I may be so bold, 'health and 'appiness.' And she laughs like a peal of silver bells, and sez she, 'Thank you, Mrs. Mill. I look as if I'd get both, don't I?' And sure enough she did, sir; and, scarce a year after, I helped to lay her in her coffin!"

"Poor young thing," said Cecil, with a thrill of pity for the fair innocent life so quickly ended. "How very young! I suppose her husband made a great trouble of her death?"

"Trouble! He was mad with trouble, sir! It was hawful to see him at first—up and down, up and down, and no rest for a minute. No one dared show his face, poor baby, poor lamb; but at last Mrs. Grubb—which she was the nurse, sir—see she, 'It's reckless and unnatural, and she has blessed infant he shall, if I loses my life for it!' And she ups and bursts right into the study, and she lays in his arms arter you could say 'Jack Robinson.' A pale, fair little thing it was, as quiet as a mouse, and for all the world as if it knewed everything. Contrary to all we thought of it, he clasp and kisses it, and breaks out into a perfect flood of tears and sobs; and the doctor said it saved his life, and his life or his reason. After that he could hardly bear the child out of his sight. But it's a sad loss for her, sir—she's quite broken hearted at her son kin in a sense of word. They do say she's not quite—quite——" And Mrs. Mill tapped her forehead mysteriously.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Mill," orled Cecil, an indignant flush rising to the very roots of his hair, "there's a set of talebearing old gossips who will call any lies in creation, just for the sake of having something to say"—the landlady, who felt somewhat guilty herself on this score, flushed in her turn—"and will even slander a noble and innocent lady as far such creatures are—as the stars above us, Mrs. Mill."

"Yes, sir, quite so, sir," stammered Mrs. Mill, very much crestfallen beneath the unexpected storm she had brought down upon her head.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather," she told her husband afterwards. "Who'd a thought he'd a taken me up like that? Depend upon it, William, it's not for nothink our young gentleman goes up to the 'ouse so often. He's to be hoped for his sake she is the best girl in the world, sir!"

Cecil had allowed it to be supposed by Mr. Verlston that he had never seen the venerable ruins of Eastbone Abbey, and that very morning he was going to be conducted there by the old gentleman and his daughter.

A little ruffled still by Mrs. Mill's last remark, a little saddened by the thought of Mrs. Verlston's brief span of life and love, and the idea of Argent's lone and joyless youth, he hastened towards the Mere House. It was a gray sunless day, full of brooding warmth. As he came near the Mere House the delicate blossoms from the tree," or stirred the frail feathery grasses which edged the narrow winding path that made a short cut to the house.

Argent was in the garden gathering flowers. Catching a glimpse of her white dress between the trees, Cecil went towards her, murmuring—

"It is my lady, oh, it is my love!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses!"

But when he reached her he could only say—

"What a lovely morning, is it not?"

"It suits my mood," she answered, withdrawing the hand he had taken and would fain have held.

"May I ask what is your mood?" he queried gently. "It should be a happy one amongst this flowers."

"Ah, but the flowers are sad this morning!" she replied, letting her eyes wander dreamily over their wild luxuriance. "See they hang their heads, for there is no sunshine."

"Then you are sad, I presume?" he said, in tones whose tenderness was lost upon the desert air. "And that must not be. But tell me the reason of your sadness; perhaps I may know some spell potent enough to exorcise the evil spirit."

"The reason? There is none, only that the flowers are sad. I told you before"—impatiently—"they make me feel dull. I do so dull."

"Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun."

"But I do," she sighed, pressing one of the gathered blossoms to her soft pale cheek.

"Well, love shall be your sun," he went on, still continuing the fanciful vein, although his heart was beginning to beat fast, "sadness and gloom disappear in the rays of love, if only you will not hide from them."

She stood silent, as if pondering his words; while he waited to gather from her voice or glance some sign that she understood his meaning, not venturing to say more, lest by a too rough touch he should destroy his house of cards. A moment or two she stood, then, in her usual calm quiet tones, she said—

"I must take these roses in. I think my father wants them."

"Have you forgotten that you are going to show me Eastbone Abbey this morning?" he demanded, bravely hiding his disappointment as they strolled up the lawn.

"Were we? Yes, I had forgotten"—coolly. "But it is impossible; I must help my father."

"Oh, you will not disappoint me so cruelly!" he urged, deeply wounded by this proof of her indifference. "I am sure Mr. Verlston will put off the business, whatever it be, until to-morrow."

"No, no; I shall—hesitatingly—"if you like, perhaps we might go after luncheon."

"You do not seem anxious about it!" he said bitterly. "I believe you would rather not go at all with me."

She looked up wonderingly at his face at these words.

"Your going makes no difference," she responded, driving the nail deeper with every word; "and I want to go. I like the Abbey, and we can go down to it to-day."

"Miss Verlston, you are cruel! You don't know how you hurt me!" he burst out with irrepressible passion. Then, by a violent effort calming his agitation, he added, "No, you do not know. Forgive me if I have startled you. What does the poet say?—

"You'll love me yet, and I can tarry
Your love's growing pleasant growing,
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing."

But Argent was already ascending the wide steps to the porch, and she did not hear one word of the poet said. Perhaps the words were not spoken wholly in vain, since they gave Cecil some comfort. All the way through the hall he hugged the comfort to his breast, murmuring, as his eyes fostered themselves on the graceful figure that preceded him—

"You'll love me yet, you'll love me yet!"

Mr. Verlston's own particular den was a small octagon room, lighted by one narrow heavily-framed casement jutting out among the rich cool greenness of a laurel shrubbery at the back of the house. A narrow passage and flight of steps led to it from the hall. Down this passage and up these steps the two went, breaking in, with scant ceremony, on the student's classic retreat. Startled from him arrayed in a torn dressing-gown of faded rainbow tints, and hurled in a pile of books and papers, mumbling to himself as he searched the musty pages or wrote a sentence on the virgin quires by his side.

"Ah, Mr. Graham! Yes, fine day!" he muttered absentedly, as he shook hands with Cecil and that gentleman grasped his cold thin hand. Then he added, "Argent, are you ready for the sojourn?"

"May I help?" urged Cecil, before the girl could answer. "Cannot I take Miss Verlston's place while she sets sunshine to her flowers?"—with a smile intended for her alone.

"Yes, yes!" was Mr. Verlston's eager answer. "At least, if you can spare the time, Graham.

"It is the best use I can make of it," returned Cecil, with a smile. "But you must not forget, sir, that after lunch-time we are going to Eastbone Abbey, and down to the sea-shore. I will help you this morning, and you shall indulge me this afternoon, in your favorite pursuit."

"Quite," smiled the old bookworm, unable to resist the genial influence of Cecil's manner. "Yes, yes. You will go, Argent?"

"Yes, father," she said, turning away without the glance for which the young man was yearning, and taking his heart with her as she returned.

Later on, the uniform soft gray of the sky broke up into pearly clouds, tendered with light, and showing here and there saint streaks of blue. Standing on the doorstep ready to set out, a gleam of sunshine across the face of Argent Verlston.

"A good omen!" exclaimed Cecil, with a smile. Then, in lower tones, "You will be not so cold now?"

The only answer she made was a lovely reflection of his own smile, sweeter, he thought, than any words could have been; and it was with a heart full of renewed hope that he walked by her side, she leaning on her father's arm, to the Abbey.

Their path lay across a wide common, new fragrant with heather bloom and bright with masses of golden gorse, bordered by woods and there by patches of verdure decking the mossy turf. Over this plain the breath of the sea stole refreshingly. Poised in the distance of a lark was pouring her notes in liquid song. Mr. Verlston, his head still full of his late labors, which had been most willingly discontinued, walked along with head bent in silent cogitation. Argent was almost as silent. Cecil could not help thinking what a curious party of pleasure they would have appeared to ordinary observers. Nevertheless, and in spite of the rebuffs he had that morning received, he felt intensely happy. The bright glistening blossoms, the fresh pure air, the lark's song and the occasional sunshine, all whispered to him of hope.

"You'll love me yet," he told himself, glancing with an exquisite sense of proprietorship at Argent's pale dreamy face, her patient eyes, apparently unconscious of his proximity, her yellow hair shining beneath the brim of her large Rembrandt hat, her white dress, her small hands encased in very mundane dogskin gloves, and her tiny arched feet. His heart swelled triumphantly, and his pulses beat strong and fast. It would not have changed places with any one in the world. It was such bliss to be by her side, breathing the same air and beholding the same summer earth and sky.

"Eastbone Abbey!" he exclaimed at last, breaking the enchanted silence which had fallen upon them.

"Ha!" and Mr. Verlston awoke with a start. "Yes a fine old place; full of memories of the past."

"I imagine the days when the Abbey was in its prime," said Cecil, when they stood in the dismantled chancel presently, watching the swallows darting to and fro on their swift wings. "When stoled priests swept down these forest-link aisles, when music and choral singing mingled with the incense of earthstyrice incense rising to too fretted roof, and the light fell in red and purple flakes on tonsured monk and kneeling worshipper, on stately banner-hung tombs and swelled crucifix—this vast fane filled by a devout throng. And now, where are they? Where is the pomp of its worship? All gone, all less than dust!"

"You are eloquent, Graham!" smiled the old man; but Argent's eyes were glowing as she listened until he ceased, and then they grew sympathetically sad.

Cecil Graham laughed.

"The place is enough to inspire one," he said; "the very walls and empty windows that once blushed with their gouts of glory seem to mourn their perished grandeur. Are you ready, Argent dear?"

"A tomb?" said Argent dreamily.

"Yes, a tomb of time."

"This tree must have been struck by lightning," remarked Mr. Verlston, as they had duly explored the Abbey, and seated themselves on some fallen stones, resting before proceeding to the seashore, another mile away.

"Yes," responded Cecil; and a thought of that other afternoon, spent in such companionship so different came over him for a moment. "I was here at the time. It was during that terrific thunderstorm a few weeks ago. You remember it? A grand sight. I shall never forget its wild beauty."

"Rather a dangerous spot to be in during such a storm. Wuthering heights, eh?"

"Just within the cloisters."

"It's a wonder you weren't killed, Graham," solemnly. "Or other accidents."

Cecil stole a look at Argent. She sat perfectly calm and indifferent, though attentive.

"I don't see that it would have mattered much," he said bitterly.

"Mr. Verlston!" exclaimed a voice, before any one could speak again. "This is a pleasant surprise!" and the Reverend Maurice Stone, in clerical long skirts and broad brimmed hat, appeared in sight. Shaking hand swarmly with the trio he seated himself by his old friend's side.

"I must join us, Stone," said Mr. Verlston. "We are going down to the seashore. You will come back with us to dine."

"Certainly. I shall be glad," replied the clergyman, not thinking it necessary to add that he would be the first time he had broken his fast during the day. "I expected to find friends here," was his next remark.

"I suppose you came—like j the holy brethern of old—to pray and meditate!" said Cecil tippantly.

"Not quite rightly right," returned the other calmly. "To me this seems a fitting place for meditation—and for prayer."

"I suppose it seems the ancient rite of consecration performed here still holds?" queried Cecil, feeling rubbed.

"Perhaps it does; but the sacred spirit remains. Even after that the holy influences of prayer and praise will hallow the spot where once the blue reared its sacred sign aloft."

"I am far ill?" muttered Cecil *sotto voce*. Then aloud—"Do you often come here, Mr. Stone?"

"Very often. I think Miss Verlston and I love it equally well!"—with a smile at the young girl.

"Miss Verlston and I!" The words struck unpleasantly on Mr. Graham's ear. They came here then together! But Argent looked wholly unconscious, wholly unconscious. She only said quietly—

"I think we do," and the young poet's momentary jealousy quickly passed away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLKS.

The True Bo-Peep.

About the year 1760 a gentleman in passing through a part of England famous for its fine sheep, stopped one night at an inn where there was placed upon the supper table a roast of fine fat mutton. The talk of the landlord turned from the mutton to the sheep and the great sheep-owner of the country; and he amused his guests with an account of a great quarrel between two neighboring gentlemen, each of whom had brought a suit against the other, one for maiming of his sheep, and the other for what he called unlawful seizure of a part of the flock, the adder, said the landlord, was widely known and had excited considerable interest, and been made the subject of many ballads and songs. He then went on to tell to how a certain flock of sheep could have lost their tails and gotten them back on the same day.

The story of the affair, as related by the landlord, was as follows:

Each of the gentlemen in question was the owner of hundreds of sheep, which fed in large flocks on the uninclosed downs or commons. They were all of a breed, remarkable for their short legs and broad, fat, heavy tails, on which the wool grew so long that it dragged behind them upon the ground. They were divided into various large flocks, each of which was under the charge of a shepherd who lived in a dilapidated others, chiefly boys and girls, to lead them about in smaller companies and which lost tails, and had gotten tails in place of those of their neighbors. The shepherds of the two sheep-owners were very jealous of their charges, and had lived together in good deal of quarreling and even at times fighting, concerning pasture, boundaries and the ownership of stray sheep.

One day a simple young country girl, who had about forty sheep in her charge, sat down under a shady hawthorn bush to watch her flock and knit stockings for her father. Some of the animals, finding themselves unchecked, strayed off to a distance and transgressed upon the domain of the other. In where the shepherd cruelly cut off their tails and then drove them back to their own pasture.

The girl meanwhile had awakened and in sore dismay searched for her missing charge, which at last sought to her great joy espied coming toward her—but alas! as she soon discovered, without their tails. Thereupon her lover, a young shepherd, went in great wrath with his flock to the pasture of the other, a fierce battle with the perpetrators of the outrage, whom they compelled to keep the maimed animals and give up instead an equal number of their own flock.

Hence the lawsuits and the bitter enmity between the two neighboring families, owners of the sheep.

When I first came across this account in an old book, *A Jaunt through England*, I was immediately struck with the similarity of incident to the well-known ballad of "Bo-Peep." Indeed I can hardly doubt that this must have been the origin of the pretty little pastoral with which every child in the land is familiar and the explanation of that puzzling riddle as to how Bo-Peep's flock got back their tails. It is true that the ballad was first popularly known about the time that the book in question was written—nearly one hundred years ago—and was then not a nursery rhyme used to amuse children, but a fashionable song sung by ladies to the music of a spinet. It has since been altered somewhat, but was originally, as we find it in an old collection of "Songs and Ballads," as follows:

Little Bo-Peep
Lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they will come home,
Dragging their tails behind them.

So little Bo-Peep
A watch did keep
Nor troubled herself to find them;
And they all came back,
Pin alone, and alack!
They had left their tails behind them!

Then she sighed and wept,
And as last she slept,
And dreamt that she found them a-bleating;
But when she awoke
She found the flock—
For again they were a-fleeting.

Then her true love took
To a shady nook
And traveled abroad to find them;
And she saw them soon
Of the flock of the moon
Dragging their tails behind them:

A DREADFUL DEATH.

Perishing from Thirst and Exposure on the Mexican Desert.

James Sutcliffe and Alexander Falconer returned from a trip to Cave Wells, on the Resting Springs road, Cal., lately, whither they had gone to search for the person of George Anderson, who was lost a short time ago while traveling in company with A. Bateman, on their way to Wilson Bluff, Inyo county, Cal. It seems that Mr. Anderson while laboring under a fit of mental derangement, jumped from the wagon and fled into the desert, where he eluded pursuit for four days in a country destitute of water. Occasionally sight was caught of him by Mr Bateman, who was in pursuit, accompanied by Mr. Sutcliffe, Judge Cail. Once in the meantime Mr. Bateman, was close enough to him to coax him into his wagon, where he was given some water and liquor. He again became violent, insisting that some one was after him for the purpose of robbery, and fleeing from him. The liquor he was at that time alone, trying to get at the firearms, which fortunately had been concealed. He then attempted to get his horses loose from the mess chest, but did not succeed.

Mr. Bateman at this became thoroughly alarmed, told him he just was from his wagon, which he did, fleeing to the hills like a deer. This was the last time any one got near enough to speak to him. Messrs. Curry and Hunter, coming along two days later, found where he had laid down in several places, having by this time divested himself of his shoes. Nearer and nearer they found where he had been digging in the hard ground, apparently for water. A diligent search was made by Mr. Sutcliffe, John Black and Mr. Calliff, and at last Mr. Bateman found his body on a rocky hill about half a mile from the place where he left him on his face dead. His feet were worn to the bone from running (over the sharp stones barefooted, his right hand worn out from digging for water, the surface lacerated so that that the bones and sinews were exposed from falling, and his body badly bruised. Sutcliffe and Falconer then took him up carefully, intending to come to Dagget for help to bury him, but Sutcliffe and Falconer, who had left Dagget at noon, arrived at midnight with no music but the plaintive cooing of the turtle dove and the sighing winds among the grasses and the sweet lullaby of old, weak mountains, the friends of poor happy-hearted George dug a deep grave, and as the pale moonlight stole softly down upon the mournful scene, all that was mortal of George Anderson was consigned to its mother earth. In his delirium he told the messrs and two gold watches that he was known to have upon him, and lost his coat and hat, which have not yet been found. He was a native of New York and uncle to Nevada. He was a man of warm and generous impulses, which endeared him to a host of friends, who deeply mourn his unfortunate death. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, aged about thirty-eight or forty years, and a native of Dundee, Scotland. He had lived a greater portion of his life in Canada and Nevada. Mr. Bateman, John Black, Mr. Calliff, and others were continuing in their endeavors to capture him, but their efforts were in vain for he could easily hide from them in the numerous caves and ravines which abound in that region.

"We're going to have a lecture on Bacon at my house to-night," said Senator Hoarst. "Come around and hear it. I'm sort of kicking at the idea of switching off from literature to provisions, but these questions of political economy seem to be attracting a great deal of attention now, so I guess it's all right."

AT SANDRINGHAM.

A Brief Visit to the Prince of Wales' Country Seat.

The best criterion of a man's character is furnished by his home life, and I do not believe that in all the broad lands of Old England their exists a more happy home than that of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, the country seat of the Prince. Many country seats are luxurious and some more magnificent, but there is hardly another where so much comfort is united with exquisite taste and refinement.

The visitor, on arriving at the Wolverton railway station on Saturday afternoon from London, finds a variety of conveyances, characteristic and phaetons, together with a dog cart, waiting to convey him the distance between the depot and Sandringham is quickly covered.

The stranger is received in the hall by the royal host and hostess, and after having been taken off to the princess' room on the ground floor for refreshment after the long journey, in the shape of tea, etc., the prince, if it be your first visit to Sandringham, takes you to your bedroom, and after the ceremony seeing that you have everything you require rings the bell and orders one of the servants to show you the way to your apartments. There will probably find Colonel Teesdale wearing his equerry's coat of dark blue with gold buttons. The Colonel is the prince for close upon thirty years, and New Yorkers of 1860 will remember well the dashing young officer who had just won his Victoria cross and order of the bath by his splendid conduct at the siege of Kars. The princess of Wales is a great favorite with the princess, will also probably already have come downstairs. This is the good lady who, when the Prince of Wales was almost entirely confined of her eldest son in 1864 at Frogmore, after a skating party, had sufficient presence of mind to perform the office of accoucheur and delivered the child, of whom arrived after the trouble was over.

As soon as the guests are assembled the prince and princess, with the royal visitors, and dinner is immediately announced. The host and hostess sit facing each other at a table; the dinner is regulation looked, for the prince is a great gourmet. It, however, rarely lasts more than an hour, for his royal highness detests long dinners and overloaded menus. Those who pay attention to such trifles may be interested to know that fishknives are eschewed, two forks being used instead. For coffee the gentlemen remain for a short time over their wine after the ladies have retired, and then join the party in the drawing room, where some round games of cards are frequently indulged in. At about midnight the ladies retire to rest, and the men to gossip with the prince in the smoking room or round the billiard table.

THE NEXT MORNING (SUNDAY)

the prince and princess, who during all the twenty hours spent in their married life have always occupied the same bedroom, breakfast together in private, whilst the principal guests breakfast in their bedrooms at a number of small tables in the morning room. Shortly before 11 o'clock the prince makes his appearance in the hall and staff ingly orders every one, unless velens, to get ready for church, and after seeing the whole party off brings up the rear guard himself on the look-out for stragglers. The church is on the estate, and about ten minutes walk from the house. It is small, but exceedingly pretty, and the morning service is both short and simple. On the way home the prince will ask you to inspect his menagerie of all kinds of wonderful pet animals from crocodiles down to the pekings, whilst the princess will insist on your admiring the kennels where she keeps her pet dogs, over slightly in another direction.

After a heavy luncheon at two o'clock his royal highness will invite you to walk over with him to the home farm, to see his magnificent prize cattle, of which he is very proud. On returning to the hall he will probably show you over the house, including the hall room of the gamekeeper. The stables, which cost the prince over $80,000 per annum, are simply perfection.

As you are about to leave for London early the next morning, you take leave of your host and hostess before retiring to rest, and will probably find on your dressing table autographs of the royal host and hostess and children as mementoes of your visit to Sandringham Hall.

A Mosquito Story.

"I was at Fort Keogh one summer not long ago when an explosion occurred in the boiler which blew it some distance from the fort into a swamp. The men started after it. The swamp was full of them mosquitoes were so thick that it was found impossible to work. The men got inside the boiler and the mosquitoes poured in by fingers fight through the plated iron. The men clinched the bills on the inside and kept on clinching them outside as the mosquitoes came in. The mosquitoes were fastened to the boiler. The men built a fire inside of the boiler to scare off the other mosquitoes, and the latter started to fly away.

"Of course those that were fastened tried to fly with the rest, and actually carried the heavy boiler out of the swamp and on to the dry land. After that it was no trick to haul the boiler into the fort. The fort they got out of the mosquitoes. Winters, commanding the post, was so delighted with the idea of rolling down toward the water on three sides. It thus lies up the eye of the coming stranger as if it had nothing to conceal. The topography furnishes the best possible conditions for drainage, conditions which have been well utilized. The old city near the sea was closely besieged from 1842 to 1851.

In those hard years a new city sprung up around the old, with its commerce, its shops and stores and churches and factories. After the coming of peace the intermediate space was filled up by the best French engineers, and the two cities rapidly grew into one, on the best ground and after the most improved models of modern times. This space between the two cities is now the most beautiful and desirable part of the consolidated city. It is suggestive that cities, homes, and towns, as well as fields where human hearts have been broken and emptied. When wheat thrives on the field of Waterloo, it is a certain standard—one Montevideo should grow well over the Cordon. The 724 blocks of the old city are now augmented by the 1,293 blocks of the new city. In the old city there is a public square, scarcely transformation and translation. Blessed with a climate the best in South America, shining down upon the sea and on the bank of the La Plata, looking over her right shoulder across the river to the Argentine, only five miles away, and over her left shoulder across the sea to Rio, 6,000 miles away, intruded with the world to come, Montevideo, favored by nature, blessed with a climate, favored by a great city or make answer at the bar of public opinion.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Founded by Zavala, governor of Buenos Ayres, on the feast day of the Saints Philip and James (now the patron saints of the city), May 1, 1724, the capital of the Banda Portuguese, it has had the life of a pugilist and a brigand. At first only a military post, and then a colony whose emigrants were brought in from the Canary Islands, and subsidized in the interest of Buenos Ayres as against Brazil, it has had its share of this blood and spirit to secure the thrift of peaceful industry. Its early growth in commerce was nevertheless marvelous. It sprung up to the first importance almost as soon as it was made a free port in 1774.

Independence from Spain brought troubles as well as blessings. In 1818 Buenos Ayres claimed her independence and competed for the commerce of the La Plata. Situated 120 miles up the river, she had certain advantages in controlling the trade with her own territory. This checked the rapid development of Montevideo. Her commerce which was $7,144,000 in 1792, was only $10,620,000 in 1836. But the heaviest millstone bound around her neck has been her periodical, semi-periodical, habitual revolutions.

Government not here is a game of wolf and sheep, named from the sheep side but practised from the wolf side. The wolves show this forecast. They do not suck all the blood. They allow the sheep to produce successive supplies of money. Each ruler is expected to place to his credit large sums of money in foreign banks in safety vaults. Then when events forsake him he can forsake his country, fly to the treasures, and leave the flock to the mercy of the wolf.

The last president, Gen. Santos, whose successor is his own brother-in-law, is said to have passed $700,000 to his personal credit a week before the inauguration of his relative. As he retains command of all the arms, it is not improbable that he will seek other shores till the army shall have chosen other leaders. Such changes are publicly made, and are quietly pocketed. One finds an excuse for these things in the fact that a people who will submit to such government, are incapable of being governed by any better system.

PERILS, IMMUNITIES, AND NEEDS.

It does not inspire public confidence to have a prominent citizen forfeit his bail, report attempted to death in the hall of the president's dwelling house and then see the assassin imprisoned for a few weeks in the guest apartments of the same house, and immediately after that promoted to high authority in the army. As one looks at the door against which the poor victim was held while being repeatedly stabbed, and at the window where the assassin basked in the sunshine, he shrugs his shoulders and shoulders and wonder why the sheep wait so patiently for their turn. It is not strange that nearly one hundred years of Montevideo is done by foreigners. There is another power which the rulers have learned to respect, that is the power of the foreign ministers. A certain English ship chandler of the city had a steamer and her cargo of coal seized for some trifling offence, whether of fear or greed. But the English minister called the attention of the government to the "mistake," and it was rectified in part. The steamer was returned, but the coal stands charged up to profit and loss.

Next to a steady government and security for property, Montevideo needs a harbor. The immense width of the river makes this a necessity. Schemes are now on foot and contracts are in the hands of parties. In 1860 of an adequate breakwater. If this proves a success it will add greatly to the importance of the city. The public buildings, or buildings in which the public is interested, are of a good order. Clambering up the spiked pole from the steam launch tug, we made our way through a company of smiling friends, with Dr. T. B. Wood at their head, who had waited for some hours at the inner end of the pier, to give us a refreshing reception. We received the hearty greetings of these people whose names as Christian workers had long been familiar in the foreign fields, and at home. We were never more grateful for small favors than for our knowledge, less limited than we feared, of the Spanish language, which enabled us to catch the kindly heart-throbs of these strangers.

A careful and most gentlemanly customs-house officer passed our trunks without on our way to the Hotel Oriental. I wish to say that I paid my bill at this hotel with a receipt, for the most comfortable good cooking, gentlemanly management, respectful service, and very moderate charges. Especially moderate when compared with other hotels we encountered in South America.

ARMY, PRESS, AND PRISONS.

The Cabildo, on the Plaza Constitution, is a good building, used for a senate chamber, some public offices, and a public meeting. Ill condensed government is also compact. As we first passed this plaza we saw a regiment of armed soldiers marching over toward the senate house, to elect senators, chosen by the president and presented to the different electoral districts and backed by his government and political chief, a sort of sheriff and chairman of election committees combined), were assembling that day to vote for the president's brother-in-law, whom the president had placed in nomination to be his successor. This regiment was made up of every color and apparently of every race, but the most of them were very black indeed. The colored men filled a full share of the line. There is no prejudice shown here against the color. We have not found here any other color line.

The Uruguayan army has some popular features. One is found in the fact that not only are the rank and file conscripts, 1,000 patriotes. Now, when it is recruited for active operations, it has 6,000 men and eighteen generals. The pay of the army for the army costs the country more than $500 per man. Prisons are needed for political offenders. It is not always convenient to have them killed or exiled. The prisons are crowded because they are said to be thinking about escape. Then more than one prison is convenient. If the chief commander of the army is afraid of escape, or is not supposed to think of it, in his way to the headquarters, and so arrestves that trip, it is convenient and necessary to remove him from one prison to another. This is nearly always fatal. He is sure to be reported as killed in attempting to escape.

A man connected with one of the newspapers not long ago offended a political chief. He was arrested and put in a certain prison quite out of the ordinary center for imprisoning. It was back of the house of the offended political chief. There was a gateway from the prison to the chief's premises. This chief came into the prison yard and with his own hands whipped the man till he was tired out and left the man in a condition that he would not be healthy for him. The man fled to Buenos Ayres. This is a little ragged. One wonders how such a chief could survive a month. It is proper to remark here that the press of these South American cities is as free as the air. The government is critical, and the press is critical, and fierce-ness. It is a part of the status quo. Thus the sword and the pen carry on the old-fashioned war. The ages are not yet gone. The tenth and the nineteenth centuries stand face to face.

MONTEVIDEO.

Fam Jones on Infidelity.

Whenever man gole up before a community and proclaims his infidelity, then I have jist one question to ask another party and to put my money on the right man. "What are you doing in this world?" "I am a infidel: steps up and says: "I am fighting Christianity. That's what I am doing." Then I ask another party, "What are you doing?" And Christianity says: "I am rescuing the perishing and saving the fallen; I am building almshouses and hospitals; I am fighting; I am speaking words of cheer to the race; I am lifting up the fallen; I am blessing the poor; I am saving men from hell; I am saving them in heaven." Why, infidel, are you fighting almshouses, and orphan homes, and churches, and the happy death bed, and garden, and peace, and heaven? Oh, get out of my presence, thou great beast! Don't you tell me you are fighting such things as these! Why don't you go and tend to man's your business in this town?" It is to throw my arms around every poor lost man and bring him to peace and happiness and heaven.

Advice from Fair Lips.

He (meditatively)—Miss Clara suppose I were to go to your father and ask for your hand. What do you suppose he would say!

She—Do you seriously contemplate such a step?

He—I do.

If She—Well, I may as well tell you right here that father has been asked that question so often, and the man have all backed out so, that he is very touchy on that point. Better ask me; she's only had four applicants.

Last week a party of Italians on their way to work on the new railroad at Smith's Falls, passed through Winchester, and while there one of them in the act of robbing a hen-roost was caught by the owner, who ordered him off the premises. The Italian, however, drew a knife and brandished it in a menacing manner, and the owner fired his gun in self-defence and killed the invader.

THE FARM.

Care of Work Horses.

The grooming—as it is called—of horses, is quite as important as the feeding, and in summer time when the teams are worked hard, it is indispensable to their welfare. The skin of an animal is one of the most active excretory organs, and is furnished with an enormous number of pores, through which passes a constant stream of moisture, that is charged with waste and offensive matter from the blood. Besides these there are thousands of minute glands in every square inch, which secrete an oily fluid which keeps the skin soft and pliable; and in addition, every hair on the skin is rooted in a follicle or gland, which supplies the special nutriment required for it. Moreover, the surface of the skin is continually wearing away as it is renewed by the new growth, and this waste, dry matter scales off, and needs to be removed by the curry comb and brush. When a horse is working, the excretion from the skin is profuse, and pours from it in the form of perspiration. When this dries on the skin it leaves a quantity of impure matter adhering to it, which is apt to close the pores and prevent the escape of the perspiration. This produces disorder, in the form of congestion of the myriads of capillary vessels which form a close net-work near the surface of the body, and the excretion and secretions being stopped, the skin becomes harsh, dry, contracted and diseased. The impure matter—being unable to escape—gathers in places and forms pimples, blotches or tumors and, if it is not removed, there is danger of poisoning the blood, and, with the appearance of farcy and glanders, finally death. All this may be prevented by careful attention to the skin, by occasional washing, regular currying and brushing, and proper care to avoid galling by the rubbing of ill-fitting harness. As prevention is the best cure, it is well that owners of horses should exercise all possible precautions to avoid the frequent disorders which result from neglect in the direction pointed out, and thus save much annoyance and loss.

Rearing Calves to Advantage.

First, own good cows. Treat them kindly and keep them docile and quiet. When about to calve, place the cow in a separate stall and leave her loose. Feed no grain or stimulating food for a month before calving. When the calf arrives, remove it to a pen at a distance where it can be kept quiet and comfortable. It will never know what it is to be with its mother, and much trouble afterwards will be spared. In three or four hours milk the cow, and give the milk to the calf, teaching it to drink. With patient skill the calf may be taught to drink in the first lesson. Milk the cow four times a day, and feed the milk to the calf until the fourth day when the cow is returned to the stable and the milk is saved for skimming. The calf gets only skimmed milk after this—three quarts at a feed twice a day, and warmed up to eighty degrees. The feed is gradually increased as the calf grows, and when it is two months old it is taught to take a little mixed ground corn and oats, and have a small quantity with the warmed skimmed milk until it is six or eight months old. This enables the calf to make a fine growth, and brings it up in docility and gentleness. These qualities are improved by a daily brushing and carding, and by using it to the halter and to lead, while it is being fed in the pen. Continual handling in this way prevents the contracting of any of the common vices, and when the calf becomes a cow, it is in an excellent state of discipline and gives no trouble. This method, well carried out, is the main step toward an improved herd, which will be of very great value, and one gained at a very small cost.

Kindness to Animals.

Every one should know that kindly treated animals will do their best for their owners. A curious case happened recently, which may be given as an example. A noted trotter was driven in a race by a strange driver. The horse was evidently dissatisfied and lost two heats. The old driver knew the horse could do better, and begged the owner to be permitted to drive him. His entreaties prevailed, and when he mounted the sulky the horse whinnied with pleasure, and won the next three heats with ease, making such a record that the owner had an offer of fifteen thousand dollars for the animal. It is always thus. A farm horse kindly treated will do more work than one which is not attached to the owner or driver. A cow will lose milk when attended by a strange or disagreeable person, and one that is petted and treated with gentleness will never exhibit the common fractiousness of kicking, or holding up the milk. This is true of all farm animals, who return kindness with affection and generosity, and abundantly repay the consideration shown them by their owners. Every boy, especially every farmer's boy, should early learn to treat all animals with kindness.

Francis Jeffrey Dickens.

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, who died at Moline, Ill., recently, was a son of the late Charles Dickens, the novelist, and was born January 15, 1844. The cause of his death was paralysis of the heart. He died at the residence of Dr. Jamieson, who had met him in Canada only about a year ago, and who invited him to visit his place on his resigning in March his commission as captain in the Canadian Northwest Mounted police, a position he had held for eleven years. His funeral service was held in the congregational church at Rock Island on a Sunday, and his remains were placed in a vault to await the instructions of his friends. Capt. Dickens was named after Francis Jeffrey, the celebrated Scotch critic. At one time he joined the police in India and served in the Punjaub. A sunstroke there made it necessary for him to try some other climate, and he went to Canada. At the outbreak of the halfbreed and Indian insurrection, under Louis Riel, he was in command at Fort Pitt, whence he retreated down the Saskatchewan with his men to Battleford. In so doing he saved the women and children of the fort from Indian atrocities. His last command was at Battleford, N. W. T.

A Courtship by Means of a Bible Text.

A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:

He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, (open,) with a pin stuck in the following text: Second Epistle of John, verse fifth—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth:

"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him: 'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?'"

He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John:

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

"Adonis" Dixey and his company are aving such hard luck in London that it is feared they may be compelled to walk home. It may afford them some satisfaction to know that according to the theory of a scientific sharp, the ocean will dry up inside of ten million years.

PERHAPS THEY WERE TWINS.

A Singular Story of Robbery and Murder.

About twenty years ago a robber entered the farm house of John West in Ontario, and, being discovered while prowling around the house, he shot West in order that he might make his escape. The hour was midnight, and there was a bright harvest moon lighting up the room in which the shooting took place. West had a club beside his bed, and he gave the intruder a powerful blow with this before the shot was fired. The bullet entered his abdomen, and he lived about three days and was perfectly conscious all the time. He declared on his dying bed that his murderer was a young man named Solomon Richards, a lawless character who hung about the village two miles away. Mrs. West recognized him as well, and when Richards was arrested and charged with the crime he did not deny it. There wasn't the slightest doubt of his guilt, and but for the firmness of the Sheriff the fellow would have been lynched. He had been in jail two weeks before

HE DECLARED HIS INNOCENCE.

As he had no money he could not engage a lawyer but he made a statement to the Sheriff, which set that official at work to prove an alibi for him. On the night of the shooting Richards had sat in the village tavern from 8 to 10 o'clock. This could be verified. When he left the tavern he visited two saloons, but this could not be verified. Several persons were almost sure of having seen him, but no one was positive. At 10½ o'clock he went to a livery stable and climbed up on the hay to sleep. He claimed to have spoken to a hostler named Warner, but when Warner was consulted he could not be sure whether it was that night or the one preceding it. On his way from the saloon to the barn Richard's encounted a person who was dressed like himself, and whose general resemblance was very striking. Both halted and looked each other over as if astounded, but neither spoke.

Not one man in a hundred would have taken any stock in such a story, but the Sheriff, singular as it may seem, believed that Richards was telling the truth. West had

STRUCK THE MAN WITH A CLUB.

Richards had not the slightest wound or bruise. The pistol with which the shooting was done had been left behind. No one about the village had ever seen it before. How could Richards who never had a dollar at a time have purchased it? He was on the street, perfectly unconcerned, when arrested. If he was guilty why had he waited right there to be taken into custody, when the farmer had called out: "Sol Richards, you have shot me, but I'll live to see you hung!"

All these points were overlooked by everybody except the Sheriff. Mr. and Mrs. West declared that Sol Richards was the man; that was evidence enough, especially when Sol was a good-for-nothing. Three weeks had passed when the Sheriff got track of a man who had passed a toll gate at an early morning hour, carrying a bundle. Further on he found that the man with the bundle had a bloody ear. Five miles further and he had entered a farm-house, alleged he had met with an accident, and had a scalp wound dressed. He had journeyed a hundred miles before the Sheriff overtook him, but here and there he had sold fragments of his plunder. When finally overhauled and arrested he admitted his crime almost before a question was asked. He was a professional tramp, and robbery was nothing new to him. He was not only

DRESSED PRECISELY LIKE RICHARDS,

but he resembled him so closely in height, build, weight and facial expression that people came to the jail and called him Richards. He gave his name as Terry, but as he could remember little or nothing of his childhood, and as this was also the case with Richards, it was generally believed that they were twin brothers. The one was released as an innocent man, and the other was sent to prison for such a long term as practically assured his death within the gloomy walls

Refreshing Ignorance.

It is sometimes very trying to be found lacking in knowledge on certain points with which the rest of the world is evidently conversant. Fortunately, however, we do not always appreciate our mistakes.

"How do you like Tennyson?" said a young man to a society belle, as they chatted between dances.

"Oh," said she, innocently, "I never was there. Is it a pretty place?"

Her partner's reply is not recorded.

A lady who had travelled in Europe was expatiating to an acquaintance upon the wonders which she had seen there. She had just finished a fluent description of the famous Strasburg clock, when her friend inquired,—

"And did you see the celebrated 'Watch on the Rhine'?"

But those are the people who are ignorant of what they should have kown, and who succeed in being simply amusing. There do come times, however, when a certain kind of ignorance is refreshing.

When Longfellow translated the "*Divina Commedia*," every one was obliged, by the example of the learned, to admire it, and a knowledge of Dante at once became imperative. The name of the great Italian was in the mouth of the fashionable and the would-be "cultured" classes of society from morning till night. When the rage was at its height, a stranger arrived in Boston to whom a friend, a native of the city, at once put the pertinent inquiry,—

"Do you like Dante?"

"No," was the answer. "I don't know him. Who is he?"

"Come along!" cried his delighted friend. "Keep me in countenance. It isn't respectable not to like Dante. I'm the only man in Massachusetts who doesn't, and I detest his very name. Come to dinner with me!"

A Boy's Courage.

Do the lads of this generation declaim that poetical tribute to youthful heroism which extols the boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled"? When we were boys, there was scarcely a "Declamation Day" on which we did not hear it recited. It may be that the years since then have been so freighted with examples of boyish heroism that no boy now cares for "Casablanca."

One of these later, and, to our thinking, more attractive examples of youthful heroism occurred at the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny in 1857. Just before the awful storm broke, the system of electric telegraphs had been extended over the surface of British India.

The mutineers rushed to Delhi, to seize upon the old hereditary seat of the Mohammedan Empire, and began cutting the throats of Europeans. While the rattle of cannon and mustketry was rolling around the telegraph office, a little English boy, moved by the English sense of duty, stuck to his post until he had telegraphed to the Commissioner at Lahore. The message announced that the mutineers had arrived at Delhi, and had murdered this civilian and that officer, and wound up with these significant but child-like words, "We're off!"

The boy's courage and sense of duty saved the Punjab. As soon as the the telegram reached Lahore, the general in command of the Sepoys disarmed them. When they learned of the rising at Delhi, they were powerless to do any injury.

The general flashed the awful news to Peshawur. The Hindoostanee regiments there were also disarmed, and, though mutineers at heart, were rendered incapable of harm.

Then the telegraph was cut by the rebels—but the boy at Delhi had saved Northern India to the British crown. The officer in charge had been killed, but that brave lad stayed long enough at the instrument to despatch the warning.

Mr. De Garmo: I suppose about this time of the year you young ladies who are going to graduate are engaged all the time in preparing your essays. Um—by the way, Miss Eugenia, what is yours going to be? Miss Eugenia: Pale blue, trimmed with real lace.

HEALTH.

Is Medicine a Progressive Science?

There is still no doubt, a vast amount of suffering and disease among us, but it would be folly to deny that the difference between the past and the present is immense. The stethoscope has made it as easy to detect a damaged heart or an inefficient lung as a broken leg. The ophthalmoscope enables us to explore the innermost recesses of the eye, while with the laryngoscope we can have ocular proof of the condition of the windpipe. The microscope enlightens us to the true nature of growths, and such timely information often makes it possible to check their development. Anæsthetics have robbed surgery of all its cruelty and half its danger; they have moreover extended its sphere of action, for operations are now frequently performed which formerly could not have been attempted. The introduction of the antiseptic method has largely increased the proportion of recoveries after severe wounds and mutilations, and has also done much to insure the safety of the lying-in chamber. The necessity of cutting for stone is now obviated by measures which involve neither pain nor serious risk, and there can be little doubt that the operation will in the course of the next 50 years become obsolete in civilized countries. Small-pox is no longer the standing menace to beauty that it once was, while it is scarcely taken into account as a possible danger of life by ordinary people. Typhoid fever still claims many victims, though it is being gradually driven off the field by an enlightened hygiene; typhus is almost unknown except in the lowest and most squalid haunts of poverty. Madness is now treated as a bodily disease, not as a curse of God or spite of the devil, the result being a large proportion of recoveries, and infinitely less suffering among the incurable. A like improvement is seen in other branches of the medical art. The loathsome compounds—invented, one might suppose, by a council of ghouls and scavengers—which used to be ordered, no longer vex the palates or upheave the stomachs of unfortunate patients; the active principle of the most important remedies has been separated, so that the agent can be administered in a purer and more efficient form, while the physiological action of the drug is determined by experiment and is taken as the index of its therapeutic value. Less physic is given, but it is prescribed with a clearer purpose. Better still, more attention is paid to diet and the hygienic surroundings of the patient, and, above all, nature is less incumbered with the officious help of a blind ally who insists on aiding her with a zeal that is not according to knowledge. The truth has at last been borne in on the medical mind that many diseases run a certain definite course on which no medicine has any effect for good, though it may have for evil, and that accordingly a policy of masterly inactivity is the wisest in such cases. The physical changes wrought by disease and the morbid processes which give rise to them are now to a certain extent accurately known, and this field of inquiry promises to be increasingly fruitful of solid result. Some scattered rays of light, too, are beginning to pierce the shroud of darkness which formerly made the origin of disease a more impenetrable mystery than the source of the Nile. This marks one of the greatest advances in the history of medicine, and its practical importance is obviously incalculable. The cause clearly known, the effect can often be removed, or, better still, prevented. Specific fevers may possibly be banished from among men, and even those fell scourges, consumption and cancer, may in course of time be stamped out. One disease after another is traced to the action of organisms infinitesimal in size, but having an almost inconceivable power of self-multiplication. From leprosy to a cold in the head the "conqueror worm" is credited with the generation of almost every form of disorder; where it has not yet been found it is suspected. In a word, the sign Bacillus is in the ascendant in the medical firmament.

A Nation of Contradictions.

Some Eastern nations are made up of contradictions. The Bengalee frankly says, "I am timid," and dies with a calmness that a brave man might envy. The Chinese have little physical courage, but they will commit suicide if an enemy may be thereby injured. At Honkow, a Chinese barber prosecuted one of his men for stealing two dollars. The man committed suicide, not for shame, because theft is not discreditable in China, but to spite his master.

As soon as he was dead, his widow went before a mandarin and proved to him that her husband's death had been caused by his master's prosecution. The mandarin condemned the barber to pay one hundred and and twenty dollars for the support of the widow.

The house-boats throng with children, and, with all the care in the world, they do fall into the river. To guard against that contingency, a cord is tied around the waist of each *male* child, to which is attached a float. But no female child is provided with a float; they may drown and welcome.

Boys are prized. The punishment for stealing a male child is death. But girls are considered an expensive nuisance, and frequently die from lack of care. Their bodies are tossed into the nearest hole. A large dith outside of Foo chow was so much used for the purpose that the authorities posted the notice: "Female infants may not be thrown here."

The people seem to be indifferent to human suffering, however piteous. "One day in Foochow," writes an English officer, "the struggles of a drowning man absorbed the interest of a crowd, who made not the slighest effort to rescue him.

"A bystander, unable to obtain a clear view, expressed a doubt whether the man had really perished, whereupon the irritated mob immediately tossed the sceptic into the river with the remark, 'Go and look after him yourself.' He, too, perished."

The author of "English Life in China" writes that it is a country "where roses have no fragrance, the women no petticoats, and the magistrates no honor; where old men fly kites, and puzzled people scratch their backs instead of their heads; where the seat of honor is on the left, and the abode of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is insolent, and to wear white is to wear mourning; where, finally, there is a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar."

Pretty Fair-Sized Hailstones.

Specials from Elgin Manor, and Paige say that those places and the surrounding neighborhoods were visited the other evening by heavy storms, inflicting great damage. At Elgin there was a terrific thunder, rain, and hail storm, which deluged a part of the town. Nearly every building had windows broken and holes knocked in the roofs. Hail fell varying in size from a marble to a man's hand, and perforated iron and tin roofs. A piece of hailstone was picked up that weighed seven pounds. The Methodist church was blown from its foundations and demolished. The Baptist church was moved slightly out of line. One man was struck down by a hailstone and seriously injured.

At Manor the storm did indescribable damage to crops, hailstones falling as large as hen's eggs. Three churches and many other buildings were badly damaged.

At Paige the storm was severe. There was a very heavy rainfall. Only slight damage was done to crops or buildings.

At Mexia the storm wrecked one church and several small houses, unroofed others, and badly injured the corn crop. No lives were lost, the people hastily seeking shelter in storm houses when the gale approached.

Since the experiments of M. Pasteur in cases of hydrophobia have proven successful, there is a growing tendency in the country to vaccinate early beans to cure frost bite.

"By gosh, remarked Pindar to Hodgkins, after his return from the city, where he had been to visit some of his wife's relations. "It seems mighty good to get back where I can eat pie with a knife again.'

A MANIAC'S PRANKS.

A Mysterious Series of Outrageous Attacks upon Unattended Women.

"Is it the devil?"

"If not the devil, who or what is it?"

Ten or twelve years ago the above inquiries were passed around in a certain thriving Nova Scotia village, and while some men replied with a sneer, others looked troubled and anxious. As for the women and children, they spoke in whispers, and looked about them, even in daylight, as if expecting to be attacked.

There had been some curious doings in and around the village for several weeks previous. The first alarm occurred on a certain Thursday night. There had been a prayer meeting at a Methodist church, and among the people who attended was a middle-aged woman named Lee. She was not feeling well, and she left before the service was over. She lived on a retired street half a mile away, and half an hour after she left the church a man passing over the route she had taken fonnd her

LYING SENSELESS ON THE PATH.

Her bonnet had been snatched off and torn into fragments. Her shoes had been removed and flung into the road. A set of false teeth had been taken from her mouth and stamped into the ground and destroyed.

When the woman revived she had but little to tell in explanation. Some one had struck her behind the ear, making a great bruise, but not breaking the skin. She had not heard his approach, nor did she catch sight of any one. She was walking quietly along, when, all of a sudden, she lost consciousness, and she had been in that condition about fifteen minutes when found by the pedestrian spoken of. The woman had no enemies. No one had assaulted her for the purpose of robbery. She had not been assaulted beyond the removal of the articles mentioned. It was such a singular affair that it set everybody to talking and speculating, but no arrests were made. Indeed, it was impossible to direct suspicion toward anybody.

In about a week the public was further alarmed and mystified. The wife of a villager named Parker stepped out to the well about half past 8 o'clock in the evening to draw a pail of water. She was working the handle of the pump when a hand clutched her neck. Before she could scream out she was whirled around and flung down with such force that she was stunned. As near as could be figured she was senseless for four or five minutes. During that time her hair was pulled down and cut off short, her shoes were pulled off and flung in the well, and a quantity of soft soap was taken from a kettle near by and smeared over her clothing. The hair which had been cut off was left scattered over the ground. Mrs. Parker er had not seen her assailant, but she knew that a

HUMAN HAND HAD CLUTCHED HER THROAT.

The new outrage raised the public pulse to fever heat, and the most determined efforts were made to secure a clue to the identity of the perpetrator. Half a dozen arrests were made, but in each case the person was soon discharged for want of proof to hold him. A detective was sent for, but after working on the case for four days he was unable to pick up a single point looking toward the solution of the mystery.

On the tenth evening after the assault on Mrs. Parker Mr. and Mrs. Loyd were sitting in a summer house in their grounds. It had just grown dark when Loyd ran across the grounds, a distance of about 300 feet, to drive away a cow which seemed determined to brake in. He was not absent over seven or eight minutes, but when he returned to the summer house he found his wife lying on the floor insensible. She had been struck a hard blow on top of the head. Her slippers and stockings had been removed and thrown on the grass, and a lot of dry ashes had been sprinkled over her clothing and hair. When she recovered consciousness she had no information to give. She did not even know when she was struck.

It now seemed apparent that the perpetrator of these outrages must be a resident of the village, and that he must be actuated by pure deviltry. None of the women had been harmed beyond what had been stated, and the motive in going that far could be nothing else than what a plain-speaking man would call cussedness. The detective was recalled, and certain persons who had heretofore escaped all suspicion were placed under surveillance. The last assault had

CREATED A REIGN OF TERROR

among the women, not one of whom dared step her foot outside the house after dark unless accompanied by an escort.

While the detective was still in the town, and a number of leading citizens were acting as spies and patrols, the fourth outrage occurred. The wife of a citizen named Warner drove to the cemetery in the afternoon, accompanied by her son, a boy of 16, to decorate one of her children's graves. In transplanting the flowers it became necessary to use considerable water, and the boy went to a creek about twenty rods away with a pail. The cemetery was thick with trees, and he lost sight of his mother for five or six minutes. When he returned he found her lying on the ground unconscious, with finger marks plainly visible on her throat, her shoes and stockings had been removed, her hair cut off, and the rings torn out of her ears and flung down. The only explanation she could make was that a human hand had suddenly grasped her throat. She had heard no footstep, nor had she caught a glimpse of anybody. The detective at once visited the cemetry, and in a brief time the enclosure was thoroughly searched, but nothing came of it. One side of it was bordered by an extensive field not under cultivation, and on the far side of this field was a forest. One could easily have escaped in that direction before a search was instituted.

As may be supposed, public indignation was now at the boiling point. The detective and everybody else was helpless, when a woman made a suggestion. It was that the detective dress himself in female attire and "lay low" for the mysterious villain. The idea was carried out that very night, but it was a week before the climax came. One night about 9 o'clock the disguised officer left a house where he had seemingly been visiting, and he halted at the gate to say good night and to have the people of the house hope that he would get home all right. It was on a retired street, thick with shade, and unlighted, and the officer was as alert as a fox. He had not gone 500 feet when a figure

STEPPED FROM BEHIND A TREE

and grasped his throat. The assailant was shaken off and grasped in turn, and then a terrible struggle took place. Not a word was uttered by either. The one sought to get away, the other to handcuff his man. This feat the officer finally accomplished, and when he conducted his prisoner to the village lookup the mystery was at once solved. He proved to be a half-witted fellow named Orson Taylor, living with his father on a farm a couple of miles from the village. Orson was unmarried, about 30 years old, and known around the country as a half fool. He had never been known to commit an offense against the law, and for this reason was not suspected of any of the outrages above detailed. He preserved a sullen silence when questioned, and when a commission of doctors had reported on his case he was sent to an insane asylum instead of being arrainged in court. He soon became a raving maniac, and died in about a year.

Conviction.

Never let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the time, and make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man carried a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Thrifty Housekeeper.

Cold biscuits left over from tea may be made better than when first baked by dipping them into hot water and placing them singly on the hot grate in the oven long enough to let them get well warmed through.

Lamp wicks should be changed often enough to insure having a good light. If they seem clogged they may be washed in strong suds and put into the lamp again.

A butter stamp should always be washed in cold salt water before it is used. If soaked in hot water the butter will stick to it but never if soaked in cold brine. The salt absorbed by the wood keeps it moist while in use.

All soups are better made with fresh uncooked meat as that which has been cooked once has lost much of its flavor and nearly all of its juices.

Most people dry their umbrellas handle upwards. This concentrates the moisture at the top, where it is close, rusts the wire which secures the stretchers and rots the cloth. It is better, after the umbrella is drained, to simply invert it and dry in that position.

To save stair carpets nail several thicknesses of old carpet or canvas over the edge of each stair. It is a good plan to buy more carpeting than is needed to cover the stairs and move it each season so that the whole will wear evenly. If stair carpets cannot be changed in this way they will not wear long.

To Get Rid of Cockroaches.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I beg to inform you of an easy, clean, and certain method of eradicating those loathsome insects from dwelling houses. A few years ago my house was infested with cockroaches (or 'clocks,' as they are called here), and I was recommended to try cucumber peelings as a remedy. I accordingly, immediately before bedtime, strewed the floor of those parts of the house most infested with the vermin with the green peal, cut not very thin, from the cucumber, and sat up half an hour later than usual to watch the effect. Before the expiration of that time the floor where the peel lay was covered with cockroaches, so that the vegetable could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. I adopted the same plan the following night, but my visitors were not so numerous—I should think not more than a fourth of the previous night. On the third night I did not discover one; but, anxious to ascertain whether the house was quite clear of them, I examined the peel after I had lain it down about half an hour, and perceived that it was covered with myriads of minute cockroaches about the size of a flea. I therefore allowed the peal to remain till morning, and from that moment I have not seen a cockroach in the house. It is a very old building, and I can assure you that the above remedy only requires to be persevered in for three or four nights to completely eradicate the pest. It should be fresh cucumber peel every night.

Hints.

BLEACHING STRAW HATS—Obtain a deep box, air-tight if possible, place at the bottom a stone; on the stone a flat piece of iron red-hot or a pan of charcoal, on which scatter powdered brimstone; there should be hooks in the box on which to hang the hats; close the lid and let the hats remain all night. Another recipe for bleaching straw is to soak the goods in caustic soda and afterward to use on them chloride of lime or javelle water. The excess of chloride should be removed by hyposulphite of soda, called anti-chlor. In the first method the hat should be moistened, as a dry fabric will not bleach.

* * It is easy to get rid of black ants. They live in ant hills and generally near the buildings. Open these hills with a hoe, scatter on a handful of salt and sprinkle on a quart of water and the ants will leave immediately. Yesterday my house was overrun with these insects. I found eleven ant-hills within two rods of the building and today there is not an ant to be found anywhere on or about the premises.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing in clear, cold water and wiping it dry.

To preserve goods from moths do not use camphor in any form. Pieces of tar paper laid in fur boxes and in closets are a better protection. Five cents will buy enough to equip all the packing boxes and closets of a large house for a year.

Ginghams and prints will keep their color better if washed in water thickened with flour starch. Flour is very cleansing and will do the work of soap in one or two washings in the starch water. This, with the rinsing, will be sufficient and the goods will look fresher than if washed and starched in the old-fashioned way.

A good housekeeper in Bergen county, New Jersey, says that she adds a teaspoonful of turpentine to the water she mixes her stove-blacking with. She lets the stove becom almost cold before blacking.

Oddly Addressed.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-office. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London:

"Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere;
He needs not ask, whose wide-extended fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name."

Charles Dibden, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address:

"Postman bear this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr. Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theatre, Bolton;
If in what county you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire."

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London:

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a ta'l bully, lifts its head and lies,
There dwells a citizen of sober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name."

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Balaam, a fishmonger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction:

"Mr. ——, Travelling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Fersha [Pershore], Worcestershire. Please find him if possible."

Another envelope bore the following.

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies 30 sheriff street, off Prince Edwin street, Liverpool."

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered:

"To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburg. She has a wooden leg."

The other was addressed:

"My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest."

"In the latter case, says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst."

A Stupid Man Servant.

"Charles," said bachelor Benson to his new man servant, as he was settling himself comfortably in his library arm-chair for an after-dinner siesta, "you are to waken me whenever I am thirsty," tossing off a glass of old port as he spoke.

"But how shall I know, sir, when you are thirsty."

"I shall be thirsty whenever I am roused, of course," with a look of good-natured pity for the new man's stupidity.

A NORTH-WEST VOLCANO.

Hunters Have a Remarkable Experience on the Manitou River.

A most startling story has come to light. A party of five young gentlemen from the maritime provinces, under the guidance of an Indian guide left Ottawa a couple of weeks ago to hunt in the Manitou river district in the North West territories. The five sportsmen have returned home, with no game, but instead they came burdened with a most marvelous story of a burning mountain in their hunting district. The parties' names are: Messrs. Sutton, Williamson, Van Horne, Cribbs, and Alexander. The district in which they were hunting lies about fifty miles to the south of the Canadian Pacific railway line from Brule, on the high lands just north of the Manitou river. This locality is just north of the United States boundary line, from Black Duck lake in Minnesota. They reported having left Brule together with their guide, and going south, when they met a mountaineer's family on the way into the town, with all their goods and chattels, packed on a couple of lean-looking horses. The mother carried a

SICK CHILD IN HER ARMS,

and two little girls, whose tow heads were fleece grown, toddled on bare feet after. The father, two sons and a daughter led the way. Their appearance showed that they were leaving hastily for some reason, and on being interviewed by the would-be hunters, they said that they were fleeing from the region in which they had lived on account of some terible fire. They hah lived from hand to mouth on a patch of cleared ground, on a mountain's side whose base formed a portion of the Manitou river's bank; that the terrible fire was somewhere over behind or in under the mountain; that no smoke was visible, but that the air was stifling hot, and the river, at certain points, so hot that the fish died in it. The first intimation that the father, whose name is Malcolm, had of this strange phenomenon was the unusual sight of a great number of dead fish in the Manitou, whose ice had, earlier than usual, broken up this year in their vicinity, but to his suprise the ice had remained the normal length of time, both above and below the place they had lived. Strangely hot winds also came down into the valley, whilst elsewhere the atmosphere was of wintry chilliness.

The hunters in tracing the cause, found, evidently, that the reasons of the farmer's great excitement lay in the fact of the subterranean heat in the mountain's side, which extended under the river's bed; and about a mile up

THE STREAM BECAME SO HOT

that it had heated the water, which runs slowly at that point, until steam rose from the surface near the banks. This was faintly noticeable for a short distance further up, and beyond which the water by degrees resumed its normal state. The atmosphere was found to be very warm, and the slightest exertion brought out the perspiration. At a point near to where the farmer had lived the hunters found the air to be almost stifling, and there also the earth was too hot in places to lay the hand upon. Nothing else was noticeable, the mountains being bleak and bare from winter. But further back upon its sides the heat was absolutely unbearable, and after climbing up its thickly-wooded sides for two or three hundred feet the hardy hunters were forced to return, the air being unbreathable. Animals had left their retreats, birds steered clear of the locality, and not a living thing was to be seen. The earth was dry and cracked with the heat. Dead snakes without number, and vermin, were discovered by the hunters. The heat, instead of diminishing, was found to increase the higher they went up the mountain's side, and the cracks in the earth widened and new ones appeared, and the

LOCALITY BECAME UNINHABITABLE.

It was no wonder, they say, that the terror-stricken family, depressed in the knowledge that something strange and terrible was going to take place in the earth beneath them, and living in the midst of stifling hot winds, whose increasing heat brought to terrified and ignorant minds pictures of burning fields and volcanoes, had resolved to abandon the uncomfortable locality.

The town of Brule is very much excited over the extraordinary discovery, and a party about half a dozen has started for the scene of the burning mountain. It is about five or ten miles from any habitation at present existing. Men well acquainted with the geology of the province declare that the location of this volcanic area has been fixed to a nicety, and might be with reason expected. Their theory is that the bituminous coal, in which this mountain range is known to be rich, has by some phenomenal means become ignited, the vast and smouldering mass, far down in the mountain's heart, thus making a mighty cauldron of the Manitou river's bed.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

An illicit still with a capacity of fifty gallons was seized recently in the big swamp near Port Perry

Mr. J. R. Neff, of Moosomin, N.W.T., has 500 acres of wheat in fallowed land, and it is reported to be one of the most magnificent crops ever seen in the territories.

The Stratford Police Magistrate has fined Daniel McMullen $50 and costs, the price of a portion of Donald Fraser's ear, which he bit off on the night of Inauguration Day.

Mr. Jonathan Beck, of Egmondville, a few days ago was attacken by bees while hiving. They seemed resolved to hive in his ears, in his whiskers, and in his hair. He is under medical treatment.

According to a Port Perry paper, a councillor of an Ontario county municipality, who is very fond of euchre, recently won at play from a constituent all his loose change and the family pig. On going for the pig, however, he was so energetically received by the constituent's wife that he deemed it prudent to abandon the enterprise.

The Scott Act Association Executive, of Wellingson County, have decided to employ a detective force to co-operate with the inspectors. An organizer is also to be secured and kept permanently in the field until the approaching elections are over. The Association are taking steps to raise the sum of $3,000 as an enforcement and election fund.

A Peterborough citizen owns a dog that has become so old and feeble that he decided to shoot it. He accordingly invited the dog to the outskirts of the town and fired a bullet into his carcase. The dog took to his heels and disappeared, and the marksman thought his bullet had failed to find its mark. A day or two after, however, the dog returned home, and on examination it was found that the ball had passed clean through his body without touching any vital part. It has been decided that the dog shall be allowed to live.

The other day a pair of pants that had evidently been cast off by a tramp were found in the barn of Mr. John Wigglngton, on the Bayfield Road, in Huron county. In the pocket was a leather pocket-book, in which were a dozen or more clippings from five dollar bills. Most of the pieces had been clipped right across the bill, and had the full figure five on them. It is supposed that the balance of the bill was passed in the ordinary way, and that the clippings were intended to be pasted over the figure 1, on one dollar bills, thus making what is known as a raised bill.

The old Episcopal Church near Mouth Keswick, N. B., has just been torn down and removed. This was one of the oldest churches in New Brunswick, having been built 75 years ago. There is only one man now living in the place, Mr. George Dunby, Sr., 80 years old, who has any recollection of the time when the church was erected. Most of the early settlers who took part in its erection are now buried in the yard which surrounded it. It is reported that the church was removed against the wishes of the church-wardens and a large number of the people of the place

No woman can lace herself so tight as a man can drink himself.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A beautiful white blacksnake has been captured near Jewell, Md. It is six feet long and as white as milk.

The four most important towns of Australasia are now Melborne, population, 282,947; Sydney, 224 211; Adelaide, 103,864; and Auckland, 60,000.

A Chicago jeweler has invented a self-winding watch. By an arrangement something like the carefully balanced lever of a pedometer, the watch is wound by the motion of the wearer when walking. A walk of seven minutes will wind the watch to go for forty-two hours.

Rattlesnake Jim of Wooster, Ohio, says that the only reliable cure for the bite of a rattlesnake is turpentine. He says that a bottle of turpentine held over the bitten spot, the uncorked mouth down, will draw out the poison, which can be seen as it enters the turpentine in a sort of a blue flame. Although he has never been bitten, he has tried this cure on his dogs, always with success.

George Riley of Schnectady, who has just had his hand crushed in a drill press, is not a fortunate youth. When very small he fell off a fence and broke his nose. Later he was nearly drowned; then his toes were crushed by the cars; then he broke his nose again; then his head was crushed between the bumpers of railroad cars, and when the skating rink was opened he was the first to hurt himself, breaking his arm.

A woman belonging to one of the oldest families of Derby, Conn, promised her husband before his death that she would wear his ring as long as she lived. In the grief that followed his death she forgot about the ring, and it was on his finger when he was buried. A few nights ago, at midnight, the sexton opened the grave and took off the lid of the coffin, and the widow went down to the grave and removed the ring from the dead hand. She paid the sexton $25 for his work.

A statistical expert calulates that if 1,000,000, babies started together in the race of life, 150,000 would drop out in the first year 53,000 in the second, and 22,000 in the third year. At the end of forty-five years about half of them would still be in the race. Sixty years would see 370,000 gray heads still at it. At the end of eighty years there would be 79,000 remaining on the track; fifteen years later the number would be reduced to 223, and the winner would quit the track forever at the age of 108.

Fred and Willie Gerster, aged 9 and 11, tired of their home in Cincinnati, so they packed a big basket with provisions, stole $3 and a pistol from their father, and set out to see the world. And they saw it for three weeks, sleeping in barns, selling newspapers, and blacking boots in Dayton and Toledo, and were in a fair way to become thorough tramps when the advertisements of their frantic father led to their apprehension and return to the parental roof. They say that they have had all the tramping they want.

It was announced that the Thomas Paine Society of Frederick county, Md., would celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of Tom Paine's death at the house of Aaron Davis, near Frederick; but not a celebrater appeared. Mr. Davis himself observed the day by not working. He said that, while there were only about a dozen members of the society, there were three or four hundred believers of the Paine doctrines in the county, but fear of social ostracism or injury to their business caused them to make a secret of their views.

Daniel R. Arnold is the station agent at Pawtucket. Recently the clerks and freight hands went to his office in a body, and the spokesman began a speech about the strikes out West and the relations of employers and employed, and was going on when Mr. Arnold very sternly and impatiently said: "State your grievance." The next moment he felt the cheapest of any man in New England, for the spokesman said the boys had come to make him a present on his fifty-seventh birthday. It was a nice present, but Mr. Arnold could hardly say "thank you," he was so surprised.

Christopher Casey and John Hebborn, military convicts at Fort Snelling, Minn., were working outside the fort, under the care of Sentinel Brown. Seizing a favorable opportunity, they knocked the sentinel down and got his gun. Brown got up, knocked Hebborn down, made after Casey, who was running off with the musket, overtook him, got the piece, and when Casey refused to surrender shot him through the heart. Then he fired five shots at Hebborn but did not hit him, and the convict escaped. Casey was a deserter and was serving a two-year's sentence.

The *London World* says that on Patti's return to London she found awaiting on her table several pale blue boxes from Lady and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the first one containing a brooch about four inches long, representing two large pansies in white brilliants, with nine big blood-red rubies in it; heart all diamonds, and a large ruby in the middle, goes with the brooch; a cigar-box of violet leathor, with an inch-wide gold frame, and on one side "M. Earnest Nicolini;" on the other, "From Mr. Alfred de Rothschild," both names all in diamonds and rubies; and sundry other trifles in gold and silver.

Henry Ralph and his wife of Berville Mich., quarreled and separated, the mother taking a three-year-old child with her. She tired of the boy, and a few days ago, in company with an admirer, started in a buggy to take the child to its father. She met him on a wagon load of gravel and offered the child to him. He wouldn't take it. The mother tossed the boy up on the load of gravel. The father threw him back into the buggy. The mother grabbed the whip and began beating her husband, and in the confusion the little boy fell out of the buggy between the wheels of the loaded wagon. The horses started, the wheel went over the little head, and the question in dispute was settled forever. The woman has been arrested.

The *Revue Scientifique* announces the discovery of a beetle, christened *Cetonia aurata* which is to render unnecessary all the knowledge gained by Pasteur concerning the treatment of rabies. A Russian naturalist, Alexander Becker, is credited with having made known the properties of this invaluable bug, and as being the authority for the statement that in southern Russia it is commonly recognized and always efficient antidote for rabies. All that is necessary for a person to do, after having been bitten by a mad dog, is to eat a piece of bread in which a *Cetonia aurata* is enveloped, and he will be secured against hydrophobia. The insect is said to be of a metallic green color, with some white lines and spots upon it, and it is represented as common among flowers, not only of southern Russia, but of nearly all southern Europe.

Mrs. Hannah Butler, for a long time a pensioner on the bounty of a charitable organization in Baltimore, died the other day, and a plain pine coffin was procured and she was about to be buried by the organization that had supported her while she lived. Meantime her landlady had been hunting among Hannah's possessions, and not in vain. In the straw of her bed was a wallet containing $80 in gold and a bank book showing entries amounting to $1,785. Some of the money had been drawn out, but there is a goodly sum still on deposit in the Savings bank of Baltimore. The landlady stopped the funeral, and had the body taken out of the pine coffin and placed in an ice casket. The old dress in which the woman was laid out was taken off and she was clothed in an elegant shroud. A handsome casket was ordered, and the funeral took place with more pomp than was at first intended.

"How do you sell those bustles?" inquired a lady of one of our clerks the other day. He looked in the direction indicated, and then blushed clear to the roots of his hair as he explained to the lady that they were not wire bustles, but baseball masks

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Belleville expects to have Forepaugh's circus on the 18th August.

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

The Misses Ward, of Chicago, are at present visiting friends here, and intend remaining during the summer.

Divine service will be held in St. John's Church, Stirling, on Sunday, at 11 o'clock, and St. Thomas's at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Geo. A. Skinner, barrister, has gone on a business trip to the Northwest. He will return about September 1st.

John Keith Godden, son of Rev. Thos. Godden, has successfully passed his examination at Trinity College, Toronto.

A Council of the Royal Templars of Temperance has been organized in Madoc. Why cannot one be organized here?

The return match between the Stirling cricket club and the juniors of Campbellford will be played on the grounds of the latter on Tuesday next.

A number of the boys are at Oak Hill pond camping out. If our Oak Hill correspondent had his steamboat finished he might do a rushing trade.

The Campbellford *News* reports a field of barley cut on Wednesday, the 7th of July. This is the earliest harvesting we have seen any account of in this district.

Dr. Faulkner and Messrs. A. Chard and Jas. Tulloch left on Monday evening last for Windsor to attend the meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge at that place.

During the past week a new sidewalk has been laid down on Church Street as far as the Baptist Church. It makes a great improvement to that part of the village.

Rev. O. R. Lambly desires to acknowledge the "vote of thanks" tendered him by the Stirling Lodge in connection with the Orange Anniversary Services, in the Methodist Church, last Sunday morning.

It is officially announced that Sept. 7th is the date for holding the annual brigade camp for this military district. The camp will be held at Kingston, and will be composed of about 1,400 men of all ranks.

There is said to be a man in Norwood, a bachelor and the owner of a fine mansion, who is so economical that his daily bill of fare is oatmeal broth for breakfast, dried apples for dinner and swell-up for supper.

The rain of last Wednesday was most welcome, as the ground had become very parched and dry, pastures were dried up, and had the drought continued much longer there must have been serious injury to crops.

Haying is pretty well through with in this section, and it has been saved in first-class condition. We hear of some barley that has been cut, and next week barley and fall wheat harvest will commence in earnest.

The ice cream banquet given by the Salvation Army on Thursday evening, the 8th inst., was well attended and passed off very successfully. A number of the Army from Belleville were present, accompanied by their band.

A change has been made in the furniture business in this village recently conducted by Mr. Will Martin. His brother, Arthur Martin, has been taken in as a partner, and the business will hereafter be conducted under the style of Martin Bros.

The new sidewalk on Front Street is very uneven, owing, we suppose, to the crookedness of the cedar sleepers, a great number of which were about as straight as the proverbial ram's horn. Our municipal fathers do not deserve much credit for allowing such timber to be passed off on the corporation.

Mr. Fred. T. Ward, having leased Mr. F. B. Parker's store on Mill Street, and the building having been completely refitted, intends opening out next week a choice stock of goods in everything pertaining to a first-class merchant tailoring and gents' furnishing establishment. Watch next week for adv't.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Rawdon Agricultural Society in another column. The officers and directors are making every exertion to have a first class fair this fall; and having now secured extensive grounds and made arrangements for the convenience of exhibitors we have no doubt the show will be far in advance of any previous one. Now is the time to give in your name as a member.

The following pupils in Rawdon and Marmora were successful at the recent promotion examination for entrance to fourth class. The names of those who passed in Stirling were given last week:—Florence Crossen, 8 Rawdon; Samuel Nix, 8 Rawdon; Daniel Shannon, 5 Marmora; John W. Andrews, Marmora; Estella Duncan, 8 Rawdon; Annie Hamilton, 8 Marmora; Emma Luery, 14 Rawdon; Mercy McKee, 7 Rawdon; Catharine McGrath, Marmora; Henrietta McMillan, 5 Marmora; John Joseph O'Neil, Marmora; Maud Pringle, 14 Rawdon; Susan Sullivan, 7 Marmora; Bella Wallace, 8 Rawdon; Minnie Watson, 8 Rawdon; Hettie Caverly, 8 Marmora.

This is how the Campbellford *Herald* views the cricket match held here:—"Our junior batsmen—a good body of young athletes, active in limb, and enthusiastic over the most popular game—met an equal number in a match in Stirling, on Thursday last, but returned home rather disappointed yet not discouraged at a defeat ranging over seven wickets. Their opponents put two men on the field, and chose ground which was enclosed by fences over which it was easy to knock a ball, and every trip it made off the ground discounted the score by four runs. Natural enough this ruffled our rising cricketers, and they take the defeat wisely and well. They are going to have another brush with them in Campbellford about the 20th of this month." The boys here say the above is not correct, and that Campbellford had as many men in their club as Stirling. The Campbellford boys might as well own up that they were fairly and squarely beaten.

Those contemplating purchasing a binder would do well to see the "Deering Binder," manufactured by John Herring & Sons, of Napanee, before purchasing elsewhere. The agent, Mr. Holmes, whose stand is opposite Bennett's Hotel, intends to give a public exhibition on Saturday afternoon, weather permitting. The rain of Wednesday night has somewhat interfered with his arrangements, but he will put the binder in operation in the first place that is ready near the village. See his advertisement in another column. If appearances go for any value, the Herring machinery is appreciated in this vicinity, as not a day passes but we notice two or three implements of this manufacture going out for delivery, thus showing that a first-class implement made and sold by a reliable firm, who are willing to give the farmers a reasonable chance to pay, without compelling them to subscribe to a cast iron agreement, is what our farming community require. Mr. Holmes assures us that he is authorized to make terms to suit, and refers to the machines put out by him six years ago to such men as Asahel Dafoe, Stephen Dean, John Inkster, A. M. Caverly, Robert Rodgers, Luther Tucker, J. J. Lloyd, and a host of others, who can prove that the Herring manufactures are all that they were represented to be, and have never cost a dollar for repairs, and the purchasers were never crowded if not just ready to pay on the minute.

The Orangemen of Stirling Lodge attended service in the Methodist Church on Sunday morning last, when an appropriate sermon was delivered by Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., who took for his text a part of the 17th verse of the second chapter of 1st Peter;—"Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." The discourse was interesting and instructive.

The celebration of the 12th July in Belleville was on a grand scale. It is estimated that fully ten thousand visitors were present, and the procession of Orangemen was a mile and a half long, and embraced seventy-five Lodges. Considering the vast crowd everything passed off quietly, though there were a few drunks taken charge of by the police. A great many of the visitors were from counties where the Scott Act is in force, and it is said that a number of them imbibed to the full and then carried a bottle home with them to help slake their thirst on the way.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Crops are looking well in this neighborhood but need rain again.

The Dr. is perfecting arrangements for the great dinner and big time. Secure your tickets early.

You want to hurry up with your boat, Billy; the picnic and excursion season is at hand.

The Eclipse factory is making a good record this season so far. Their cheese is selling as well or better than any in the country, according to report.

The Hayseed has got his mower, horse rake, &c., out for the season's campaign. Look out for your fingers Mister.

There is a rumor afloat concerning one of our citizens but we will not give it away at present. Wait awhile. R. V. W.

[The above came to hand too late for our last issue, having gone west on the Midland through a mistake of the mail clerk on the train.]

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The farmers of this vicinity are well through their haying now and will soon bring in the golden grain.

Our town is steadily increasing in business as it now has a first class shoemaker and also a tailoress and dressmaker.

Perhaps the enclosed slip taken from the *Appleton Crescent* may be readable to some of your subscribers:

"Last week Dr. Mack, the new veterinary surgeon of this city, performed a difficult and delicate operation upon one of Mr. Babcock's horses at his stock farm near Neenah, removing a large tumor from the animal and saving his life. Dr. Mack is already attaining to an extensive practice. He is a thoroughly accomplished veterinarian."

From another Correspondent.

"Don't we want rain" is the language we hear on every side now-a-days. Farmers are busy with their hay, according to the old adage, they are making hay while the sun shines.

One day last week Mr. Charles Levis, of Belleville, erected a fine monument in memory of his father and mother, who died a year or two ago. This couple was one of the oldest settlers in the sixth line, having lived on the same farm for over fifty years. There is also another monument of the Clancy family, a credit to those who erected.

Rev. Mr. Pope gave his congregation fits on Sunday evening on the various indulgences of those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Campbellford is to have a new high school building.

A large lynx was killed in Murray township on Thursday of last week. It measured 4 feet 7 inches from tip to tip.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"On Tuesday Mr. James Kirk had the misfortune to have his arm nearly cut off by the knife of a mowing machine. From some cause the knife got jammed, and in getting it loose the knife slipped while his arm was between the prongs, cutting the arm almost half off at the wrist. The wound is a very painful one, and will interfere with Mr. Kirk's work for some time."

The Ontario Central Railway Company gives notice of a meeting at Picton on July 28 for the election of officers and to consider a resolution authorizing the issue of four hundred thousand dollars preference shares, and the payment or exchange of them for overdue coupons on the present bonds; also, to consider the advisability of extending the road to the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Callandar.

At 4 o'clock on the 12th a fire broke out in the North American Hotel, Madoc, from a defective chimney. The building was in flames before the fire was discovered. When Mr. Lynch, the proprietor, first discovered it he hurried to the upper story where his wife was lying ill and with difficulty removed her. The furniture in the upper part of the building was a total loss; partially insured. The building was owned by D. McKinnon and was insured. Thos. Cross's private residence had a narrow escape.

Mr. Edward Hearn, a well-known well-digger of Peterborough, sank a well on the farm of Mr. Seeney, of Cavan, a distance of 150 feet, cribbing the excavation the whole way, and striking at this depth a stream of living water running rapidly from north to south. The well was continued some three feet below the surface of the stream without reaching the bottom. The water is pure and cold. The soil is of a porous nature, composed of boulders and coarse gravel. The stream does not rise, but flows steadily onward in its subterranean channel.

On Saturday night while "Bill" Mackay, of Apsley, one of Kirby's gang on the drive, in the employ of the Rathbun Company, was in search of water on Hickory island, in the Trent river, he was attacked by a vicious bull. Thinking there would be little virtue in patting the animal on the neck at such a time Mackay ran away from him and sought refuge in a small tree. The bull followed him and coming up to him began a loud bellow which attracted other cattle that were feeding on the island and the whole herd, numbering about forty, rushed to the spot and roared and galloped about like wild animals. Mackay shouted to his comrades, ten in number, who, comprehending at once the position in which he was placed, hastened to his help and with pike poles and levers and shouts and dog-barking, managed after a fierce fight to route the furious herd. Then they entered into a hot conflict with the bull and he was soon vanquished. William doesn't know much about fear but he got a fright when the cattle surrounded him which he will not soon forget.—*Campbellford Herald*.

The latest report in reference to Sir John Macdonald is the following:—It is believed that at the termination of the present parliament Sir John Macdonald will go over to England and as a member of the Privy Council will be appointed to the Judicial Committee of that body and will be given a life peerage in recognition of his extraordinary services to Canada and the Empire in connection with the completion of the Pacific Railway.

There are three points in the law regarding newspapers which every reader ought to be conversant with. First—If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. Second—Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay. Third—If one orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post-office.

England's Drink Bill.

Once a year the London *Times* makes room for a detailed statement of England's drink bill. That statement has just appeared. It shows a reduction from 1884 for last year, but not a reduction of a character to encourage the friends of temperance. For many years the statement has been made by Mr. William Hoyle, F. S. S., but this time another member of the Statistical society, Mr. Dawson Burns, D. D., signs his name to the report. The British expenditure upon drink in 1885 was $616,353,800, a decrease of about $15,000,000 from the preceding year. But Mr. Burns says: "In regard to the causes of diminution we must, I fear, look to the continued—and in some quarters increasing—depression of trade rather than to the growth of thrift and temperance in the country. With the removal of this depression we should most probably find the drink bill become heavier, and its social sequences become darker." This is a reasonable inference from the statistics of preceding years. The state of trade in England always reflects itself in the drink bill. Mr. Burns gives the footings from 1850 to 1885 inclusive, and they show this very plainly.

In that quarter of a century the drink bill has mounted from $425,000,000 to $616,000,000. Mr. Burns says: "The years of commercial prosperity brought with them a vastly augmented expenditure upon strong drink, and even when that prosperity began to decline the special impetus that had been given to drinking habits resisted for a time, and yielded but slowly to the stress of diminishing resources." This is to say that people began by economising in other directions, and only cut down the drink expenditure when they were compelled to do so; even then continuing to consume largely. Of course the increase between 1860 and 1885 is partly accounted for by the growth of population, but Mr. Burns holds that allowing for this the increase in the drink bill shows a decline rather than progress in temperance. "It is clear," he says, "that the amount of the national drink bill is still enormous, being equal to the nation's expenditure for bread, butter and cheese; is not far short of the rent paid for farms and houses in the United Kingdom; is three times the amount paid for tea, sugar, coffee and cocoa, and is six times the amount of our expenditure on linen and cotton goods." Taking the families at six millions, the gross expenditure for drink in 1885 gives an average expenditure per family of $102 50, or reckoning five persons to a family, $20.50 per head. Of course, if those who do not drink at all are substracted, the average is very much greater, rising, in fact, to $170 per family of five persons.

This is an enormous expenditure upon drink, an enormous waste of capital to put the fact plainly, for the money spent upon drink is as a rule not only thrown away, but much worse than thrown away, being expended in the creation of a swarm of evils which would not otherwise have existed. It may well be asked what effect upon the general well-being of Great Britain would be produced by the expenditure of this $600,000,000 upon productive industry, upon the necessaries of life, upon land and horses, upon education, books, pictures, all that ministers to and develops the higher life of a nation. There can be no doubt at all that a large percentage of the poverty, destitution, ignorance, misery, which now perplexes society, would disappear if the constant leak of the drink bill could be stopped. But though there is much movement in thinking circles at this time, though social problems have never been studied more seriously, the development of luxury and gross material enjoyments proceeds even more rapidly than the evolution of patriotic solicitude and intelligence, and the example set by the rich is in no way such as to incite the poor to self-restraint. England's drink bill is a document which has for Americans deep interest, for our own expenditure in the same direction is a duplicate of that of our cousins across the ocean, and every consideration or argument springing from and relating to the one case has equal significance for the other. How to get rid of this annual record of gross indulgence and suicidal vice is the most pressing question in both branches of the great Anglo-Saxon family.

Sir John Macdonald left Ottawa for the Northwest on Saturday night. Great preparations have been made to give him a cordial reception at different places along the route.

Harvest prospects in Manitoba are brilliant. The yield will probably be a little under the average, but the quality will far exceed anything in recent years. Rain, however, is much needed.

An Ottawa despatch says:—It is reported here that one of the objects of Mr. William Wainwright's visit to England is to make arrangements for the extension of the Midland Railway system to Sault Ste. Marie, and that the Grand Trunk directors propose to extend the Midland road east to Ottawa over the old Toronto and Ottawa route. A part of this road is already graded, and most of the right-of-way secured. The extension of the Midland system to Perth and Ottawa, making connection with the Canada Atlantic here, would give the Grand Trunk two lines between Toronto and Montreal.

A through passenger train on the C. P. R. met with a serious accident last week. The following particulars are given:—The eastern train which left Port Moody at 3 o'clock Wednesday, and was due in Montreal next Tuesday, met with a serious mishap a few miles from Donald, the principal station in the Columbian Valley. The extreme hot weather had caused the bush and prairie to be exceedingly dry, and a fire occurred which soon spread into a vast conflagration. The intense heat caused the rails to warp, and the result was that the train was derailed. The train consisted of a baggage and mail car, second-class car, first-class car and first-class sleeper. The fire was a considerable distance from the track, and the train would have passed through safely if the rails had not been warped. The baggage and mail-car, with the first and second-class cars, were destroyed. The sleeper, with all the mails and baggage, was saved. None of the passengers were injured, and the accident will not cause the slightest delay in train service.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 9th inst., the wife of MORDEN BIRD, of a son.

In Sidney, on the 11th inst., the wife of CHARLES HART, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on the 8th inst., the wife of WM. EDWARDS, of a daughter.

In Sidney, on the 12th July, the wife of FRED. PLAYTER, of a son.

In Sidney, on the 12th inst., the wife of JOHN. B. WEAVER, of a son.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on the 9th inst., ADAM H. ROSEBUSH, aged 30 years, 1 month and 1 day.

In Seymour, on the 13th inst., the infant daughter of Mr. STEPHEN DEAN, aged 14 mos.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

Of the 598 mail bags of the wrecked Oregon 461 have now been recovered, 181 being brought into New York last week.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails in restoring gray hair to its youthful color, lustre, and vitality. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, indorses it, and all who try it testify to its many virtues.

The California wheat crop will be the largest ever harvested in that State. The total yield, it is estimated, will be over 70,000,000 bushels, leaving nearly 60,000,000 for export.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

The intense heat which prevailed over the entire Northwest for the last five days seems to be moving slowly south-east. The temperature reached 102 at Huron, Dak., Tuesday.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

The camphor laurel, from which the camphor gum of commerce is obtained, has been successfully introduced into California. It is a native of China.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

Ireland has the prospect of a splendid harvest.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

Mrs. Arnold, of New Holland, Ohio, has just celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birthday. She has two sisters living, one aged 106 and the other 112.

HE ACTED WISELY.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaint.

At a ladies' picnic at Rodney, while many of the picnickers were bathing, a young man dressed as a woman appeared on the scene. He was immediately recognized, and was greeted with a shower of stones so effectively directed that he is said to have been badly injured.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

UNKNOWN.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

One of Prof. Wiggins' great storms is predicted for September next in Canada.

AN INVISIBLE FOE.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. Gladstone says England will have to slowly and painfully learn her duty to Ireland.

THE BEST YET.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

The present season in Manitoba is the hottest for three years.

A BAD BREAKDOWN.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

Herbert Gladstone says there will probably be another British general election within a year. Mr. Schnadhorst says there will be another in six months.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence. Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Nova Scotia is suffering terribly from drought. The ground everywhere is parched and crops are being very seriously injured. Destructive forest fires are raging in Colchester and King's counties, and a large area of valuable timber lands has been destroyed.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

President Cleveland has vetoed an even hundred Bills. He has but nine more to make to reach the aggregate of all vetoes since the Government began.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County of Bruce, in a letter, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure." Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

To Farmers of North Hastings and Vicinity.

HAVING DECIDED TO RE-ESTABLISH an agency for the sale of our Implements in North Hastings, we have rented a depot in Stirling opposite Bennett's Hotel, where samples of everything in the implement line can be seen, under the superintendence, for this year, of our general agent, Mr. Holmes, assisted by Mr. David Seeley, jr., who will be pleased to exhibit our machinery and give price and terms to suit all customers. We have one price to all, but are always willing to allow a fair discount for cash where a purchaser wishes to settle after having a satisfactory trial. We are now manufacturing

The Lightest Binder in the Market,

As well as one of the most durable, and not being in any combination, will give terms to suit purchasers. We shall sell for $200, cash this fall, or $212.50 on three equal payments, without interest, or will vary to suit. Hoping you will give us a fair trial, especially as these implements are manufactured within two hours ride on the train, and less than a days' drive from your own door, and as a full line of repairs can always be obtained, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS,
of Napanee.

Stirling, July 6th, 1886.

N. B. **Public Exhibition of Binder.** Owing to the recent rain we are not certain as to where we shall start binder, but either on George Baragar's or Joseph Rosebush's place. Parties wishing to see it can find out by inquiring at Bennett's Hotel.

In this connection we have two or three machines which have been out as samples which we will sell at about half price to any one contemplating getting a Binder from us another year.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE POST-MASTER General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on

FRIDAY, the 13th of AUGUST,

For the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed contract for four years, twelve times per week each way, between Stirling and Grand Junction Railway Station, from the 1st of October next.

Conveyance to be made in a vehicle.

The mails to leave the Stirling Post Office twice daily, Sundays excepted, at such hours as may be required, and to arrive at the Railway Station in time to exchange mails with the mail clerk passing each way; to leave the Railway Station after the exchange of mails, and to arrive at the Stirling Post Office within ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stirling, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Kingston, 2nd July, 1886,

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
PROPERTY
In Township of Sidney.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage from John Kennedy to B. M. Britton, (which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale), there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, by Charles Butler, Esq., Auctioneer, at SCOTT'S HOTEL, in the VILLAGE of STIRLING, on

FRIDAY, the 16th Day of JULY, A.D., 1886,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON.

The West half of the South half and the North Ten Acres of the East half of the South half of Lot Number Twenty-three in the Eighth Concession of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, containing in all Sixty Acres more or less.

The property will be offered for sale subject to a reserved bid.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, the balance within 30 days thereafter, when a deed will be given.

Further terms and conditions will be made known at the time of Sale, or on application to the undersigned.

B. M. BRITTON,
Mortgagee.

Dated at Kingston, June 10th, 1886.

DON'T FAIL TO

C

J. BOLDRICK'S
CHILDREN'S SUITS,

Just in, at $4.50. Beautifully made from all wool Tweeds. Choice patterns. An inspection is invited.

J. BOLDRICK.

See what you can buy for Money
AT MARTIN BROS.,
STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$ 6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table " "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50	7.50 " " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50	18.00 " " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO.—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

MILNE & CLUTE

ARE GIVING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, & Ready Made Clothing.

Some Lines are below Cost. Don't fail to see them.

MILNE & CLUTE.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
LADIES' SATCHELS,
—AT—
W.S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

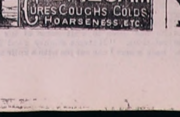
The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

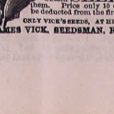
He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.





VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

For Sale, Cheap.

TO ANY ONE REQUIRING A REAPER or Mower, having a rough place, or contemplating purchasing a binder, I have two or three machines on hand which have been out as samples, but which I guarantee none the worse, and as good as anybody's machines, excepting paint, which I can sell at a little over half price, and warrant perfect in every particular, as they are our own make.

ALFRED F. HOLMES,
Agent for John Herring & Sons.
Stand next to Graham's Foundry.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST
Land Plaster
On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD
PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWING MACHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS,	DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,	DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,	FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE,	ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS,	DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
SALT RHEUM,	
HEARTBURN,	
HEADACHE,	

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 45.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,

MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve. July 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN

Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.

SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK

Is now complete, including

Dress Goods, Cottons,
Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades

OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, LADIES.

5,000 yards —— of —— over 300 Patterns.

REMNANTS OF PRINTS, GINGHAMS, BRILLIANTS,
AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

Of most beautiful designs will be cleared at COST for CASH, commencing on Monday, July 12th.

Prints from 3c. per yard to the finest made, at prices that would astonish the maker. Grey Cotton, over 1 yard wide, only 5c. Shirtings, worth 15c., reduced to 11c. Brown Ducks, Denims, Etc., all reduced as above, for CASH ONLY.

A large stock of sugars that invite comparison of prices.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.

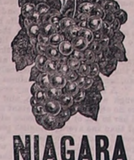
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.



NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—

GOING EAST.

Express for Montreal .... 1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope .... 9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal .... 12.13 a.m.

GOING WEST.

Express for Toronto .... 5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto..... 7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West .... 4.13 a.m.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

VICTORY CERTAIN.

Over the pains and sufferings of **Rheumatism** is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Two years ago I was prostrated with Rheumatism. I used a number of remedies, and received no benefit until I commenced taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

four bottles of which effected a permanent cure."—Charles Foster, 231 Prince st., Boston, Mass.

Swift and sure are the benefits to be derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "One of our children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous sores on its face and neck. Physicians earnestly recommend us to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few doses produced a marked change, and, its continued use, a perfect cure."—B. T. Johnson, Hutto, Texas.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

The British Elections.

The general election in Great Britain is now over with the exception of one or two seats and the result is as follows:—Conservatives elected, 318; Unionists, 74; Gladstonians, 187; Parnellites, 83. Though the Conservatives have the largest following they have not a majority of the whole house; and it is now stated that Lord Hartington and the leaders of the Unionist party refuse to enter into a coalition with them. Mr. Gladstone has resigned, and Lord Salisbury will be called upon to form a Ministry. It is thought probable that the Conservative Government will be compelled to bring in a scheme for Home Rule, though probably under another name—local self-government—and perhaps not so comprehensive as Mr. Gladstone's and consequently more palatable to what is now called the Unionist party. In any event it is quite likely that one or more general elections will have to follow before home rule, under whatever name, is finally settled.

Mr. Gladstone does not give up the fight, and he is reported as saying:—"The Liberals who follow me and the Irish members constitute a compact minority whose wishes it is almost impossible to disregard, because among the victors are some who perhaps are less indisposed than is believed to enter the path of thorough reform for Ireland. If I listened to the warning of age I would retire from public life, but I would be committing a guilty action in abandoning the field after raising so much ire and inspiring so many hopes if I did not seek to appease the one and satisfy the others. I have worked all my life to deliver suffering people and I mean to die as I lived."

The final analysis of polling gives the Unionists 1,524,107 votes and the Gladstonians 1,447,652. For a correct estimate of the popular vote there must be added the electorate of 113 Unionists seats, which were not contested; a total of 1,065,104 votes, and that of 104 uncontested Gladstonian seats, a total of 805,877 votes. The popular vote results in a Unionist majority of 272,682.

The Prohibition Question.

The Toronto correspondent of the Montreal *Witness* says:—

"For better or for worse the temperance workers in the Liberal ranks seem determined to commit the Liberal party to prohibition, and a considerable section of that party will strenuously resist any such movement. The knowledge that the question is an embarrassing one for the Liberals of course prompts their opponents to endeavor to throw on the Mowat Government the responsibility for the efficient enforcement of the Scott Act. That responsibility is not openly disclaimed, but the Act is not properly enforced, nevertheless, and there is much and growing bad feeling amongst the Liberal prohibitionists. Whatever else may be the result of this tendency it is sure to affect more or less extensively the selection of candidates for both the House of Commons and the Ontario Assembly. There are many constituencies in which the temperance vote forms a large and, what is of more importance in this connection, an uncompromising factor, and strong prohibitionists will find their way into most, if not all of the Liberal conventions and caucuses. The situation is complicated still more by the comparative unworkableness of the Scott Act itself, as well as the control exercised by the Dominion Government over the fines. Whatever may be done if the fines are handed over to the Provincial Government to be applied to the enforcement of the Scott Act, certainly it will never be energetically enforced until this is done, as the Dominion Alliance recommends. Neither the Ontario Legislature nor the county municipalities will provide funds for putting in force a Dominion liquor law, and if funds are not speedily forthcoming from some source, the Scott Act will become in certain counties so unpopular that it is sure to be repealed a year or two hence by popular vote. Indeed many temperance workers openly declare that if it is not amended in the line of the Jamieson Bill the sooner it is either destroyed by Parliament or dropped by the people the better, so that the campaign be fought out on the issue of a general prohibitory law. An impulse is likely to be given in this direction by the presence of General Neal Dow, who is billed to speak here during the Exhibition week on the working of the Maine law. There will be a great curiosity to see and hear the veteran prohibitionist, for never at any previous time was prohibitionist sentiment so strong in Ontario as it is to-day. And the tide is steadily rising in every direction."

A New Extradition Treaty.

It is stated that the long-standing extradition negotiations between England and the United States have at length resulted in the signature of a treaty extending the list of offences for which criminals can be extradited. In addition to embracing those ordinary crimes which it has been proposed to cover, the new treaty provides for the surrender of dynamiters, as it should. The readiness of the Americans to accept this clause is said to be due to the Chicago explosion.

The lax condition of the law has long been a disgrace to civilization and a reflection upon the intelligence of the two great English-speaking nations. When the treaty is ratified, as no doubt it will be, the scandal of the law-breakers and thieves of Canada and the United States finding a safe asylum by simply stepping across the boundary line will be put a stop to. There will be a general clearing-out of the "American colony" of defaulting bank presidents and cashiers, municipal treasurers and other officials of that class, and doubtless the knowledge that defaulters cannot in future escape with impunity by crossing the frontier will tend to lessen the frequency of the class of financial crimes encouraged by the present laxity of the law.

A despatch from Washington in reference to the matter says:—"The nature of the amendments to the treaty may be inferred from the President's message. He says: The tenth article of the treaty of 1842 stipulated for the surrender in respect of a limited number of offences. Other crimes no less inimicable to social welfare should be embraced, and the procedure of extradition brought in harmony with the present international practice." It is understood the treaty will include dynamiters within its scope and that it may also enable the United States to reach over into Montreal for a choice assortment of bank cashiers, bribers of aldermen and other enterprising American citizens.

Not more than a third or half a crop will be realized this year in the hop growing counties of the State of New York.

The Prince Albert mail bag was robbed on Saturday, near Humboldt, N. W. T., of several thousand dollars' worth of registered matter.

The circus men have had hard luck recently. Both Forepaugh's and Robbin's circus trains have been wrecked and considerable damage done to property.

The balance of the loan granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway under the arrangement of the session of 1885, has been paid up in accordance with the terms ratified towards the close of last session.

Queen Victoria is to celebrate the jubilee year of her reign by having a new impression of herself put on the coins and postage stamps of the British Empire. The present portrait represents Her Majesty as she appeared forty years ago and she desires a true and contemporaneous likeness made.

Amnesty to the Late Rebels.

The *Official Gazette* of Saturday contains a proclamation granting an amnesty to all persons connected with the Northwest rebellion, except such persons as may have committed homicide, otherwise than in actual conflict. All forfeitures of lands, goods and chattels that may have been incurred by reason of any such crimes are remitted.

Mr. Thompson, Minister of Justice, states that the proclamation which appeared in Saturday's *Official Gazette* will apply to Gabriel Dumont and Dumais. They were at liberty to return to Canada at once. The forfeiture of their lands will be remitted. He also stated that no action will be taken at once in the case of Big Bear and three other Indians on account of complicity in the Frog Lake massacre and because they are dangerous and turbulent. A warrant for the release of the half-breeds Monk and Garnot was despatched from Ottawa on Friday.

A Plucky Man.

A good many of the youth of the present day are prone to exclaim: "Oh, things are not what they were then. You can't get along that way now-a-days," when their attention is called to the example of some man who has risen to notice, fame or riches, from obscurity or low degree. Not long ago I had a young fellow, who should have known better, tell me that it was impossible for a young man to make his way in the world unless he had influence.

This is the veriest rot. I have very little faith or hope in the young man who wants to be pushed along the pathway of life, or who is willing to cling to the coat-tails of influence.

In one of the papers I read that Thomas J. Brennan, the private secretary of Daniel Manning, had received a telegram from Hot Springs informing him of Mr. Manning's safe arrival there.

Do you know who Thomas J. Brennan was seven years ago? I'll tell you.

He was a young employee in a shoe factory in Cincinnati. He was born in Troy, N. Y. His parents died when he was but a mere child, and he was raised by an aunt in Montreal. He had an ordinary, fair common school education, but an abundance of pluck and ambition. He felt that he could do better by study, and study he did very hard. He got a position as reporter on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and though disabled for a while by sickness, he soon became a valuable member of its staff. He had a natural taste for politics, and it was not long before he was sent through the country on important political work. In this way he became acquainted with influential men whom the people honor. By and by he severed his connection with the *Enquirer*, and he went to Washington, where he did work for the New York Star, and later for the Associated Press. While thus employed he taught himself phonography in order that he might be able to more accurately interview prominent men.

His push and worth attracted the attention of men of eminence and character, and when Manning became Secretary of the Treasury, Brennan was recommended to him as his short-hand secretary by men who vouched for him as being loyal and capable. So, you see, here is a young fellow who, seven years ago, was obscure and unknown in a Western town, now the trusted repository of the secrets of the American minister of finance. All the "influence" he possesses he made for himself, and any young man worthy of the name can obtain all that he wants or needs in the same way that he got his.

The protracted drouth that has prevailed for nearly two months throughout the country has been broken by an abundant fall of rain. While all interested in the public welfare are thankful for this proof of the due workings of Nature's laws, the farmer especially should be doubly grateful. It is at such a time that those whose vocations are measurably dependent upon the prosperity of the agricultural communities, and that includes all branches and varieties of business, it is at such a time that some idea may be formed of the dependence of the farmer upon a power greater than his own for success and prosperity. He may labor early and late in seed time, see his harvests progressing to fruition, and in a few hours find all his labors utterly wasted, while he gazes in despair upon his ruined fields. So positive and definite are the exhibitions he sometimes receives of the control of an overruling power that those in other vocations are apt to feel in their puny personality a conceited sense of superiority and come to think of themselves as independent of clouds and storms, of sunshine and rain, and egotistically go their way without the slightest thought of any power beyond their own. Is not this one reason of the foolish assumption of superiority by the city over the country, one cause of the self-important air assumed by the city resident when he meets his country cousins and discourses on business matters. It would be amusing were it not for the stupid egotism thus exhibited. But the anxiety he himself admits when reports of severe drouths in the farming country reach him is ludicrous enough. He begins to faintly understand why the farmer is a conservative-minded man, neither an optimist nor a pessimist, and radical in nothing save in his political views, and in that only because he feels the possibility of his individual importance as a factor in election success or political reform. Despite all the drawbacks to continued prosperity the farmer's life is the life that is truly worth living; and more than any other he lives in calm dependence upon an overruling Providence that is more often kind and forbearing than harsh and severe. Though the city business man may dutifully realize that the same power controls his prosperity and success he never receives the same positive tokens of its existence as does the farmer. No wonder that he grows conceited, self-sufficient, and at times, purse-proud.

A special crop report from St. Paul, dated the 17th inst., states that wheat harvesting has commenced in Southern Minnesota and Dakota, and will be well under way in the entire Southern tier of counties next week. In Northern Minnesota and Dakota harvesting will not begin much before August. Reports show little change in condition. There has been no rain in the north for ten days. It is now the general expectation that Minnesota and Dakota will not produce more than three-quarters as much wheat as last year. The hot weather of the past ten days has been very favorable to corn in the Northwest. Chinch bugs are reported active at several places.

The ravages of the English sparrow, according to the facts gathered by the Agricultural Department at Washington, amounts to millions of dollars. They were first brought to this country in 1858, but it was not until 1870 that they became permanently established in a number of Eastern cities. Their fertility is astonishing, the average rate of increase being sixteen young to each pair of adult birds per annum. The bird has already made its home in thirty-one States and three Territories. It has spread out at the rate of 130,000 square miles a year. The report shows that it devours the germ from the fruit buds of trees, bushes and vines, and destroys great quantities of vegetables and flowering plants. In England a Government report estimates the loss from the depredations of the sparrow at £770,000 per annum and the loss is on the increase. The United States Department of Agriculture is now at work trying to solve the problem of how to get rid of these birds.

Wonders of Lake Superior.

Wonderful lore of Lake Superior may be picked up on the water front from the sailors, fishermen and all dwellers upon it. This father of lakes, we learn, has its tides, pulsations, heart-beats. There are three regular movements of the water—old watermen say—a daily rise and fall, an annual and a cyclical, the latter occurring once in about twenty years. In early winter the lake is covered with fogs and the constant evaporation so drains its waters that they are much lower in spring than in autumn, but when the snow melts and the rivers pour in their floods the water rises, attaining the maximum about the 25th of June. Then there is a constant and permanent recession of the waters, inasmuch that in time much that is now covered by the lake will be dry land. In the plain between Marquette and the lake, on the north, may be seen several distinct ridges, now far inland, which once formed the shores of the lake. The coldness of the lacustrine waters is another phenomenon. In winter the mean temperature of Lake Superior is thirty-six degrees, in summer forty, a difference of only four degrees. Ice does not melt quickly in water of that temperature.

Mr. Patrick Reagen, of Fullarton, is 107 years of age, and is still able to hoe potatoes and do similar work.

The Canadian Locomotive Works have concluded a contract with the Northern and Pacific Junction Railroad Company for eight engines, weighing 90,000 pounds each.

There are 430 postoffices in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and it costs $146,000 per annum to maintain them. In 1873 there were only four postoffices in the entire country, run at a cost of $4,000.

On account of the drought and the ravages of the chinch bug the spring wheat crop in the western and northwestern States is reported in a bad condition. It does not now promise to exceed 50 per cent of an average crop.

A gentleman, generous in his contributions for church purposes, but not regular in his attendance upon public worship, was wittily described by a clergyman as being "not exactly a pillar of the church, but a kind of flying buttress, supporting it from the outside."

The biggest cannon that Britain has or has ever had has arrived at Woolwich from Sir William Armstrong's factory at Elswick, Northumberland. The new weapon is a 110-ton gun, is 44 feet in length and 16¼ inches in diameter, the actual weight being 247,795 pounds.

New Zealand has been visited by earthquakes, accompanied by great volcanic eruptions. A tract of country 120 miles in length by 20 miles wide is described as nothing but a mass of flame and hot crumbling soil. A number of small villages were destroyed and 120 persons are known to have perished.

The great Pennsylvania Railway Company has, after many years of experience, decided that Sunday trains do not pay. It accordingly discontinued the running of all excursion and local passenger trains and all freight trains excepting those laden with perishable goods and live stock, on Sunday. As a result the men are found to be better able to do their work and there is less danger that accidents will take place.

Havelock, on the C. P. R., is the scene of the latest reported scandal. A Frenchman named Preneveault, who carried on the principal business of the place, being hotel keeper, store keeper and postmaster combined, became infatuated with a woman in his employ, and lately left with her for parts unknown, having previously converted nearly all his property into cash. He left a wife and five children almost wholly unprovided for.

It is alleged that the hotel-keepers in the various towns and villagers along the Canadian Pacific Railway have united to evade the Scott Act, to thwart and defeat informers and to provide a common fund for the payment of fines imposed for violation of the law. If it were true it means simply that the hotelkeepers have organized a league to set the law at defiance; that they have become conspirators, without regard for the fundamental regulations of society, and without respect for themselves.

The United States Postmaster General has, in compliance with petitions signed by business men in numerous cities, amended the postal laws and regulations so as to permit the transmission through the mails within the United States and Territories of liquids not liable to explosion, or spontaneous combustion, or ignition by shock or jar, and not inflammable soft soap, pastes or, confections, ointments, salves and articles of similar consistency, under certain conditions insuring safety to other mail matter in transmission.

The Knights of Pythias made an immense display in Toronto. Their procession was one of the most gorgeous affairs that has been witnessed for years. It is estimated that 30,000 strangers were attracted to the Queen city during their visit. They were feted by the Lieutenant-Governor and the City Council in a very handsome manner. There are Pythian lodges in every Province of Canada except Quebec, and grand lodges in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Order numbers 180,000 members and was founded twenty-two years ago by a workingman. At the present time it has $4,500,000 in its exchequer and its disbursements in its twenty-first year amounted to $1,000,000 in the relief of suffering, while altogether it had expended $20,000,000 in the same cause.

There is great excitement over valuable silver discoveries near Port Arthur. The mines are located 38 miles westward. At the present the Ontario Government is engaged in making colonization wagon roads through the region. Last year the Dominion Government gave a subsidy of $3,200 per mile for a colonization railway and the Ontario Government has promised a similar sum. The work of construction will be commenced this Autumn, the road running from Marillo, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Silver Mountain, a distance of thirty miles. The silver discoveries have so far been made at Silver Mountain, Rabbit Mountain and Silver Creek. At each of these places crushing mills are either erected or in the course of erection. The richness of the silver surpasses anything yet discovered, with the single exception of Silver Islet, which in the course of a few years, yielded many millions of dollars.

A bold impostor was arrested last week in London, Ont. A man named Sydney Burden, who was recently sent to serve six months in the Central Prison for larceny, came back a few days ago as the Rev. Duncan Campbell, a retired missionary from China. A short time since the Rev. G. W. Henderson, of No. 5 Ward, was unfortunate enough to lose his wife, and while unable to attend to his duties the Rev. Duncan Campbell came to the Board of Trustees and offered to officiate. He was accepted, and for a couple of services he occupied the pulpit. Since then he has been visiting among members of the church and others in the city, and in several instances either made offers of marriage to women, or proposed to take them to Scotland and educate them for mission work in China. The police found him dogging females around Queen's Park, and he was arrested as a vagrant. He pleaded not guilty before the Police Magistrate but subsequently withdrew the plea. Prisoner was sentenced to three months in the Central Prison.

For Newly-Wedded Folk.

(Detroit Free Press.)

She didn't show the least disposition to jump out of the car window, but all of a sudden he grabbed her by the paw. She grabbed back. Then he leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees and she fell toward him. It was a very uncomfortable position, but they maintained it with scarcely any change for hours. Her hat got skewed around almost hindside before, but she would not release her clutch for fear he'd go through the roof. His collar wilted and his necktie worked around under his ear, but if he'd let go her paw she'd think he was mad.

"Darling," said he, in a bullfrog whisper, "doesn't it seem funny?"

"I can't realize it," she answered, as she raked one of her back hairpins across his nose.

"All mine?"

"Yes, lovey,"

"Never get mad?"

"Never, sweety."

The man on the seat behind them folded up the paper, picked up his grip, and changed to a seat across the aisle. As he sat down a motherly-looking woman inquired:

"Are they married?"

"I think so, madam."

"And can nothing be done to stop it?"

"I think not."

For two or three minutes the newly-wedded were silent.

"Darling!" she suddenly sighed.

"What is it, my angel?"

"Darling!"

"What is it? If any base hyena has dared to cause you a moment's unhappiness I'll murder him! Point out the animal!"

"It isn't that."

"Then what?"

"I'm—I'm afraid you'll be—be mad."

"No, I won't. How could I be mad at you? What is it, Dolly?"

"Why, I wish you'd wipe the sweat out of that left ear. Now, you love me just the same, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And you ain't mad?"

"Why no. There now—who cares who's looking? It's nobody's business, anyhow?"

There was another interval, of silence, during which she tried to remember whether they were engaged the week before her father gave Henry the boot, or whether it was the next Sunday.

"Henwy?"

"What, angel?"

"Are we weally married?"

"Yes, love."

"And you love me?"

"With all my heart"

"And you ain't mad?"

"No, dearest."

"Then I'm so happy! Henry, squeeze my hand."

He squoze. We held an indignation meeting and appointed a committee to see if something could not be done; but he squoze the harder.

Three or four women got together and passed a resolution to the effect that if a railroad company could not protect its passengers the legislature should be appealed to, but that couple had a death-grip on each other and wouldn't let go.

The baggageman came in when sent for, but he said he was helpless. He knew just how we must feel but the road wasn't to blame. The conductor came back to the car and asked us not to lay it up against him. He was a poor man, had been out of a job several months, and this was his first run.

Well, the long and short of the matter was that eighteen or twenty of us rode 150 miles with that panorama, but such a thing will never happen again—never! We shook hands on that and agreed we'd walk first.

The English Government has granted a charter to the National African Company. The Company is expected to have a future like that of the East India Association, the expansion of which led eventually to the conquest of India. The National African Company is to convert the Niger into an English river. This means a new Anglo-African empire.

Col. Gilder couldn't go to the north pole because a professional swimmer named Dolly Adams, said he had a $1,000 Manhattan Railway bond that belonged to her. A tinge of romance is given to the affair by the statement that the fair and aquatic Dolly is passionately devoted to the gallant Colonel, and has taken the action she did, not to punish a criminal or recover her money, but to prevent him starting on his long and dangerous journey to the pole.

There seems to have been some open-air courting at Wingham on the twelfth of July. In one case a couple sat on the sidewalk in broad daylight and exchanged innumerable kisses and embraces, and in the ground where the speaking was a young couple stood on one of the seats where every one could see them and hugged. The young man weighed about 175 pounds, and had his arm tightly clasped around his girl's neck. Somebody came behind and shoved them off the seat, but nothing daunted they mounted it again and this time he held her round the waist. The crowd then began pelting them with sticks, which they stood bravely until sent to the ground by a second push. This time they did not venture to remount the seat, but they seemed quite unable to understand why they were subjected to such treatment.

A LITERARY COUP D'ETAT.

Of all the surprises to which the reading public has been treated by Mr. Alden's surprising LITERARY REVOLUTION, perhaps the most remarkable is the last.

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Births.

In Sidney, on the 19th inst., the wife of Mr. ISAAC MCCUTCHEON, of a daughter.

In Huntingdon, on the 20th inst., the wife of Mr. WM. BASSETT, of a son.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. H. Leitch, SIMON BROWNSON, of Rawdon, and EUPHEMIA, daughter of Mr. DAVID HOSKINS, Esq., of Eldorado.

In Main St. Church, Picton, on the 21st inst., by Rev. R. Walker, assisted by Rev. W. Jolliffe, Superintendent of the Picton District, and Rev. S. McCauley, Rev. HENRY E. F. OSTROM and MARY E. MCCULLOUGH, all of Picton.

As Night Came Darkly Down.

The night came darkly down;
The birdies' mother said,
"Peep! peep!
You ought to be asleep;
'Tis time my little ones were safe in bed!"
So, sheltered by her wing in downy nest,
The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down;
The baby's mother said,
"Bye-low!
You mustn't frolic so!
You should have been asleep an hour ago!"
And, nestling closer to its mother's breast,
The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft
'Twas laid with tenderest care,
"Good-night!
Sleep till the morning light!"
Whispered the mother, as she breathed a prayer.
Night settled down, the gates of day were barred,
And only loving angels were on guard.

Retribution At Last.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

On the silver sands of Easthere Bay, Cecil and Argent paced alone. Mr. Veriston and the clergyman had declined to descend the rough difficult path to the beach, and Cecil was only too glad to undertake the sole charge of the lady. It was a bold romantic coast, and an opalescent shimmering sea. At either side of the bay precipitous headlands cut the hazy sky, their granite surfaces starred here and there with scarlet poppies or tufted grass. Half way up one of these a white cottage nestled in a cleft of rock. Not a single sail broke the sleepy iridescent mirror of the sea, whose waves fell with the faintest murmur in one long creamy ripple on the shore. There was no sound, no sign of life, save the blue wreath of smoke from the cottage above. The smooth sand was undisturbed by any footsteps but their own. The martins flying swiftly to and fro and a crimson buttering fly were the only other animate creatures in sight. It was a charmed solitude.

After strolling a little way, Argent sat down, idly gathering the silver shells that lay near, scattered like pearls on the sands. Her large soft eyes were fixed upon the level stretch of water, a dreamy light in their azure depths. Standing by her side, his eyes dwelling upon her graceful figure, and his heart beating with a very passion of intense love, Cecil's thoughts were busy. Should he ever find the key to this girl's affections? Would those blue eyes fill with love's sweet tremulous beams for him? Would that pale fair cheek ever blush, and those calm pulses quicken at his approach? Even as he involuntarily asked himself these questions his heart sank. The bright hopefulness of a few hours since seemed to be all vanishing and slipping from his grasp, the happiness which had seemed so real and near disappeared in the far distance, even if not wholly lost. Should he ever win her? Was it not proverbial that men rarely got that one prize on which their hearts were set? Why should he be an exception to the rule? The tender silence of earth and sky oppressed him, and the murmur of the sea filled him with vague indefinable melancholy. Why did Argent sit there so unmoved, so still, and so forgetful of his presence? Why was she so cold, so proud, and so unutterably fair?

"Oh, how beautiful it is!" exclaimed Argent suddenly; and the young man started at the sound of her voice—he had not dreamed of her breaking the long silence which had fallen upon them. With the words, his doubts and his gloom vanished, and hope smiled on him once more.

"It is indeed," he said, seating himself by her side. "I have not been down here before, and did not expect to see such a lovely little bay. How pretty these shells are too!"—taking one in his hand.

"'What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.'"

"Yes," said the girl, with one of her rare smiles; "they are beautiful! I have a long string of them at home. I am afraid Mr. Stone robbed the mermaids for me."

"Mr. Stone again," thought her companion savagely; but all he said was "No doubt the mermaids would forgive the theft. I dare say they abound about here. When the full moon trails her white garments far across the sea, and all besides is wrapped in slumber, then I can fancy a group of them out on yonder rocks, combing their golden hair and singing songs that curdle the blood with their eerie sweetness."

Argent turned her fair face to him with unusual interest.

"Ah, if one could but hear and see them!"

"But that would be death."

"Death! How fond you are of that ugly word!"—turning away with a frown.

"Am I? Well, there is one word of which I am very much fonder."

"What is it?" asked Argent unsuspiciously.

"Love!" answered Cecil, his voice sounding unfamiliar in his own ears.

Argent rose, graceful and calm, yet with a slight shadow—or so he fancied—on her face.

"It must be late," she said. "See—they are signalling us."

Mr. Veriston's long white handkerchief was indeed being frantically waved; but, when Cecil responded somewhat less vigorously, Mr. Veriston and the clergyman turned away; and once more in silence the young man and the girl climbed the path.

In after-years Mr. Graham remembered the rest of the hours of that day as among the happiest of his life. He held his darling's little hand in his own during their ascent of the cliff, where assistance was a necessity; and the soft clinging touch of her fingers haunted him all night. It seemed to him that she was a little less cold and a little less indifferent than before as they walked slowly back across the heathery common, where large bees were booming in the purple blossoms, and numerous white and yellow butterflies fluttered lazily athwart the gorse. The fresh salt air, the sense of space, and the glorious dome of cloud-flecked blue above exhilarated the young poet. Of a temperament ever peculiarly open to the influences of nature, he was doubly so now in the first rapture of his love, which tinged with its own glory earth, sea, and sky.

Afterwards Cecil spent an enchanted hour in the drawing-room by Argent's side, having left the old gentlemen over their wine. She sat calm and tranquil as usual, half buried in a large arm-chair, languidly flirting a peacock-feather fan to and fro. The evening was warm and close, and the windows were open to catch every possible breeze. The shadows of the trees outside flickered across the girl's golden hair and white dress. She looked as ethereal as a spirit, unsubstantial as a thought in a dream—"A splendid angel newly dressed, save wings, for Heaven." The perfume of roses stole into the room, its quiet broken only by an occasional word from one or other of its occupants. Cecil was too dreamily happy to speak much; and Argent was always slow to speak—silent to a fault, some people would have said.

When Mr. Graham left the Mere House, which he did early, having important letters to write, he persuaded his companion to walk through the garden with him on the pretext of seeing the sunset. A strange sunset it was after a day so soft and calm. The sun sank blood-red, the whole sky was covered with streaks of crimson, fading to purple in the east. In this strange unearthly light the house stood out red and threatening. The leaves fluttered redly, and the flowers took each a deeper flush, a richer rose-hue, while the distant sea mingled with the glowing west.

"What a wonderful sunset!" exclaimed Cecil, as Argent paused at the gate. "There is something almost awful about it, something ominous of I know not what."

"As if the very elements were on fire," supplemented Argent, raising her eyes to the glowing vault above.

"As if the last dread day were dawning upon us," said Cecil solemnly.

The girl drew the shawl she wore more closely round her shoulders with a quick gesture.

"Are you cold?" he asked, tenderly anxious.

"No, only——"

"Only what?"—still more tenderly, when she paused.

"Only I must go in now," she answered abruptly. "Good night."

"Must you? Good night, then"—pressing her hand as warmly as he dared. "This has been a happy, happy day; one I shall never forget! Have you been happy, Argent?"

He uttered her name tremulously, his lips lingering on its soft syllables; but Argent's thoughts were evidently far away. She merely said, absently—

"What? Oh, yes!"

Then he was fain to release her hand and depart with that last stab for company. Before he entered the path which led out of sight of Veriston, he turned round for one last look. And there, while his heart beat joyfully at the thought that she should watch him thus, leaning on the gate, her face turned towards him, stood Argent. In the crimson sunset her golden hair and her white dress seemed, as he looked more closely, to be dyed in blood. It was a strange and terrible sight! Like a cloud over his new-born joy a dark impalpable shadow of foreboding descended, not to be thrust away; and perfectly superstition-proof though he deemed himself, Cecil Graham turned hastily away with an involuntary shudder.

CHAPTER V.

The days went on, each laden with its dreams, its hopes, its flowers of promise, its passionate love, its attendant sorrow; and the poem progressed. In it Cecil poured out his soul. Its hero uttered all the eloquent love and longing the author dared not yet speak. In it Argent Veriston moved, a glorified vision of ideal womanhood. Something of the odors and flowers of summer-time breathed through its pages, and something of the wild storms of summer too. Cecil felt impelled, in spite of himself, by that strange power which governs the poet's will, to bring his poem to a sad and mournful close.

He read some of his verses to Nellie Mill as they sat together in the jessamine-roofed arbour in the little garden; for good Mrs. Mill, now that she knew her lodger better, made no objection to an occasional chat; and Nellie's tears had fallen thickly and fast over the poem, until Cecil had to soothe and pet her like a child, her tears flattering him not a little. Pleased with what he chose to consider her appreciation, he read her more and more, never thinking how dangerously sweet these readings might be to the young unsophisticated girl.

Even though madly in love with another woman, he found it pleasant to sit with Nellie when he could not be with his idol. He found it pleasant to watch her changing color and her heaving breast, to see the quick tears starting, and to read in her eyes the deepest awe of an intellect so vast, the most impassioned admiration for a genius so miraculous—ay, and a love strong and fervent for himself was there too, only this he did not see.

Foolish little Nellie loved the young poet, who was so far above and beyond her in every way. Her wild wrath on the day he left her to turn back alone had all evaporated in tears. Here was a weak, undisciplined, passionate nature, quickly roused, and quickly soothed. She had reasoned herself blindly into believing that Cecil cared for her, although she knew of his daily visits to Veriston. She suffered herself to float like a flower severed from its root on the false sparkling current, unresisting, heedless, full of hope, and full of pleasure—on, on; but whither?

The rain was falling with a soft sound on the quivering foliage that darkened with green gloom the windows of the dim drawing-room at Veriston. The drenched flowers bowed their heads beneath the fast-coming drops. It was going to be dark early that night, and already twilight shadows were falling.

Cecil Graham and Argent stood in the deep recess of one of the windows, which was wide open, for there was no wind, and the rain could not touch the broad sill. Immediately below, the beds were covered with white narcissi, while tall Ascension lilies stood on either side; the air was heavy with their sweet strong perfume. Argent caressed one of these lilies with her slight fingers, as she stood leaning gracefully against a corner of the massive window-frame, herself a very incarnation of the "flower of Heaven;" so at least thought her companion as his eager eyes rested upon her. Her white clinging dress revealed the delicate contour of her figure and trailed on the floor behind her; her pale face was bent, and a shadow from the leaves fell on her smooth head. A smile of dreamy sweetness parted her lovely lips as she opened the calyx of the flower she held, and gazed within at its golden heart.

Cecil had been spending the whole day at Mere House, which was no unusual occurrence now. He had become quite a favorite with the old man, since he was not only ready to listen to his meandering discourses on science, philosophy, and what not, but also, having a knowledge of the subjects which interested his host, he was capable of joining in and offering new ideas for consideration. But this was only when the two were alone. Whenever Miss Veriston was present a curious silence fell upon the young man. He answered absently and at random. He was always watching her, always on the look-out to pay her attention, to forestall her slightest wish, and to gratify her slightest fancy. Heart and soul he gave himself up to the wild worship she inspired.

Was she conscious of it? He could not tell; still less if she reciprocated his feelings in the very least degree. She would often smile upon him now, a smile clear and cold as starlight. She would talk to him as she never did to her father, would listen with some amount of interest when Cecil read aloud to her. Yet her eyes never brightened, her hand never trembled, and her colour never deepened at his approach. Often when he unexpectedly met her his heart would throb till he could hardly see, and his blood would course swiftly; but the first accents of her cold low voice would strike like ice on his veins. Many a time he had been on the point of telling her all his tale of love; but when her eyes rested on his with their remote unseeing gaze,

"Look calm, yet bland,
I shall not know, I will not understand,'

the words died on his lips. He must wait, he told himself, with a sigh; wait longer yet.

But now the hour had come. He was going back to town, so he told Mr. Veriston, whose regret had been unfeigned. Glancing at Argent as he said it, he had surely caught a gleam of interest in the quiet face, an unmistakable shadow had dimmed her eyes, and her voice had a ring of sadness when next she spoke. His patience, then, had earned its reward! His love had stirred the placid depths of her girlish nature at last! Now was the time to put out his hand and grasp the pearl, to pluck the lily and wear it on his breast!

"I am going away," he said, at length, abruptly, when the girl, having dropped her flower, was apparently absorbed in watching the rain. "Will you miss me a little, Argent?"

"Yes," she answered very gently.

"Are you sorry then?"—coming a little nearer.

Argent clasped her hands before her, and looked out through the thick leaves to the troubled west, where a bar of amethyst light parted the gray clouds.

"Am I sorry?" she repeated dreamily. "Yes, I suppose so," sighing a long soft sigh. That sigh set his heart beating wildly; and, before he could go on, she said, "But you will come again soon—soon?"

Cecil paused a moment to command his voice. How beautiful, how sweet, how pure she was! And all his own, he knew it now! Stilling with a mighty effort the mad throbbing of his pulses, with a passionate movement he took both the fragile hands into his warm grasp, pressing them against his breast; and, while she stood looking up at him, pale and statue-like in the gathering gloom, with her eyes, full of some new emotion—was it pain or pleasure?—fixed upon his, he said, in tones that shook her to the soul—

"Argent, Argent, I will come again if you bid me; for I love you, darling, my darling!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, have the travellers arrived?" asked Madge Graham, throwing her hat aside, as she sank into a chair, apparently quite overwhelmed by the heat.

"No," responded Cecilia, one of her sisters, coldly. "It would be a relief to my mind if one of them never did arrive. Why could not Cecil have married some one in society?"

"Lady Mary Grainger, for instance," murmured the third sister, who was fanning herself languidly in the depths of a luxurious lounge. "But of all things that he, with his refined æsthetic tastes, should have tied himself—in this rash hasty way to a—to a mere country bumpkin!"

"Outrageous!" exclaimed Cecilia.

"My dears," remarked Mrs. Graham mildly, "you forget that your brother describes Miss Veriston as being a most beautiful and aristocratic young lady. He would scarcely be likely, you know, to admire a 'country bumpkin.'"

"Oh, don't tell me!" replied Cecilia sharply. "It is just your high-flown geniuses who do all the most ridiculous and *outre* things. He would get some rubbish into his head about this girl, and fancy her perfection, no doubt!"

"Really, Cis," cried Madge, "your language is elegant! You have got 'rubbish,' as you term it, into your head! Why, Cecil describes her as a lady of high degree, though out of the world if you like; and none the worse for that. He says"—pulling a letter from her pocket—"'She is as fair, as graceful as a lily, golden-haired as Eve when first——' Oh, I needn't read all that!"—smiling to herself. "Let me see, 'Their family boasts a much greater antiquity than ours. The house and park are magnificent! I should like you to see them; and I am sure no one could help loving Argent. There!"—triumphantly.

Mrs. Graham sighed contentedly; even Cecilia was silent for a moment.

"I wonder what she will think of our being in town now—actually August!" said Cecilia. "Everybody gone; and we, for papa's foolish whim, left vegetating here in the heat and boredom!"

"Well, well! But do give me a cup of tea!" implored Madge, burying her face in a mass of stephanotis, the offering of some favoured swain. "I must go and dress; they are sure to be here soon."

An hour or two later, just as Mr. Graham, senior, was growing impatient for his delayed dinner, there was a ring and a double knock, followed by the sound of voices without.

Madge rushed to the door in her impetuous way, and threw herself into Cecil's arms as he was about to enter. Hastily putting her away, he turned to his mother; and, in a stern strange voice that struck a chill through the family circle, said—

"Mother, here is my wife—Mrs. Cecil Graham!"

Mrs. Cecil Graham! In spite of good-breeding all were taken aback, and his mother put her hand to her head perfectly confused. Instead of the fair elegant lady, whose description Madge had read so enthusiastically, a little plump girl scarcely more than a child, dark-haired, showily dressed, and covered with blushes, came somewhat awkwardly from behind the shelter of Cecil's tall figure.

There was a look of scorn on Cecilia's haughty face. Mrs. Graham, losing all discretion in her wonder, burst out with—

"Why, Cecil, is this your bride? I thought you said she was tall and fair?"

"This is my bride!" interrupted Cecil, with sarcastic abruptness. "Nellie, kiss your sisters-in-law."

Upon this Madge, who had turned from red to pale, and from pale to red, with a violent effort took the trembling girl's hand.

"You are welcome!" she said; and then, "I will take you to your room. Dinner is ready, and papa doesn't like to wait; so don't change your dress."

Oh, how the grandeur of the Piccadilly mansion overwhelmed the little country girl! She scarcely dared to tread on the velvet-pile carpets, or glance at the powdered footmen; still less could she stammer out a word to those soft-voiced, satin-robed ladies, who seemed to her like the inhabitants of another world.

In a whirl of awe and nervous excitement she followed her sister-in-law up a wide staircase to the apartments which had been prepared for the bridal pair. The bedrooms were adorned with every possible comfort and luxury; and a stifled exclamation burst from the young wife's lips as she entered.

"You like your rooms?" asked Madge, opening a door into a pink-lined nest. "This is your boudoir. Your dressing-rooms are opposite. I hope you won't mind being condemned to town for a fortnight longer? We cannot persuade my father to leave before then."

"Oh, no!" replied Nellie in a hushed tone, scarcely understanding this speech.

Madge forced back a sigh as she looked a moment at her brother's country bride; then, with a murmured "I will send your maid; but please don't change your dress," she left the room, and Mrs. Cecil Graham was left alone.

A most uncomfortable dinner was that which followed. Cecil, totally unlike himself, was silent and abstracted, replying in monosyllables to his mother's endless questionings. He seemed like one in a dream, whose heart and thoughts were far away, not indeed like a man who had won and wedded the woman he had chosen out of all the world to be his wife.

The bride, in her travelling-dress of brilliant hues and country make, her face excessively flushed, her hands trembling, painfully nervous and *gauche* in manner, felt herself to be the object of mute criticism on the part of her new relatives, as well as the servants, of whom she stood nearly as much in awe. The knowledge did not tend to improve either her manners or her appetite. It was easy to see that one and all disapproved of her, though the disapproval was veiled by a great show of politeness; and the girl's heart swelled within her with wounded pride and vanity.

As for Madge, she knew not what to make of it. There must have been some dreadful mistake. This little country girl was not in the least like the graceful, golden-haired creature his passionate adoration of whom Cecil had confided to his favorite sister. Plainly enough Cecil was miserable—plainly he did not care an atom for his bride. What was the solution of the mystery? Madge had a horrible feeling of the world's being out of joint, as she sat through the long stately dinner, painfully alive to all the *gaucheries* of her brother's wife, painfully alive to Cecilia's frown and sneer as the bride said "No, sir," to her father-in-law.

Later in the evening, when one or two people had come in and conversation was going on freely, Madge found an opportunity of drawing Cecil aside into the empty conservatory. Laying her hand on his arm, with a loving gesture, she said tearfully—

"Oh, Cecil! Tell me, dear, how all this has happened."

"All what?" he asked, a frown darkening his face for a moment.

"You know, Cecil. Don't pretend to misunderstand me. Won't you confide in your own little sister? I can't bear to see you so miserable!"

Cecil sat wearily down on an artificial rocky-seat; and, groaning, he hid his face in his hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

THE INSANITY OF GEORGE III.

Sketch of his Case by a Great English Specialist.

George III., who was on the throne for fifty-nine years, and who died at the ripe old age of 82, had no less than five distinct attacks of insanity. The first attack showed itself in 1766, after he had been on the throne for five years, when he was only 27 years of age. From this period until 1810 he had relapses, amounting to five attacks in all. He made, apparently, complete recoveries from all these except the last, which occurred ten years before he died.

These periodical attacks of insanity were of short duration, the average being six months. The symptoms of the first were studiously kept from the world at large and from the members of his family and household. During his illness seven physicians ministered to his wants. Pitt was rather astonished at having revealed to him some important State secrets from the King. His condition was one of melancholia, attended with shedding of tears and much constitutional mischief. He was irritable; no one dared to oppose him or to contradict him in anything. He did not often realize his real mental state, but would declare that he was as well as he had ever been in his life. He would, without any reason, become dissatisfied with his Ministers and draw up a list of fresh ones. Dr. Warren was his chief and favorite physician. This eminent Doctor was, in addition to being the royal physician, also retained as medical attendant by the leading statesmen of the time—Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. He was considered to be the head of his profession.

Dr. Warren being a general physician, it was ultimately considered desirable to have a specialist in attendance on him. The Rev. Dr. Francis Willis was chosen for this object. In addition to ministering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners, he would try his skill in brain affections, and to such an extent were his efforts successful that he established an institution for the care of the insane, and, having made a name in that branch of his profession, was chosen as the "mad doctor" to the King. Though at the age of seventy years when appointed to the post of medical specialist to George III., he fully retained his talents and faculties to the very utmost, "a man of ten thousand, open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded." He took up his residence at the palace, being always in attendance on his Majesty.

The medical treatment was arranged in a morning consultation; and it was understood by the other doctors that that Dr. Willis was not to undertake any decided step in the treatment of his patient until after the physicians had met, the other doctors visiting in stated order and rotation.

Two surgeons and apothecaries were also retained, doing their amount of duty as prescribed. The medicinal treatment was purely of a tonic and saline description, the remedy principally used being cinchona bark. At the time of which I write mechanical restraint occupied a prominent part in the management of the insane, and to this now almost exploded form of treatment the King was subjected. There was nothing, however, in his condition which justified the use of it, judging from our present view of the matter.

The King himself did not after his convalescence regard the restraint system as harsh, for one day walking through the palace after his recovery from one of his attacks, he remarked: "It is the best friend I ever had in my life," alluding to a strait waistcoat, which had not been put away. In 1788, during his second attack, in consequence of its length and the questions before Parliament being of the most vital importance in their issue, it was found necessary to draw the attention of Parliament to the desirability of providing a regency to manage the State affairs. It was universally agreed that the Prince of Wales should act as Regent. There were, however, dissensions between the Whigs and Tories as to what powers he should assume in his regency.

A committee of the House was appointed to examine the physicians, the reports of such examination being laid on the table. A few days after this committee sat the following questions were submitted to the physicians: "Is his Majesty incapable by reason of the present state of his health of coming to Parliament or of attending to public business? What hopes are there of recovery? Is your answer on this question founded upon the particular symptom of his Majesty's case or your experience of the disorder in general? Can you form any judgment or probable conjecture of the time his Majesty' illness is likely to last? Can you assign any cause for his illness? Do you see any signs of convalescence?" The answers were not on the whole satisfactory, except the one relating to the probability of recovery, which was answered in the affirmative.

The King did recover, but only to have a further relapse, and during this time all public business was at a standstill. Lord Elden, the Lord Chancellor, an intimate friend of the King, was held personally responsible for many of the strange actions performed by his Majesty during his mental derangement. This State of affairs went on until the time of his last seizure in 1812; though at times even then taking deep interest in politics, he was generally completely mentally incapacitated. He frequently shed tears. He fancied that he was dead, and one day remarked: "I must have a suit of black in memory of George III., for whom I know there is a general mourning." He talked to imaginary individuals, his memory a complete blank, especially for recent events. Toward the end of 1819 his appetite failed him, and in 1820 it was impossible to keep him warm, and he gradually sank and died Jan. 19, 1820.

THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

The Natural History Court.

The western transept of the Central Gallery is devoted almost exclusively to Natural History specimens of all kinds and from all parts of the Dominion. The most conspicuous feature is naturally the commanding game trophy occupying the centre. This trophy is octagonal in shape, though of such a formation as to allow of considerable width for display on the north, south, east, and west sides. Upon the main part of the structure are tastefully grouped specimens of animals and heads mostly from their habitat, Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The greater portion of these have been collected by Mr. J. H. Hubbard, President of the Manitoba Gun Club, in his North Western wanderings, and their variety and excellence as well as their judicious arrangement do him great credit.

Manitoba and the North-West may now be said to form the only hunting field left undisturbed in North America, for there is nothing of the kind remaining in the United States. Thus on the trophy, in the centre of the east side, may be found an immense moose measuring as much as eighteen hands three inches in height, set up with great faithfulness to nature, while of moose heads there are as many as seventeen, one of them measuring five feet three inches from horn to horn. Near at hand will be seen an excellent head of a young cariboo; also a head of the black-tail deer as well as a very large elk from Lake Winnipeg. On one of the smaller sides of the trophy a fine elk head from Lake Manitoba will be noticed, while other good specimens of elk heads are from the same part. All these species of game are quite abundant on the shores of Lake Manitoba, and Lake Winnipeg, and through Keewatin. On the west shores of Lake Manitoba the elk—or wapiti, as it is at times, though not quite correctly, called—is more abundant than in any portion of the North-West. Norway House, Nelson River, is as yet untouched—has, in fact, seen no hunter's footsteps. In the Peace River district this class of large game is also very abundant. The region is indeed unexplored, known only by the Hudson Bay officers and Stobart, Eden & Co's. representatives, who with the Indians constitute the inhabitants. Eagle Pass, in the Gold Range, is a favorite resort for the cariboo. Of the buffalo, some excellently-set heads are shown on all sides of the trophy. This famed reminder of former days is now of course extinct, and sportsmen must not go to the North-West in anticipation of such excellent sport as it would afford, unless indeed it be true as reported that it may still be found in the Peace River country. The only herd known to exist is now under the careful guardianship of the governor of the Penetentiary at Stoney Mountain. Here they roam on the open prairie, unworried by sportsmen and their every want provided. The buffalo heads shown by Mr. Hubbard on the trophy are from Wood Mountain and Medicine Hat. Above the entrance on the north side of the trophy is another valuable buffalo head, lent by Messrs. Pocock & Co., formerly of London, and now of Souris, the animal having been shot by Mr. Pocock himself. But in all these districts the last of the buffalos has disappeared. The sole remaining link with the past is the collection of bleached bones scattered over the prairie, and even these are fast following the fate of the buffalo itself under the grasping hand of commercial enterprise. Of deer, Mr. Hubbard shows a good head for Southern Manitoba, as well as two of the black-tail deer already mentioned. The Geological Survey of Canada exhibit an almost perfect specimen of the Virginia deer, shot near Ottawa last winter, as well as two cariboo heads. These latter are from Nova Scotia, where, in hilly parts, the cariboo is still abundant. They may also be frequently met with in the counties of Gaspe and Bonaventure, in Eastern Quebec. Of the musk ox Mr. Hubbard's collection contains an admirable head and skin, certainly one of the finest exhibits. It is from the barren grounds of the Mackenzie River. Indeed, it is only between this point and Hudson's Bay, extending far into the Arctic region, that the musk ox is met with, and it is from these parts that the musk ox furs find their way to Fort Churchill and thence into English markets.

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

A girl baby was born in Knowlton, Que., recently with four teeth.

Timber wolves have been seen in the neighbourhood of the Little Saskatchewan.

The Hudson Bay Company have paid school taxes at Edmonton amounting to $966.

Twelve Montreal carters have been arrested for loitering in St. James' and Notre Dame streets.

The contract has been let for the erection of a school-house in the Saskatchewan Roman Catholic School district.

Mrs. Donald McNiven, of Harriston, while cutting grass with a sickle, completely severed her forefinger midway between the first and second joints.

Peterboro' town dogs have been tagged, and farmers and other visitors from the country are warned not to bring their dogs with them except they are anxious for a parting.

The Peterboro' Review has been favoured with a poem over a yard long. The author, with commendable prudence, did not send his name with the manuscript. His obituary will, therefore, not appear at present.

Reports from the locality of the Keppel tragedy are not satisfactory. Hen roosts are being robbed by wholesale. Farmers are concerned for the safety of the property, and many suspicious characters infest the neighbourhood.

A brutal fight in which twelve men were engaged took place in West Brantford one night recently. One man was so badly injured that it was an hour before he could be restored to consciousness, and another was terribly punished. The police are investigating.

Two hunters have just sold their spring catch of fur at Edmonton for $600. They had 132 beaver, 12 lynx, 1 bear, and other furs. The same men made an excellent hunt last fall, killing 100 bears, 19 moose, and other animals, the fur and hides of which they lost this spring by the river rising and flooding their dug-outs.

The sum of $250 has just been sent from Winnipeg to aid three of the poorest families of Russian Mennonities, numbering 32 persons, to make their way from Turkestan, Asia, to Southern European Russia. On their arrival there a further sum will be sent to bring them as far as Hamburg, Germany, and it is hoped that arrangements will then be made to bring them on to Manitoba.

Dr. Lloyd, of Bobcaygeon, who has been missing since last spring, is found to have been drowned, as was suspected. His body was found floating in shallow water, face down and a small, white-handled knife which he had carried for some time, hanging around his neck by a string, had got tossed around, and was lying on his back. The remains were interred beside those of his wife.

A cat belonging to Mr. W. Johnston, of the Lake Shore Road, near Oakville, has just accomplished a long walk. When moving from his farm near Omagh last spring, Mr. Johnston also moved his cat enclosed in a bucket, covered with a cloth, a distance of eight miles. The cat seems, however, not to have appreciated its new home, and the other day was found at the place whence it had been removed.

The Mounted Police at Battleford have arrested Breaking-through-the-ice, on suspicion of being a runner from the South. He had recently come from the Blackfoot Country, and was prowling around the reserves in a suspicious manner. This is the same Indian for whose arrest General Middleton received orders at the time of the surrender of Poundmaker and his following, and who was released at Regina without sentence.

Sufferings in an Open Boat at Sea.

The Royal Mail steamer Kinsembo, which has arrived in the Mersey from the West Coast of Africa, rescued at sea, in an open boat, two men who had been eight days without food or water. The boat had originally four occupants, but two of them died of their sufferings before the Kinsembo fell in with the boat. When the Kinsembo was near old Calabar an object was descried in the distance. It appeared to be a canoe, but no occupants were visible. For fear there should be anybody in the tiny craft, Capt. Liversidge ordered the signal whistle to be blown. In a moment or two there slowly rose from the bottom of the boat the form of a man.

The steamer's course was then altered, and on coming up to the canoe it was found to contain two natives, one poor fellow lying helplessly at the bottom of the boat. The two men were then helped on board, and the doctor of the steamer was soon in attendance on them. When they had sufficiently recovered they told a pitiful tale of suffering and death. They were fugitives from Prince's Island, fleeing from the yoke of their Portuguese masters. They were Krooboys and had gone to Prince's Island many years ago to work on the plantation for about a year. When their period of agreement was up, they said, they were not permitted to leave the island.

They got clear of the island, but on the third day a tornado was encountered and the boat filled with water. The men had then to get out of the boat to bail the water. What little stock of fresh water they had was spoiled, and some of the paddles of the canoe were also lost. Day after day passed without bringing any rescue until the eleventh day of their departure from the island. They had then been about eight days without food or water, excepting some salt water, which only made their thirst more intense.

India-rubber is menaced with a rival. The rubber dealers of Eastern Nicaragua think they have discovered a tree whose gum will give as much satisfaction as rubber, and will, in fact, take its place. They say that the milk of the tuno furnishes a most excellent gutta percha, equal to the best found in the Eastern tropics, while the number of trees is virtually inexhaustible, and the gum can be produced with profit at twelve cents a pound.

"FIRST AND LAST OF FIELDS."

BY J. A. L.

The distance from Belgium's beautiful capital to the battlefield of Waterloo is about 10 miles. On the evening of June 15, 1815, when the officers of the allied armies were tripping around the ballroom of the Duchess of Richmond, and the rank and file were snoozing quietly in their respective billets, few of the peaceful inhabitants of Brussels knew how far it was to Waterloo. But some 60 hours later, when the roar of the great battle swept over Brussels from the southward, each peaceful citizen was doubtless convinced in his own mind that Waterloo was just around the corner. When on the morning of June 16, 1815, the allied soldiers were ordered to set out in the direction of Waterloo they were obliged to walk. At the present day the tourist who wishes to visit Waterloo drives to the Station du Midi and takes a train which 40 minutes later sets him down at a queer little cross roads station called Braine l'Allend. Here he finds several two-story buses in readiness to convey him to the famous battlefield. Here he also finds a number of guides, all dressed in blue blouses and black caps. They all speak broken English, and they all do their talking at a considerable distance down their throats. And they all have colds. There is nothing musical about the heavy guttural utterances of a Flemish peasant, who rejoices in the possession of a voice in perfect health, but when he is suffering from a cold his cadences strike susceptible nerves quite unpleasantly. The tourist belongs to the guide who reaches him first. Those who ascend to the top floor of the bus do so by means of a ladder, which is then removed. This makes it difficult for the dissatisfied passenger to get off before he reaches the first inn connected with the bus line. The road from Braine l'Allend to the battlefield is beset by juvenile beggars, who turn somersaults whenever a bus or carriage approaches, and then run after it chanting, "Please, Messieurs, charity; please, Messieurs, charity." The creatures keep this up as long as there remains a single person in the vehicle who has not thrown them something, and then, without stopping to rest, they

SWOOP DOWN RELENTLESSLY ON

the next conveyance. The foot traveller who falls into the hands of these youthful brigands must be liberal if he hopes to escape. The little beggar will follow his prey regardless of an apparent determination not to notice him. From the road which leads to the battlefield may be seen a number of pretty little villas, which are evidently the Summer homes of the retired guides and of the parents and guardians of the youthful beggars. Shortly before the bus reaches the end of its journey it suddenly halts in front of a quiet inn, out of which comes a polite waiter, who calls out, "Will not the gentleman have some of the good beer what they like?' Within a few moments after the tourist has made his escape from this inn he alights near the foot of the Lion Mound. This mound, which was erected over the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded and where still rest the bones of thousands who perished in the fight, is 200 feet high and over 2,600 feet in circumference at the base. A flight of steps lead up to the top of the mound, which is crowned with a block of granite, on which stands a huge figure of the Belgian lion resting one of his fore paws on a cannon ball and looking down proudly into the little valley which lies before him. In this little valley, which does not appear to be more than half a mile in width, was fought the famous battle of Waterloo. Along the ridge on which stands the Lion Mound were posted the allied troops, who, all day long on that famous 18th of June, successfully resisted the gallantry of France and the genius of Napoleon. The ridge to the left of the mound is not as high as it was when the battle was fought, as the earth of which the mound is composed was moved from there. Across the valley on the opposite ridge can be seen the white walls of the little inn of La Belle Alliance. This building, in 1815, was the farm house in front of which Napoleon stood and

WATCHED THE BATTLE

with the wings of his gallant army extending along the ridge on either side of him. At a little cross road to the left of the mound is the spot where the Duke of Wellington passed the greater portion of the day. Near the road which ran from Wellington's headquarters to those of Napoleon is the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in the which still remain the bullets which were left there when the French attacked it. Near this farm-house are the monuments of the German Legion and of Gen. Gordon. To the right of the mound, and near the bottom of the valley, are the remains of the Hougoumont farm-house, the key to the British position, which was held throughout the day at such great cost. Many changes have been made in the appearance of the country in the rear of the ridge which the allies held during the great battle. The forest of Soignies, which was immediately in the rear of the British position, has since retreated some distance toward Brussels, and several flourishing hamlets have sprung up in the neighborhood. An old stone windmill, however, which stood at the edge of the forest, still remains.

The valley on which the Belgian lion looks down has undergone few changes. The only inscription on the lion memorial is "XVIII. June, MDCCCXV." The block on which the lion stands has been covered with the autographs of tourists. Some have been written in pencil and others in chalk. Some have faded out, while others will remain, for the reason that they have been carved into the stone. Among the prominent of these autographs is that of William Smith, of Texas, no doubt a wealthy cattleman who in his humble cowboy days was known as Wild Bill. But he gained wealth, and having a strong arm and a trusty jackknife he resolved to make his name known to the tourists of the world. The gate of the little farm yard of Hougoumont stands invitingly open to tourists, but when the latter attempt to leave they are met by a matronly-looking woman, who remarks in a business-like manner. "A half a franc for every one of you." Although a Belgian woman, and probably knows no other English, constant use has enabled her to get of this sentence with a truer accent than the average English peasant woman could master. In the ruins of an old Hougoumont outbuilding which was shattered during the fight is a little chapel with an altar on which stands the figure of a saint. The wall, and even the saint, are covered with the autographs of vandal tourists. Even the eyes have been disfigured by initials. In the little wood which adjoins Hougoumont still remains the red brick wall which an advancing column of French soldiers mistook at first sight for the British, and in connection with which mistake THEY CAME TO A SUDDEN HALT. Among the allied troops were a number of Belgians who early in the fight were troubled with weak knees. Some of these men were very anxious to get away, and, not wishing to rouse general attention by walking over to the French, modestly started in the direction of Brussels. Among them was a man who lived to rear a large family of healthy sons. The youngest and lustiest of these sons has for some time past been a professional orphan. The path from the Lion Mound has been fenced in in such a way that the returning tourists are compelled to pass in review before the health orphan of the Waterloo soldier referred to. The guides explain to the tourists that they are expected to pay tribute to the orphan, and the orphan is undoubtedly required to "whack up" the tribute to the guides. If the Duke of Wellington, with all his English prejudices against being imposed upon, had been in possession of enough of the prophetic quality to have realized what annoyances would certainly befall his future countrymen and others in consequence of a British victory at Waterloo it is doubtful whether he would have told the guards to "up and at them" until he had at least attempted to hold a parley on the subject with Napoleon.

A small farm road runs across the crest of the little hill known as "Mont" Saint Jean, and which crowns the ridge along which the allied troops were posted. Close to this road and immediately under the shelter of the summit of Mont Saint Jean was the cornfield in which until the close of the battle the sturdy English bulldogs of the Guard lay and listened to the shouts of the fray and the whizzing of the cannon balls which were

MOWING DOWN THE RANKS

of their comrades while they impatiently awaited the order to throw themselves upon the enemy. When at length the day was nearly over and Wellington from his post at the neighboring cross roads observed the Prussians rushing out of the woods on his left he also saw a heavy column of men from the opposite side of the valley moving toward the crest of Saint Jean, where was posted the British artillery. Then Wellington spurred his horse toward the sheltered cornfield and told the sturdy bulldogs who lay there to "up, and at them." The fast sinking sun streamed out through a break in the evening clouds and poured its mellow rays over the forest of Soignies as the Guards rushed out from among the ripening corn and threw themselves upon the gallant Frenchmen who had forced their way up Saint Jean's side. Across the valley, near La Belle Alliance, Napoleon then sat upon a snow white charger and calmly awaited the result of the fierce struggle on the hillside of Saint Jean. The struggle was soon over. Then the grim figure on the white charger saw his gallant Imperial Guard flying down the hill pursued by the men who had routed them. He saw the lines of the allies which had stood like bulwarks all day long against the French onslaughts now turn into moving, shouting, masses, which poured triumphantly down into the valley. He heard the stubborn Prussians thundering on his right, and saw the veterans around him wavering. Then he knew that the star of his destiny had fallen, and pushing blindly forward, strove to fling himself upon the bayonets of the approaching conquerors.

Over 70 harvests have been gathered in from that little valley at the foot of Saint Jean since the day when death reaped her great harvest there. Each Springtime the peaceful Belgian farmer upturns the same soil which 70 years ago was plowed up by the cannon of the contending armies. That soil which was once sprinkled with the blood of thousands of the bravest sons of France, England, Germany, and Belgium looks as peaceful as if it had never been disturbed by anything heavier than the rude carts of the laboring peasants. Cattle and sheep graze quietly on portions of the historic field, while in other portions the ground is hidden by the ripening grain. The quiet evening mists sometimes settle where the clouds of battle once rolled. The lowing of the cattle, the bleating of the sheep, and the voices of the guides and tourists are the only sounds that now come up from the quiet valley which on that fateful June Sunday shook beneath the mad thunders of Waterloo.

HYDROPHOBIA OR BEE STING.

Death Following a Sting in an Arm Bitten by a Dog Ten Months Before.

Robert Robinson, the 16 year-old son of Col. John Robinson, has just died at Wadesboro of hydrophobia. In August last a strange dog came to his house and attacked one of the yard dogs. Robert went to the rescue of his dog and was bitten on the arm by the strange dog, which then ran off. It attacked several other dogs while running away but was finally killed. Robert's family feared the results of the bite, as all the evidence indicated that the dog was mad, but so long a time elapsed without evil consequences that their fears entirely ceased.

On Tuesday last, the young man was stung by a bee on the arm bitten by the dog. Robert suffered great pain. On Saturday morning, while engaged in conversation with his mother, she observed that Robert had fallen into a strange mood, laughing frequently outright and immoderately without apparent cause. He admitted there was nothing to laugh at, but that he could not help it. His father being informed of his peculiar condition, and at the same time discovering unusual nervousness in the patient, suggested taking him to a physician, but proposed first to give Robert a milk toddy to quiet his nerves. The sight of the liquid threw the young man into violent convulsions, which continued until several of the physicians of Wadesboro and vicinity arrived. The most powerful opiates were administered, and even the profuse application of chloroform failed to keep him quiet long at a time. He foamed at the mouth, gnashing his teeth in the effort to bite the attendants about the bedside. In his lucid intervals, although brief, the poor victim gave every evidence of intelligence, talking with those around him of his awful condition, and, realizing that he must die, he expressed a resignation to God's will, and prayed that all others might be spared the fate that had befallen him.

Earthquakes and other Earth Movements

We are accustomed to think of the earth as something solid and fixed; and, as a testimonial of this impression, the Latin phrase *terra firma*, firm land or solid ground, has been naturalized in the languages of nearly all civilized peoples. On the other hand, we speak of water as unstable. But the geological history of the earth and the more careful observations of modern times have taught us that these ideas do not correctly represent the qualities of the landmasses and water-masses of the globe as compared with one another. The ancient shore-marks on the continents and the phenomena of elevation and subsidence that have been observed in historic times, confirming their evidence, shows that the land the and the ocean are continually changing the level as one another; and it has further been made evident, by experiment, as well as by *a priori* reasoning, that it is not the ocean that changes, but the land which undergoes alternate movements of elevation and depression. An earthquake shock is a phenomenon well adapted to destroy the faith of any person who feels one in the fixedness of the earth; and such, by the evidence, is the effect for the time on all who experience these shocks. Even the light pulsations which sometimes pass over part of the country occasion panic and excite a momentary impression that everything is falling over or sinking away; while the more violent shocks that are felt in earthquake-infested countries produce indescribable terror; and such catastrophes as those historical earthquakes of Lisbon and Caracas, and the more recent ones of Ischia and the Strait of Sanda amount to a demonstration that the reason for such terror is real, and that the continents also cannot escape the general law of change and perishability.

Earth-movements—the name by which these phenomena may be most conveniently described—are various, and comprise, so far as they are now considered, earthquakes, or sudden violent movements of the ground; earth-tremors, or minute movements which usually escape attention by the smallness of their amplitude; earth pulsations, or movements which are overlooked on account of the length of their period; and earth oscillations or movements of long period and large amplitude—like the shifting of levels of land masses—which attract attention from the geological importance. Some of these movements have only recently begun to attract attention. They are all intimately associated in their occurrence and their origin.

A so-called mad dog in Hebron, Ky., bit a cow. The cow in a few days showed signs of rabies, and about the same time a baby that had been living on the milk of the cow became similarly affected. It is said that the symptoms of hydrophobia are pronounced in the child, whose sufferings are very great.

"Lecturing on Greece," as the auctioneer said when he stood on the tub of butter to sell goods.

HOUSEHOLD.

Decorations.

Russian Samovas of brass compose part of the necessary furniture cf the modern table.

Orange tints are useful in many cases for interior decoration, as they are warm and pleasant.

Coral is just now in large demand for embroidery work, combined with marine plants, showing delicate tracery.

Revolving flower-pot stands afford a ready mode of varying effects of groups of plants in parlor or sitting-rooms.

Carpets should never be shaken, as their weight inclines them to part, but be laid on a rope and then beaten at the back.

Pastoral, knightly and woodland scenes, and village festival *tableaux*, in Limoges, may be blended together in mantel facings with charming effect.

A suitable color for recesses holding marble statuary is cerulean blue; while one of the best backgrounds for gold and green bronze is Indian red.

A Japanese tea-tray of lacquered wood is composed of a series of divisions, each with a separate porcelain base, with design in gold and colors, and with varied molded border.

For picture frames, old brass elaborately designed is in much request. They are especially appropriate to pictorial designs in the same metal or in *papier-mache*.

Whilst we produce in tiles every variety of tint at will, the ancients used only two tints, red and white, employing brick clay, with a transparent glass from powdered brick ore.

It is always well to give the stairway wall of the several stories a different decorative treatment; also to introduce horizontal lines, as giving greater breadth and stability of appearance.

A novel hall hat-rack, of simple hard-wood frame, is provided with protruding and erect ovals of nickel-plated wire, as a ledgment for silk hats; an inclined half moon wire device affords equal security for felt hats.

At a recent lunch party the napkin at each plate was slipped into gilded clothes pins; the pins were decorated with tiny bunches of forget-me-nots, rosebuds and other small flowers painted in oil, and were retained by the guests as *souvenirs*.

A pretty, healthful and economical finish for ceilings and walls is made of pulverized soapstone. It can be readily washed, takes a high, polish, is pearl gray in tint, presents the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or water color, and will neither crack nor chip.

The tile facing of a marble mantel showing a continuous plant and floral design, in delicate hues, on a white ground, presents the novelty of birds in brilliant plumage, and bright, gaudy insects, rendered in relief in quartz grains in metallic colors, producing a picturesque effect. The importation is from Germany.

In a pint of spirits of wine dissolve two ounces of seed-lac, and two ounces of white resin. The principal use of this polish is for the carved parts of cabinet work, such as standards, pillars, claws, etc. It should be laid on warm, and if the work can also be warmed at the time it will be still better. All moisture and dampness should be carefully excluded.

Choice Recipes.

Crumpets.—One and one half pints of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, two of baking powder, one egg, nearly a pint of milk and cream mixed all together; bake in well buttered hot gem irons; serve hot.

Ribbon Cake.—I like this recipe very much: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda one teaspoonful cream of tartar, two cups flour. Bake half of this in layers. To the remainder add one-half cup molasses, one cup flour, a little soda, and fruit and spice to taste. Bake this in layers and put the whole together with jelly, using first a dark layer, then a light one.

Corn Starch Cream Pie.—One pint of milk scalded, two tablespoonfuls corn starch, three tablespoonfuls sugar, yolks of two eggs. Wet the starch with a little cold milk. Beat the eggs and sugar until light, and stir the whole in the scalded milk. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls lemon. Line a pie plate with pie crust and bake. Fill with the cream and cover it with frosting made of the whites of the two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls sugar. Set in oven a few minutes to stiffen.

Tomato Figs.—Take small red tomatoes, scald and skin them quickly, breaking them as little as possible, add one-third their weight of granulated sugar, boil slowly until they are clear, take them out and spread them on plates; boil the juice till it is very thick, pour it over the tomatoes, and dry them in a warm oven. When dry pack in layers in a clean paper box, first sprinkling sugar over the bottom of it and also between each layer, pack tightly and cover closely, and you will have a nice confection for winter.

Lemon Pickle.—Choose a dozen fine, middle-sized lemons, fresh and perfectly sound, scrape the outside of them with a piece of broken quart bottle, and then cut them lengthwise down into four quarters, but not quite assunder; they must be left so as to just hang together. Rub these over with salt on the rough outside, and fill the cuts with salt in the same manner; put them into a china or earthenware bowl that will just hold them, sprinkle some more salt over them, and turn them once a day; let them lie thus four days. Parboil twelve cloves of garlic, or small onions cut into thin slices; add to these an ounce of white sugar, a handful of white mustard seed, and as much cayenne pepper as will lie upon a dime. Sprinkle some salt among these, and let them stand all the time the lemons are in the bowl. Then have a clean stone jar ready, take out the lemons one by one, squeeze them a very little, and lay them carefully in a jar; lay in the spices all about them, and tie them close down; let them stand a month and they will be fit to eat. Sugar can be added to taste when served.

Russian Peasant Courtship.

When once a paraeok (young Russian peasant) with his parent's consent, of course, has made up his mind to marry a certain girl nothing can make him go back on his way, he is as firm as a rock in carrying out his purpose. Whenever an opportunity of seeing the sweet of jeet offers itself to him it is generally taken advantage of, and thus something like a courtship springs up between the young lovers. This, however, is of no long duration, and is of the simplest character. The parabok frequently visits his dyevka, but this is generally done when the parents of the latter are in the land of dreams. A stable or a pigshed, a corner of which is often found to be occupied by a peasant girl as a summer residence, answers the purpose of a reception room or parlour. It is there in that improved parlour where young lovers reveal their hearts to each other.

A Texas man tells this cheerful tale of the experimental school of medicine: "A woman came to a prominent physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave him a prescription and said, "Get that prepared at the drugstore and rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself."

"No," snappishly said the Summer boarding-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, who was inquiring as to the healthfulness of the locality: "No we ain't got no typhoid germs, and there hain't been no calls for 'em either. Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of what's good to eat."

AROUND LONDON ON SUNDAY.

[*From Our Own Correspondent*.]

Sunday can scarcely be said to be so well observed in London as in Toronto—that is outwardly. Cabs and busses lumber through the streets in every direction; trains shoot across the street overhead or rumble under foot carrying their hundreds and thousands away from the smoky city to the green lanes of suburban towns. (Who can blame those who go solely to get out of this great riot of humanity and hold a short service of their own with the congregation of trees and flowers that stand ever ready to "clap their little hands in glee," as Longfellow would say, and never utter a harsh sentiment about song or sermon?) Fruit and candy store stand open here and there; costermongers display their cart loads of oranges close to the sidewalk and tempt the appetite of the thirsty stroller by showing a few oranges partially skinned and with a slice off the top exposing a depth of lusciousness beneath, while—sad feature of English life—dense crowds stand in front of every public house as morning draws on, waiting for the bars to open, and these crowds number old women, young girls and little children who are sent with jugs for the family's beer, if they do not come on their own account. We hear, by the way, of a deep depression over all Great Britain, but we forget that money enough is drunk in beer, whiskey and gin in a single day to provide employment for all the poor of the Kingdom for a week.

The first Sunday I spent in London I took the opportunity of hearing Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist preacher. He had been ill for a long time and had just reappeared in his pulpit. He did not look—to a stranger at least—as if he were suffering, for he has a corpulent figure and a round and pleasant English face. The tabernacle was crowded as usual. All seats not occupied ten minutes before the time of starting service may be appropriated by strangers. I got a good seat in the body of the tabernacle, and with a sea of faces all round me was relapsing into reflections on the loneliness of being in a strange church, feeling that one is in somebody else's pew and surrounded by a multitude with not one familiar face, when—lo! up in the gallery near the preacher's chair I beheld Mr.—— of Toronto, while a few seats in front of me sat Mr.—— and Miss—— of Niagara Falls. I immediately felt at home. Mr. Spurgeon on opening the service referred to his illness, and hoped that if his voice was not as strong, or his sermon as clear as it ought to be, they would know the reason why. His sermon was founded on the incident of the Samaritan woman at the well of Jacob, or rather the conversation which takes place between Christ and his disciples when they return from the town with food. "In the meanwhile his disciples prayed him, saying, master, eat. But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of." The disciples had been charged with grossness, for their incapacity to see any other than a physiological meaning to our Saviour's words, but the preacher thought these words were quite natural. No man could live without eating, and he thought men should devote a full share of their exertions to providing their tables with healthy food; but what he wished to show was the enthusiasm of Christ in the work he came to do. This Samaritan woman, whose past life had been none too good and who had come out for water at an hour when few people were about, was the first convert made by Christ. Step by step, in the conversation about the water of this life he had led the woman up to a degree of realization of the source of spiritual life, and as he looked into her soul and saw the first evidence of her willingness to receive the new "gift of God," a new enthusiasm filled his own soul and made him forget for the time his own bodily wants. Mr. Spurgeon's hearers might think it was a great thing to be able to preach before a vast congregation and have his sermons repeated in papers read by millions, but he assured them he felt a greater satisfaction and deemed it a greater honor to have some person come quietly and testify that he had been saved through his preaching. He never felt a deeper joy than when he read one day in some paper of a West Indian who had been converted by reading a translation of one of his sermons. There was more honor in doing the obscure work of Christ than in making a public noise. This first sermon of the greatest preacher on earth was preached to but one person, and that a woman of doubtful character, whom many a preacher of these days would not think it worth while to waste a word upon. And yet Christ's highest skill of illustration and his greatest tact were thrown into this conversation, and the reception of it filled his whole heart with joy and anticipation of the future of his gospel as he pointed to the crowd of Samaritans then coming up and said: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." The whole sermon was an encouragement to those who are willing to do the solid and unostentatious work of Christianity in this world.

There was no collection; but strangers, as they came to the porch, were handed a little envelope into which, if they wished, they could put something for the new college.

Spurgeon's is the eloquence of plain words, he uses no flowery oratory, but, like Moody, says what he means in words that any ordinary man may understand. This, with his earnestness, is the secret of his power.

Yesterday a friend took me to hear Dr. Joseph Parker at the Congregational church known as the City Temple, in High Holborn. Dr. Parker has a fame in the Congregational Church of England corresponding to that of Dr. Wild in Canada, except that Dr. Parker's gifts are not of the prophetic order. His talent is rather in the dramatic line. He is about 60 years of age, in physique, and especially in voice, he calls Henry Irving to mind at once. If he had not been a preacher he would have been a splendid tragedian. The church was well filled, as I suppose it always is. The interior is very handsome; having a gallery supported by columns with corinthian capitals, and just enough of gilt and light coloring about them, and the other decorations, to relieve it of the sombreness of most London churches. It has the everlasting stained glass on all the windows. In one close by us, our Saviour in a bright colored garb is represented talking to the Samaritan woman at the well, the woman also dressed in bright red, with the apostles so close about them that they must have heard all that was said—in fact they seem to be participating in the conversation. Again, in the midst of a sort of Catharine wheel window, behind the pulpit, the Saviour of the world in a garment of the brightest red, and——

But, to the preacher. It appeared that this was one of a series of sermons the doctor was preaching on the book of Job. The general design was not quite clear, but one point in this part was that the speech of Zophar, the Naamathite, in which he accused Job of indulging in too much eloquence, was justified by the facts—that Job insisted too much on his own virtues, and held up to a stronger light than needed, his sufferings. It was like a banker who was fond of telling how he could do the financing of the world. In hearing such a man we could not forget that it was a banker who was talking. Eliphaz, the Temanite, was presumed to be one who saw visions and had a turn for spiritualism; Bildad, the Shuhite, was versed in the literature and philosophy of the day, and Zophar, in his speeches, represented the contemporaneous thought of the time. These men could not help thinking, as was natural to them—that Job, for his sufferings, had committed some secret crime which he could not confess to the world. Job, on the other hand, appeared to have misunderstood the teaching of his trials.

So much for the sermon. Before the congregation had chanted one of the familiar church of England chants, joined they in singing the plaintive:—

> "Sinful, sighing to be blest,
> Bound, and longing to be free,
> Weary, waiting for my rest,
> Lord be merciful to me."

The effect of an English congregation's singing is that of a melodeon, compared with the thinner pipe organ sound of a Canadian congregation, I fancied.

Just before the collection the doctor reminded us that the contributions would be in aid of the annual Sunday School treat, and they proposed bringing the children down to the seaside and give them a breath of sea air, a romp on the sea shore, or a dip in the surf. It was also proposed to take a few of the poor old men—and the doctor lingered pityingly on the "o" till the people smiled sympathizingly—and it was remarkable when it was mentioned to the few poor old people, how many other old people had turned up during the week and said, "they had heard of it." In consequence the committee had more to provide for than they expected. The appeal was made with perfect art, and I noticed a good number of gold pieces in the collection box, when it came round. I had had a penny in my hand, but when he brought out that pitying o-l-d I brought out a sixpence instead. If I had been anything but a newspaper man I would have made it a sovereign.

A Scene in Summer.

Turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge. There we'll sit and sing while this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives a yet sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look, under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and saw others craving comfort from the woollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content that I thought, as the poet has so happily expressed it—

> "I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me. It was a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care and sang like a nightingale.—*Izaac Walton.*

Having Fun With a Snake.

During the noon hour among the workmen employed in improvements along the railroad west of Sterlington, Ala., station, one of the bosses noticed the other day that a gang of Italians had found some amusement in their shanty which kept them in a constant state of hilarity for nearly the entire hour. Just before it was time to resume work the boss walked to the shanty to see what it was that excited the merriment of the Italians. He found three or four of the laborers with sticks six or seven inches long in their hands. One of them stepped to one side of the shanty, thrust his stick quickly at something on the ground, and jumped quickly back, at which the spectators laughed heartily.

The boss made his way through the men to see what it was at which the Italian thurst his stick, and came in sight of it as one of the man had made a thrust, and jumped back just in time and far enough to escape the fangs of an enormous rattlesnake, which sprang at the man, and then quickly recoiled on the ground for another spring as another Italian advanced.

The snake's eyes glittered with rage, and its rattles filled the shanty with the noise of its vibrations. The boss shouted to an Italian who was advancing for his turn at the sport, and said a few words in Italian which caused an instantaneous clearing out of the cabin. The Italians had captured the snake in some way while at work, and, ignorant of its deadly nature, had dragged it to their shanty, where for an hour they had played with the reptile, escaping its fangs only by extraordinary good fortune.

The snake was killed. It was nearly five feet long and had a splendid set of rattles, seventeen in number. Even after the snake was dead not one of the Italians who had so fearlessly tempted death while ignorant of the venomous character of the snake, would go anywhere near it, and when they had occasion to enter their shanty crossed themselves and left again as hastily as they could.

He Would Argue With the Highwaymen.

Mr. McRoberts, now editor of the Leeds (England) *Mercury* was at one time a reporter in San Francisco. He was the most argumentative, and, at the same time, the calmest man that ever struck the town. He would stop work at a fire to argue. Mr. McRoberts was on his way home early one morning, when an American citizen suddenly popped up with a pistol levelled at his head, and said:

"Throw up yer hands!"

"Why?" asked Mr. McRoberts undisturbed.

"Throw them up."

"But what for?"

"Put up yer hands," insisted the footpad, shaking the pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. McRoberts. "If ye can show me any reason why I should pit up ma hands, I'll no say but what I weell: but yer mere requaist wad be no justification fur me to do sae absurd a thing. Noo why should you, a complete stranger, ask me at this oor o' the mornin', on a public street, tae put up my hands?"

"Dash you!" cried the robber; "if you don't quit gabblin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!"

"What! Faith, man, ye must be oot o' yer heed. Come noo, puir buddy," said Mr. McRoberts, soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wrestling it with a quick twist out of the man's hand; "come, noo, an' I'll show you where they'll tak care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try tae focht, or ecod I'll shoot ye. By the way, ye might as weel put up yer ain hands, and jist walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge away noo."

And so Mr. McRoberts marched his man to the City Prison, and handed him over to Capt Douglass.

"It wuddna be a bad idea to put him in a straightjacket," he said, serenely, to the officer. "There's little doot but the buddy's daft."

And he resumed his interrupted homeward walk.

A Fatal Game of Cards.

Thomas Turley, aged aged 22, of Jersey City, was admitted to St. Francis Hospital, in that city, on June 14, suffering from a fracture of his right elbow. The surgeon told Turley that he could not live many hours. Turley then sent for one of the hospital Sisters, and told her that he really got in a fight with Charles Gallagher. He said Gallagher and he were playing cards on June 7, and they got into a dispute, which ended in Gallagher hurling a stone at him. The stone hit his elbow. Turley said he refrained from telling the truth about the matter before because he did not want to injure Gallagher, who, until the time of the fight, was his best friend. The Sister notified the police, and Gallagher was arrested. He was taken to the hospital by a policeman, and the dying man repeated his statement. Gallagher said nothing. Turley at first thought nothing of his injury, and did not realize his danger until inflammation had set in.

The difference between a dude and a cucumber is that the latter has no idea how sick it can make folks.

THE FARM.

Men Who Succeed With Sheep.

Under the above head the Breeders' Gazette makes some sound and sensible remarks: Depressed and unpromising as sheep farming and all other farming is just now, there are, nevertheless, some who make it pay.

The men who make a success of sheep husbandry are confined to no special locality, are found wedded to no particular breed or variety of sheep, evince no characteristic in common beyond a persistent, intelligent determination to adapt their surroundings to forcing the best possible results from their expenditure of labor and money.

They are found among the owners of high-priced lands dividing the busy cities of the eastern and older states, with round bodied, early maturing sheep, always ready to respond to the metropolitan demand for first-class mutton.

They are found on the grassy hillsides of the middle and manufacturing States, where near-by markets and fleeces and carcasses render the flock a favorite investment for those who know how to get the best results from it.

They are found in the grain growing regions, where corn and oats and hay are marketed in the form of well fattened mutton carcasses and weighty fleeces, leaving the land as rich as they found it and reducing the toll of the common carrier by many fold.

They are found along the frontier, where free pasturage for summer and cheaply raised grain for winter are assured facts.

Scattered as they are, all over the country, addicted of necessity to adverse systems of management, nevertheless the men who have made a success of sheep husbandry will be found to possess certain uniform characteristics. They are intelligent, experienced, prudent, persevering. Intelligent enough to appreciate their own surroundings and to know the type of sheep best suited thereto. Sufficiently experienced to know that their business is not necessarily a failure because prices for its product are not uniformly high. Prudent enough to escape the panic which periodically seizes their weak-kneed co-laborers, and to profit by the mistakes of those who persist in selling when sheep are low and buying when, as a result of such folly, prices again advance. Persevering, with faith in that average of results which has made sheep husbandry as good a record for profit as can be shown for any other agricultural specialty.

These are the men to whom those younger ones who think of becoming flock-owners should look for lessons, rather than to that class of talkers and writers who at times occupy the public attention.

Timely Suggestions.

The old saying is that one cannot eat his cake and have it too; but it is possible to dig some potatoes out of a hill early without disturbing the plants, and then by replacing the earth have the roots throw out a new set of tubers. This is an economy in growing early potatoes that may be practiced when the first tubers ready for market bring high prices, but not enough to warrant pulling up the vines for half a crop.

Canada thistles that have an even start with either oats or barley will ripen their seed before the grain is ready to harvest. This should be prevented, if possible, as thistle seed going with grain straw into the manure heap is one of the ways in which this pest is spread. A man with a sharp hoe will cut out the thistles in the grain while it is yet small, and in many cases the gain to the grain crop will entirely pay for this expense, leaving the check to the thistles as clear profit from the operation.

Lath make excellent bean poles. Drive in two to the hill, starting at an angle of say 75 degrees, remembering that 90 degrees is a point directly overhead. Let these lath meet at the top. When the vines reach the ends allow them to lap over a foot, and then pinch them off. You will get more beans, even of Limas, than if allowed to grow six or eight feet high. Try it in a small way and set me right if I am wrong. I have made mistakes a few times in my life and hope to again.

Thin out the fruit. If we would have large, fine fruit, a certain proportion of leaves to fruit must be established. It seems a waste to cut off a dozen bunches of grapes upon a single cane; a waste to destroy six young apples where there are but nine. Still a green plant can only do so much work. Take your choice between an abundance of inferior fruit or less of the best quality.

John Tucker says, in the Farm Journal, that it does him good to hear people talk about clover and hogs. There is no way a farmer can improve a field faster than by seeding it down and pasturing hogs on it—unless it is to sow peas in a lot and then let the hogs eat them on the ground. A pint of corn fed to a hog every day in a clover pasture will make it fit for killing before cold weather. Two quarts of middlings a day wet up and fed to a hog, wintered over, in connection with good pasture, will make it ready for the market in autumn. In this cheap way the hogs may be fitted for market early and the land fitted for a good crop of corn the next year. The shut-up system of making pork is mighty poor economy. The hogs will do a great deal for us if we only give them a chance.

SHOT DOWN BY HIS BROTHER.

Stephen and Harvey Campbell Fight in the Presence of Their Mother.

Harvey and Stephen Campbell lived with their mother near Arcola, Ill. The other day their hired man, James Randall, went on a spree, returning at night pretty well loaded up. Steve upbraided Randall for leaving his work in a busy season, and they were soon engaged in a hot wordy quarrel. Harvey interfered to quell the dispute.

Steve replied: "It is not your put in, and I'll thank you to mind your own business."

Harvey, who is much the older, and has long lorded it over his brother, intimated that he was ready to settle the dispute in the good old-fashioned way. Stephen had a revolver, which he handed to Randall saying: "Harvey wants to fight, and if I have this I am liable to use it: so you keep it.

Badgering words were passed to and fro between the brothers until Harvey grabbed Stephen by the neck. The latter struggled till he got loose and backed into the parlor, in the presence of their mother, Randall following wi the revolver in his hip pocket.

Stephen, standing behind his mother in the parlor while Harvey was yet in the sitting room said: "Now, d—n you, nothing will do you but a fuss, so I will give you a good one."

Randall was standing close by. Reaching around behind him, Stephen slipped from his pocket the revolver that had been given to Randall only a few moments before for safe keeping. Three shots were fired in quick succession over the mother's head. One passed through the body of Harvey, within two inches of his heart, and was picked up on the floor by the mother; the second protruded from the back, and was removed with little trouble; the third inflicted but a slight flesh wound. Harvey kept endeavoring to reach a gun that sat in the corner. Stephen threatened to shoot again if he came an inch further. There was no need of the threat. Harvey sank to the floor bleeding.

Physicians were called, but nothing was to be done but administer stimulants, Harvey, who was in robust health, stood the shock remarkably well, but the physicians said that there was not one chance in a thousand for his recovery. Stephen, after shooting, went to Arcola and gave himself up, turning over the deadly revolver to the officer, but playfully asking to keep the three empty shells for keepsakes. He was released on $3,000 bail. He signed his own name to the bond, and it is good for three times the amount.

The mother of the boys saw it all, but did not try to interfere. She said she knew one of the boys was bound to get hurt anyway. Steve was pretty full at the time himself. The next day he said he wished they would hurry up and get through with the shooting scrape because he wanted to get back to the farm and boss his hands. His happy spirits found vent in singing hilariously, "I am gathering flowers for mother's grave." Stephen has been married but a month. He is very well off, having inherited a 300 acre farm from his father's estate. Harvey is equally well off. Stephen is barely 21, and Harvey is about 35.

HERE AND THERE

Cholera is spreading with great rapidity and deadliness in Southern Japan.

Lieut. Gosson has invented a method for firing dynamite shells from ordinary cannon, which has just been tried successfully in San Francisco.

A Utica genius has invented a farm harness that weighs less than fifteen pounds, and does away with whiffletrees, traces, and many of the cumbersome straps and buckles. Morever it is cheap.

Mrs. John Wallace of Knoxville, Tenn., stepped to the gate to look for her five-year-old boy, and at that moment a runaway horse dashed by. It is thought that she supposed that her boy had been run over, for she fell to the ground dead.

Superintendent Apps of the Star and Crescent Flouring Mills of Chicago is a tough man. He was caught in the belting of the Mills the other day, whirled over three pulleys, thrown violently to the floor, and yet not a bone was broken, his only injuries being a few flesh wounds.

Mrs. Catherine Waggner, aged 111, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Waggner, aged 109 years, live within sight of each other, near Bartersville, Ky. They have never seen a railroad, and each has had for fifty years a silk dress laid away in which to be buried.

The latest reported fasting girl is Julia Harris, the twelve-year-old daughter of a Methodist minister near Fowles Station, Texas. She is said not to have eaten anything in forty-six days. She was unusually fat when she began her self-imposed fast weighing 180 pounds. She is greatly reduced in fat now.

George Bail of Hartford has made a water bicycle. The rider sits on a high seat supported by two long, narrow floats rigged catamaran fashion. He propels with his feet a large wheel which gearing operates a little screw at the stern of the craft. A few trials show the bicycle to be fast and easily managed.

Mrs. Robert Skooch of Coral Mich., after bending over the wash tub until tired, sat down to rest taking her baby boy on her lap at the time. She felt faint, rose to go to another room, fainted dead away, droping the baby into a tub of water as she fell. Her husband, coming in soon after, found the mother unconscious on the floor and the little one drowned in the tub.

Mrs. Maria Farrow of Central City, Ill., is 76 years old. A year ago she got the contract for delivering the mail to the Post Office at $5 a month, and all through the winter she never missed a day. Her duties require her to hang the mail pouch on the crane at the depot, and once, doing this, she fell and broke arm. Now she is well and, though not an offensive partisan is a very faithful official.

William L Noyes and James B. Mudgett farmers of Richmond, Vt., quarreled over the ownership of a parcel of grain, and Noyes punched Mudgett with a pitchfork, making a slight wound. A doctor was called, and when Noyes saw him go to Mudgett's house he became very much excited, and, saying to his wife, "I will kill myself," went to the barn and shot himself three times, dying almost instantly.

A farmer, living near Luverne, Ia., asked a butcher of the same place if he wanted to buy a fat cow. He said he did, and that he would go after it soon. When the butcher arrived at the farmer's he found that the latter had no fat cow, but had been joking with him. The farmer won't joke that way any more, for the butcher brought suit against him and obtained judgment for $5.

While a gang of prisoners were waiting on a wharf at Philadelphia for the arrival of the police boat to take them to the House of Correction, Moses Kelly made a dash and jumped into the water. He disappeared and was thought to be drowned, but careful search revealed him in the mouth of a sewer sixty feet from where he went under. He was dragged out with a boathook, in much the same condition as Jean Valjean after his famous wade in the Paris sewer.

A citizen of Detroit has had his faith in human nature rudely shaken. One day when the rain was falling fast he saw a young man and a young woman paddling through the wet, umbrellaless. He was near his own door. So with rare philanthropy, he thrust his silk umbrella into the hand of the astonished young man saying. "Take this: you have a lady with you. You can bring it back to-morrow to that house there." The young man took the umbrella, and the good citizen of Detroit hasn't seen it since.

C. L. Badley, a notorious negro gambler of Nebraska, was shot near Crawford the other day. One bullet hit him in the back of the head, tearing off the outer plate of skull, another went into his eye, another hit him in the forehead, and the fourth went into his right arm. He never lost consciousness, and at last accounts was alive. The four wounds make bullet scars; he bears twenty-five. He was wounded four times in a fight last winter, and carried a bullet in his tongue a week before he found out what "felt so curious."

Let the timid women who are inclined to jump from a carriage every time the horse pricks up his ears read this story of a Westfield, Mass., girl. She was driving a spirited horse, when the headstall broke, and the bit came out of his mouth. Of course, he ran. The girl, perfectly powerless to restrain him, sat upright in her seat, while the frightened animal ran wildly through the streets. She never said a word, even when a daring man caught on behind and climbed into the buggy, only to find himself quite as powerless as the girl. But this added weight helped, for after a half-mile run the horse was tired enough to admit of his being caught, and the girl jumped out of the buggy, not much frightened, and not a bit hurt.

The Boer's Retort.

The Transvaalers are generally offensively rude to Englishmen; but, as a rule, their insults lack point. There is, however, something almost like wit in the Boer's retort recorded by Mr. Aubertin in his "Six months in Cape Colony and Natal." After a hot wrangle: "What is the use of a handful of rude animals like you," said an Englishman, "pretending to beat a country like ours? Do you know that the sun never sets on the Queen's Dominions?" "What of that?" asked the Transvaaler. "Why, it shows our enormous power." "It rather shows something else, in my opinion." "What may that be?" "It shows you are such a set of rascals that Providence can't trust you in the dark!"

Talking about busy men who leave their homes early and get back after dark and never see their children, a man of that sort was hurrying away one morning when he found that his little boy had got up before him and was playing on the sidewalk. He told the child to go in. Child wouldn't. Man spanked him and went to business. Child went in howling. The mother said: "What's the matter?" "Man hit me," blubbered the youngster. "What man?" "That man that stays here on Sundays."

"Tickled by a straw"—A woman with a new bonnet or a man with a sherry cobbler.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Despised Flower.

No one knew how it came there, that great ugly sunflower, with its gaudy yellow blossoms. Perhaps a bird dropped the tiny seed; perhaps the south wind wafted it from some fair country, far away over the restless blue sea, but certainly the gardener did not plant such a thing amongst the lovely flowers of the garden.

In this garden were lovely dewy pink roses, red roses, yellow roses, white roses, stately lilies, drooping fuschias, graceful ferns, shy purple and gold pansies, conceited coxcombs, pert sweet williams and hundreds of other flowers. *They* looked upon the sunflower as an intruder and despised it accordingly, but in spite of their scorn it kept on growing taller and taller, till it could see over the high garden wall into the dusty road beyond.

"What are you good for, you big weed? Do the ladies ever wear your yellow blossoms?" asked a red rose gaily nodding in the wind.

"You do not smell sweet," murmured a blue violet.

"And you are not pretty," said a pink hyacinth trying to catch a glimpse of herself in the fish-pond.

"Yellow and brown—ugh!" said a tiger lily, tossing her head till the air was fragrant with her sweet breath. "What a vulgar combination!"

"You are very useless," observed a bit of sweet marjoram. "Beauty is nothing;" "usefulness is everything." You ought to be pulled.

"Whoever"—began the jessamine—but what she was going to say is lost to the world, for just then a gay party of young people came flitting down the walk, laughing, and chatting as only young people can.

One young lady—the sunflower thought—must be the queen. But her crown was of soft fair hair, and the white hand holding up the trailing velvet robe had no jewels on it. She came slowly forward, looking up at the sunflower with eyes as blue as the fringed gentians at her feet. She broke off one of the flowers and pinned it on her belt.

"Fie, Helen," cried a chorus of gay young voices; "do you see any beauty in that gorgeous thing?"

"Yes," Helen answered. "See how it pays a mute homage to the sun. See how it keeps turning its blossoms to the giver of its life and beauty." Then she murmured softly:

> The parent sun who bade thee view
> Cold skies, and chilling moisture sip,
> Has clothed thee in his own bright hue,
> And touched with jet thy glowing lip.

She caressed the flower with her soft hand, and they pass on, leaving the poor friendless thing quite happy.

"Some one loves me," it whispered, and rustled softly from very joy.

But presently there was a shout and down the path came a curly-headed boy in pursuit of a tired, frightened butterfly; but before his cruel little hands could touch it it had settled itself safely on the topmost flower out of their reach.

"Ugly old thing," cried the boy, his face red with passion, "if you weren't so tall I would get the butterfly." He caught the stalk and tried to shake the trembling insect down; when he found he could not he flung a handful of gravel at the flower and went away.

"Surely God put you here to help the oppressed," said the weary butterfly. Then the sunflower felt so happy. "I am good for something," it said gladly, and rocked itself to and fro in the wind, rustling its leaves till the tired butterfly folded its wings and slept.

By and by the sun went down and the moon rose, and the fairies crept out from the flower's hearts to dance in the moonlight—all except one poor little fairy with a broken wing, who climbed up the stalk and sobbed out its pitiful story on the yellow blossom's heart.

"You must be God's own flower, you beautiful sunbright thing," whispered the wounded fairy. How happy the sunflower felt as it rustled it leaves and swayed softly till the fairy was lulled to rest with the music of the leaves as the breeze murmured through them.

When the sun kissed open the gentians' blue eyes, both butterfly and fairy were gone, but their blessing lay deep in the sunflower's heart.

There came down the hot, dusty road a barefooted child, with soft dark Southern eyes, and she bent down the stalk and kissed the yellow flower and laid her hot, dark face against it, murmuring: "Ah, bright, pretty flower! I love you—I love you.

"Was there ever a flower as happy as I am?" cried the sunflower, nodding and swaying till one bright flower fell like a shower of gold all over the child's hair and in the road. She gathered up the scattered leaves and went on, holding them lightly in her little hands.

Now came the gardener filling his basket with flowers. "What!" he cried, "the sunflower still! How tall it has grown—what great, gorgeous blossoms!"

Now thought the sunflower proudly, he will put my flower in the basket with the roses.

But no—up—rip—rip came the whole plant, roots and all, and the next minute it was lying out in the road. "Now I must die," it said sadly—but just then a wee ragged child picked it up and carried it off; then it was planted in a dark cellar, where the sun never came, and in this dark place a little child was slowly breathing its life away.

"I am content," said the brave sunflower, "if it is God's will." Then it bloomed out new flowers that brightened up the dark room so the child actually cooed and stretched its little hands out to the bright blossoms.

"Baby will get well," cried the little sister, clapping her hands for joy. But, alas! when the morrow's sun shone over the beautiful garden a little child lay dead in the dark cellar—one more little soul had joined the angels.

After the child was buried a woman pulled the sunflower up and thrust it into a dirty alley. where it lay all day, wilted and slowly fading as the little child had. But once more the little sister found it, and the tears she shed over it seemed to put new life in it.

She planted it by a little lone grave, and every day this sad little sister would come to pray,—

"Please, God take me to the beautiful Heaven where Baby is."

One day she finished her little prayer and lay down with her arms across the baby's grave. She was so white and still, and the cheeks touched by the drooping leaves were so cold, the sunflower knew that God had answered her prayer and called His little one home.

The next day there were two little graves side by side, and there the sunflower grows and blossoms all alone.

Once the flowers asked each other: "Where is the great ugly weed?"

The south wind kisses the flowers just as it used to, but it never tells of the flower keeping watch over the two little graves.

Francis Jeffrey Dickens, late Inspector in the North-West Mounted Police, whose death at Moline, Ill., was announced a day or two ago, was the fourth son of Charles Dickens. He was 41 years of age, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge; went to India as an officer in the Indian police force. Coming to Canada, through the influence of Lord Dufferin he secured an appointment in the North-West Mounted Police, and continued in that force until he resigned, on account of ill-health. Capt. Dickens, as of course every one remembers, was in command of Fort Pitt when attacked by the Indians during the late troubles.

"Le Digg, here's an item I wish you would read to our landlady," remarked De Wiggs. "What is it about?" "About a man in Mississippi who sold a petrified chicken for twenty dollars." "What do you want that read to her for?" "Why, don't you see, if she finds out she can get twenty dollars apiece for petrified chickens she wont serve any more up for dinner."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A man in Matoon, Ill., has a peony plant over sixty years old.

In some places in Arizona there has been no rain in three years.

The seeds of many New Zealand plants are said to grow the better for being frozen.

An East Jordan, Mich., man is accused of hanging out a sign reading: "Knew Syder for saile."

An old man's prayer that his house should burn was answered after his death at Carthage, Tenn., last week.

A New York woman of social distinction has offered to pay an author if he will make her the heroine of a novel.

Miss Lilian Smith, of California, a young lady of fourteen years, has broken 325 glass balls in succession with the rifle.

A German inventor is building at a cost of $125 000, a balloon five hundred feet in length, to be operated by steam. He is very sanguine of success, and has been offered $150,000 for his patent.

A medical journal tells of a young woman who contracted the habit of chewing coffee. The habit grew until she carried the coffee to bed with her, and at last she consumed half a pound a day.

Glass plates have been substituted for copper in the sheathing of an Italian ship, the advantage claimed being exemption from oxidation and incrustation. The glass was cut in plates to fit the hull.

A compositor in the Pittsburg Dispatch office whose name contains seven letters, in making up his string found that he had set 77,777 ems in the seven days of last week. He is also a member of T. U. No. 7.

The manufacture of solid carbonic acid gas has become a settled industry in Berlin. It is put up in small cylinders, and if kept under pressure will last some time—that is, a cylinder one and one-half inch in diameter and two inches long will take five hours to melt away into gas.

A farmer named Cook, of Calhoun, Ala., has a curiosity in the shape of an egg that is a very remarkable freak of nature. The egg measures ten inches in length, and when broken was found to contain another well-developed, fully-shelled egg. The enterprising hen that laid this remarkable egg, did so at the expense of her life.

There was an exhibit at the semi-annual meeting of the Connecticut Valley Dental Society, in Hartford, of a set of teeth taken from a tomb near the city of Rome. It is asserted that they had been there at least twenty-five hundred years. The teeth are held in place by a band of gold, artistically worked in fancy carvings, the figures being so minute that a magnifying glass is necessary to bring out their beauty.

Every poison, it is said, has its antidote, and the latest discovery claimed by the medical science in this respect is that the water-cress completely neutralizes the deleterious effects of tobacco. Smokers who think that they have experienced injurious effects from the use of one weed will hasten to avail themselves of the remedial properties of the other, and in a very short time we shall undoubtedly find that water-cress has become a fashionable and popular article of diet.

The latest invention of comfort for tourists is a new traveling cap, made with an air cushion in the back. Ordinarily, it is just like any other traveling cap, but when you want to rest your head on the seat-back, and don't want all the hair on the back of your head rubbed off, all you have to do is to put your mouth down to the opening, blow up the little bag and put in a cork. Then you put your cap on your head, and there you are, with as nice a cushion as a man could ask for. It is the invention of a train boy.

PEOPLE.

Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, has started on a scientific expedition to the coast of Greenland.

Annie Pixley, the well known actress, will spend her Summer holidays at her home in Port Stanley, Ont.

According to a Paris newspaper the Princess Pignatellia is serving as a waitress in a Vienna cafe concert hall.

Mrs. Gladstone, it is reported, will take an active part in the coming election campaign, in advancing her husband's cause.

Collis P. Huntington was once a farmer's boy in Connecticut. Now he is worth $40,000,000. He is 65 years old, and has a pleasant but rather bluff manner.

"It is wonderful how the lungs weaken when men get into the witness box," remarked Judge Rose, of Toronto, a day or two ago, as he exhorted a witness to speak up.

The Empress of Austria has gone to Lake Stranberg, Bavaria. She will afterwards visit Gastein, where she will remain until the arrival of the Empress of Germany.

Charles Crocker, the San Francisco railway magnate, is worth about $12,000,000. He is said to be plain, sensible and kind-hearted, and to possess marked practical ability.

James Creelman, a New York reporter, has made several of the highest baloon ascensions in the United States, has travelled 15,000 miles in a canoe, and can interview a Chinaman in the heathen's own language.

Mrs. Ketchum of Brantford, Ont., last week was christened into the Wolf tribe of Indians as "Neoakaletah," otherwise Prairie Rose. The ceremony was an honorary one, Mrs. Ketchum being a special friend of some members of the tribe.

Archibald Forbes, who was married recently to the daughter of General Meigs of the United States Army, presented his bride elect with a necklace composed of twelve of the medals given him by European princes for deeds of valor.

Leopold Von Ranke, being once invited to lunch with the King of the Belgians, made himself so agreeable at table that the party remained seated listening to his talk till they were told to dress for dinner. This is regarded as the greatest triumph on record of genius over court etiquette.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of New York, formerly of Toronto, in a speech before the Congress of Churches, recently held at Cleveland, Ohio, pleaded for the abolition of the mission chapel, and spoke of the worthlessness of theatre services and tent services, compared with a fully manned free church.

Sir John Lubbeck, the noted British scientist, exhibited at an Association meeting recently a very strange pet. It was a tame wasp which had been in his possession for about three months. It now ate sugar from his hand, and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an "outing" occasionally it readily returned to its bottle, which it seemed to regard as a home.

Chief Gardener Watkins, of the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, thinks there is special virtue in rain water for plants. After a heavy shower which succeeded a prolonged drought last week, he remarked to a reporter: "You can use hose and watering can until you are old and bent, but you cannot do as much in a month as such a shower can do in ten minutes. Its the pure quill, fresh from the hillsides of the clouds, and there is more plant food in a quart of it than there is in a watering cart full of city water.

J. P. Jaffray and R. M. Jaffray are two Canadian brothers who publish in Chicago a weekly journal called the *Canadian American*, which not only publishes a great deal of news about Canadians in all parts of the United States, but also contains a complete epitome of news from all sections of the Canadian Dominion. Although living in the United States, the Jaffrays are very enthusiastic Canadians, and no Canadian newspaper takes a more hopeful view of the future of Canada and the permanency of the Confederation than does the *Canadian American*.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Miss Marion Lambly and Miss Jennie Wescott are visiting friends at Sine.

Messrs. Frank Parker and H. J. Meiklejohn have gone out to Crow Lake to camp out for a month.

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

Stirling Lodge, No. 239, I. O. O. F., have put up a fine lamp opposite to their hall. It is on a substantial iron pillar, and is an ornament to the village.

Rev. R. Walker, of Newcastle, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church here, made us a friendly call on Wednesday last. He leaves for his home to day.

A game of cricket was played in Campbellford on the 20th inst., between the junior clubs of Stirling and Campbellford, which resulted in a victory for the latter.

Mr. Arthur Hatch, of Toronto, is now here visiting friends. He was all through the Northwest rebellion and now wears one of the medals presented by the British Government.

The real wife of John Pentland, the murderer and suicide, has turned up at Belleville. She is a weaver at Almonte. The woman supposed to be Pentland's wife was only his mistress.

Dr. Oronhyateka, S. C. R., and Mr. J. T. Hart, D. S. C. R., instituted a Court of the I. O. F. at Frankford on Thursday evening, July 15th. Mr. B. B. Ostrom is Chief Ranger. The Court is named Court Sidney.

On Sunday afternoon last two persons were baptized by immersion at Rosebush's bridge, just east of the village. Rev. J. Robinson, pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, performed the ceremony. A large number of spectators witnessed the interesting event.

Mr. W. A. F. Campbell, late of this place, was in the village last Friday bidding good-by to friends. He goes from Belleville to Toronto to become more proficient in his chosen profession of law. He may return next fall to practice here. We wish him best success wherever he is.

At the session of the Masonic Grand Lodge held at Windsor last week, Mr. Jas. Tulloch was elected Deputy Grand Master for this district. This is one of the highest offices in the Order, and is a great honor to Stirling Lodge, of which Mr. Tulloch is one of its oldest and most respected members.

The names of officers of Stirling Lodge of Oddfellows, No. 239, for the current term are as follows: L. Meiklejohn, J.P.G.; W. S. Martin, N. G.; W. H. Hubble, V. G.; J. McDougall, R. S.; J. W. Haight, P. S.; E. F. Parker, Treas. The installation ceremony was performed by Dr. Parker, D.D.G.M.

From the Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, we have just received a "Guide Book" for the Dominion of Canada, containing information for intending settlers, etc., with illustrations. This is the seventh edition of the work, and it is revised and corrected to date. It is neatly and handsomely got up and gives a great deal of useful information.

A new merchant tailoring and gent's furnishing store has just been opened out by Mr. F. T. Ward in the shop lately occupied by Mr. G. H. Thurber and underneath Mr. F. B. Parker's office. The store has been nicely refitted and with the choice stock of goods now displayed, and Mr. Ward's well-known ability, he will no doubt draw a large trade. Note his advertisement in other columns in this issue.

The question whether or not the Provincial Franchise Act of 1885 extends to municipal elections is being discussed by the local press in various quarters. It does not. No change has been made in the municipal franchise. Wage-earners and others admitted to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly under the special provisions of the measure passed in 1885 are not entitled to vote for municipal representatives.

A parlor and ice cream social in the interests of St. Andrew's Church, Stirling, will be held at the residence of Mr. James Milne on Tuesday, July 27th. As the house is large, and the hostess noted for her ability in managing such entertainments, a goodly crowd is expected. Mrs. Milne would cordially invite all, without respect of persons or churches. Admission 15c., children 10c. Extra charges for more than one dish of ice cream.

The *Intelligencer* of Monday last says:—"The superintendent of a Sunday School in this city, it is reported, yesterday prayed for all the boys and girls who had failed to pass the entrance examinations to the High School, asking that the failure might but nerve them to success again, and added, "give to the persons who prepared some of the examination papers, what they evidently lack, a sound judgment, and more common sense."

The 12th was celebrated in the North of this county at St. Ola, several lodges under the D. M., Wm. Morten, giving their presence and support in the interest of a Methdist parsonage which is being undertaken by Rev. D. Williams, one of the church's earnest workers. An excellent dinner and tea were served in a new barn by the ladies. Boating, swinging and shooting were the pastimes and a platform meeting was organized with Mr. Clarke as chairman, when Rev. D. Williams gave speech of welcome, Mr. Clifford several humorous songs and Rev. R. H. Leitch, D G. C., gave an address to the Orangemen, all very enjoyable.

Any person who has a strayed animal come into their premises should immediately advertise such animal in the nearest newspaper, otherwise they are liable for damages, as the following from the Campbellford *News* will show:—"Mr. Walter Cummings brought a charge against Mr. Weldon Sargeant on Wednesday for having turned ten colts out upon the road without having given notice that they were trespassing. Mr. Leviscomte held that the act was an unneighbourly one and fined Sargeant $2 and costs, amounting in all to $7.50. The colts, finding themselves loose, made good time between Sargeant's and——well that's just what the owner wants to know, and as he has already spent two days in trying to find out, the probability is that a further charge for damages may figure before the courts before long."

The agent for the Herring Twine Binder, Mr. Holmes, informs us that he has started four of their binders during the past week and has orders for three more to be delivered at once. They can be seen working: one on Mr. Allan Wescott's place near Hoard's station, one on the farm of Mr. Wm. Ivey, West Seymour, one at Mr. J. W. McColl's, near Wooler, and one at Mr. Manfred Hoard's, and all are giving entire satisfaction, both as to make and shape of sheaf, as well as lightness of draft, an ordinary sized team being plenty for either of them. Mr. Stephen Dean, at Hoard's station, is also agent for these machines in Seymour. W. J. Ketcheson for Murray and Seymour West, and Mr. Abram Free, whose address is Campbellford, for Percy and vicinity. Mr. Holmes also informs us that, weather permitting, he will start the one now in his stand opposite Bennett's Hotel in the fall wheat belonging to Mr. Joseph Rosebush, near the village, this (Friday) afternoon, where all can see it working and he will be pleased to take the orders of those requiring binders, guaranteeing satisfaction and giving terms to suit the farmers. This is an opportunity which should not be neglected as he may not be able to do as well another year.

Out of 77 that wrote at the entrance examination at Campbellford, only 17 succeeded in passing. The examination papers were very difficult,—plenty hard enough, so it is said, for second-class teachers' examination.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, now that their train service to the Pacific Coast is fully established, in order to encourage travel to British Columbia and give their many well wishers an opportunity of seeing the country and their line, have made a big reduction in rates. Second-class passage is offered to Vancouver or Victoria, from any point on their line in Ontario and Quebec, for $50.00; First-class for $75.00, and First-class return tourist tickets, good for stop over at any point of interest on the route, for $110. Passengers have the option of going by their Lake Route or Rail Route. Return tourists, going by one route and returning the other.

The Campbellford *News* of last week gives the following. The gentleman referred to is a well-known resident of this village:—"The cheese buyers are a jovial lot and in their peregrinations through the county in search of the factory products have "heaps of fun." Jokes, practical and otherwise, are freely indulged in; in fact joking appears to be a necessary part of a cheese buyer's existence. The latest joke perpetrated amongst the fraternity was retailed at the meeting of the Board on Wednesday. Mr. Bird, a Belleville buyer, had lately been made the happy father of a bouncing boy. Some of the other buyers, suspecting the state of affairs at home, quietly asked on their way to market how Mrs. Bird was. "Pretty well, thanks," and nothing further was said. Business was attended to but as no further allusion was made to the particular event it became evident that Mr. Bird was trying to keep the matter dark. Might as well expect the River Trent to turn round and run up hill as an event of that description to be kept quiet among the cheese speculating brotherhood. In a short time the whole fraternity had it in detail and thinking the occasion deserving of special recognition the following telegram was put together and duly forwarded: 'Messrs. Cook, Calder, Green, Whitton, Cluxton, Flavelle and Company heartily congratulate Mr. Bird on his domestic affairs and wish him many happy returns.' The telegram was presented with a demand of forty-three cents to collect. Mr. Bird's telegrams usually amounting to the orthodox twenty-five cents and being always prepaid, he looked with suspicion upon the missive now handed to him. Putting it to his nose he took a long sniff at it and pronounced it fishy. It would not do, however, to run any risks about it, it might be business after all, he thought, so he opened it. The exclamations which followed are not given."

Notes from the Country.

From Our Own Correspondent.

For the past few weeks notes from the country have been conspicuous by their absence.

The majority of the hay crop has been cut and taken care of.

The fall grain is about all fit to cut, in fact some has been cut already. It yields abundance of straw and there is no doubt but that when it is threshed there will be lots of grain. Mr. S. D. Sills cut a piece of barley on the 13th, it being the first cut in this locality.

The rain of last week will do a great amount of good.

A few from around here went to Coe Hill on the excursion last Thursday.

There is a great rush north for berries, which have been quite plentiful, and the rain of last week gave farmers a rest from harvest work, so of course they went after berries.

Mr. Harker Caverley, of Salem, Michigan, made his friends in this part a short visit week before last. He had been away about seven years. He started for his home again on the 12th July.

Oak Hills.

From Our Own Correspondent.

I am sure it must be very trying to the patience of the good people (my expected patrons) to have to wait so long for my steamboat to be open to the public. They must remember that this is the first boat of any size ever built on these inland waters, and of course there is a great scarcity of ship carpenters here. There are a couple of very good punt builders in this vicinity who have built quite a fleet of that kind of thing; but that is away behind the times and would never do for me. However she is almost ready. Some morning soon the whistle will blow, and then I want every one that hears it to come, and every one that don't hear it to come, for there never was such a time in these parts before. First there will be a grand dinner, then speeches from prominent men. I will just mention a few of the principal ones: Big orchard man, the Dr. and ex-merchant from Foxboro, and I hope to entice his worship, the mayor of Stirling, out that day. Remember the grub will be abundant and good. Smoking allowed in the open air.

In the NEWS-ARGUS a short time ago there appeared a history of one of the old pioneer families of Rawdon that attracted a good deal of attention, and the writer expressed a hope that others would follow suit, and why don't they do it? I have waited patiently, and I hope modestly, for some one to strike in and not let the thing die. Something has got to be done or the people will loose their interest in it altogether. The big orchard man thinks if I could write the pedigree of the great Bogg family it would take splendid. He says to make it short, not to go back to Noah. I find they are a hard lot trace; there were plenty of Boggs, not a county in all Ireland but has scores of them; then there is bog ore, bog whiskey, neither of them any relations of mine. The trouble is to find the first one; he might have been found in a bog. or if I would accept the Darwinian theory any pimple would do for a start. Perhaps some old horse had a bog spavin on him and they did not know enough to take him to Stirling and get him cured, and we started from that. Who will be next? B. B.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, July 20th, 1886.

The long wished for rain came to us last week in such abundance that the farmers, especially those who had hay cut down, and in low places submerged, would gladly have welcomed the sunshine again long before it did appear, and even now, after the torrents we have received, the weather is fitful and cloudy, as though more rain was coming.

The lawn social for St. Paul's Church, which was arranged for Wednesday evening was postponed until Friday. A pleasant night, with the inspiring strains of our Marmora band, helped greatly to the success of the entertainment, as they kindly played often and very nicely, while Mrs. Kelly and Miss Powers (both ladies are accomplished musicians) gave some fine selections on the piano. Miss May Kelly sang very sweetly several songs, Miss Kelly playing the accompaniment for some of them. On the lawn there was croquet and other games for those who stopped for them. Tables with ice cream, cakes, candies and lemonade were presided over by Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. Campion, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Bowen and Miss Craske, all of them being so successful in the sale of the different articles offered that very little was left. The social was a success, financially and otherwise. The proceeds were $33.90.

Mrs. McDonnell gives a garden party on Thursday next, and three more in succession are contemplated. The proceeds to go towards the building of a new fence around the Roman Catholic burial ground, which is greatly needed.

A runaway occurred near this village on Monday, in which an aged couple, Henry Holcomb and wife, of Belmont, were injured. They were returning from a visit to a daughter in Huntingdon and were entering the village when the team took fright and overturned the rig. Mr. Holcomb had a leg severely cut and bruised, and Mrs. Holcomb received a scalp wound. They were able to proceed home later in the day.

Mrs. Leggett, an old resident over eighty years of age, was buried in Marmora on Sunday last. Her funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Andrews, in the Methodist Church, a large number of friends following her remains to their final resting-place. G. E. M.

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, WORSTED SUITINGS, and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Having been connected with C. Craige & Bro. for the past eight years as cutter, and knowing the wants of the trade, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE, and would ask, and like to see, all my old customers and as many new ones as possible, to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. I have engaged COMPETENT hands for fulfilling orders, and under my own PERSONAL supervision, as a PRACTICAL TAILOR, I can guarantee STYLE, FIT and FINISH second to NONE.

F. T. WARD.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The State capitol at Albany is advertised to be sold at auction for $1 water tax.

A woman in a cheese factory at Warsaw, N. Y., was drowned in a vat of whey.

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary, those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons, as medicine, find Ayer's Pills invaluable.

North Carolina farmers have lost all their crops by floods.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for 20 years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

As far as truthfulness is concerned a weather proverb is worse than a campaign promise.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

When the shoals of little herring run small in the waters off the coast of Maine the stock of imported French sardines is very seriously affected.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

A crank is a man who labors, talks and thinks on one subject. The more he knows and tells his knowledge the greater crank. If he does not say much on any subject he is called a wise man.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

Colorado is badly drought-stricken.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

HE ACTED WISELY.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaint.

A writer has just published a book entitled "The Habits of the Hog." We have not read it, but we trust he mentions that very common habit of occupying two seats in a railway car.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

Prohibition has been defeated in Mississippi.

UNKNOWN.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

What every married man wants is a trained, fierce-looking little mouse that will appear whenever called. It will stampede a family quarrel in less time than it takes to provoke one.

AN INVISIBLE FOE.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. Gladstone has decided to resign before Parliament meets.

THE BEST YET.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Sir Andrew Clarke says Mr. Gladstone has years of good work in him yet.

A BAD BREAKDOWN.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

Tidbits probably fibs in the following paragraph:—"He was a carpenter. He had lifted his hammer to strike a nail. Did he strike? Not much! He paused, then returned the hammer to his box. The 12 o'clock whistle had blown. He was working by the day.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence. Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

A newspaper writer says "a man shoulders a great responsibility when he takes a wife." He does, indeed; but it is nothing to be compared to the "little responsibility" he may be compelled to shoulder a year or so later.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Kansas prohibitionists have nominated a full State ticket. A colored man was nominated for auditor.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County of Bruce, in a letter, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure." Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Billous Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

STRAYED.

CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE undersigned, lot 15, con' 1, Rawdon, on or about the 15th of June, one yearling bull. The owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. HENRY UTMAN.

FRESH LIME!

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

RAWDON FAIR

IMPORTANT!

THE ATTENTION OF THE PATRONS and general public is called to the importance of seeing that they are on the member's roll of the Rawdon Agricultural Society before the first of August, as at that date the returns have to be made to Government in order to get the grant. It is the intention of the Society to charge $2 after that date for members joining. The fee now is only one dollar, and may be paid to the treasurer, M. G. Vandervoort, Harold, or to any of the officers of the Society, who will report before that date.

The prizes this year will be nearly double that of last year, and with the grounds and sheds which are being fitted up for show purposes, the show will be for ahead of any former one.

SEE THAT YOU ARE A MEMBER.

By order.

DANIEL WOOTTON, President.

WILMOT VANDERVOORT, Secretary.

To Farmers of North Hastings and Vicinity.

HAVING DECIDED TO RE-ESTABLISH an agency for the sale of our Implements in North Hastings, we have rented a depot in Stirling opposite Bennett's Hotel, where samples of everything in the implement line can be seen, under the superintendence, for this year, of our general agent, Mr. Holmes, assisted by Mr. David Seeley, jr., who will be pleased to exhibit our machinery and give price and terms to suit all customers. We have one price to all, but are always willing to allow a fair discount for cash where a purchaser wishes to settle after having a satisfactory trial. We are now manufacturing

The Lightest Binder in the Market,

As well as one of the most durable, and not being in any combination, will give terms to suit purchasers. We shall sell for $200, cash this fall, or $212.50 on three equal payments, without interest, or will vary to suit. Hoping you will give us a fair trial, especially as these implements are manufactured within two hours ride on the train, and less than a days' drive from your own door, and as a full line of repairs can always be obtained, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS, of Napanee.

Stirling, July 6th, 1886.

N. B. **Public Exhibition of Binder.** Owing to the recent rain we are not certain as to where we shall start binder, but either on George Baragar's or Joseph Rosebush's place. Parties wishing to see it can find out by inquiring at Bennett's Hotel.

In this connection we have two or three machines which have been out as samples which we will sell at about half price to any one contemplating getting a Binder from us another year.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE POSTMASTER General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on

FRIDAY, the 13th of AUGUST,

For the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mail, on a proposed contract for four years, twelve times per week each way, between Stirling and Grand Junction Railway Station, from the 1st of October next.

Conveyance to be made in a vehicle.

The mails to leave the Stirling Post Office twice daily, Sundays excepted, at such hours as may be required, and to arrive at the Railway Station in time to exchange mails with the mail clerk passing each way; to leave the Railway Station after the exchange of mails, and to arrive at the Stirling Post-Office within ten minutes afterwards.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stirling, and also at this office.

GILBERT GRIFFIN, Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 2nd July, 1886.

DON'T FAIL TO

C

J. BOLDRICK'S CHILDREN'S SUITS,

Just in, at $4.50. Beautifully made from all wool' Tweeds. Choice patterns. An inspection is invited.

J. BOLDRICK.

See what you can buy for Money

AT MARTIN BROS., STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at - - -	$ 6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at - -	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " " - - -	6 00	10.00 Couch " " - - -	8 50
6.00 " " " - - -	4 50	8.50 " " " - - -	7 25
9.00 " " " - - -	7 50	10.00 Extension Table " - - -	8 00
4.00 Stand " " - - -	2 75	8.00 " " - - -	7 00
1.50 " " " - - -	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite " - - -	45 00
2.50 Bed " " - - -	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. " - - -	4 00
4.50 " " " - - -	3 50	7.50 " " " - - -	6 00
6.00 " " " - - -	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite " - - -	20 00
7.00 " " " - - -	5 50	18.00 " " " - - -	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " " - - -	2 00	16.00 Sofa " - - -	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " " - - -	12 00	19.00 " " - - -	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO.—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

MILNE & CLUTE

ARE GIVING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, & Ready Made Clothing.

Some Lines are below Cost. Don't fail to see them.

MILNE & CLUTE.

BOOTS & SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES, LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

From now to the end of year for 40c.

PICTURES FRAMED

At the lowest possible prices at the NEWS-ARGUS Office.

For Sale, Cheap.

TO ANY ONE REQUIRING A REAPER or Mower, having a rough place, or contemplating purchasing a binder, I have two or three machines on hand which have been out as samples, but which I guarantee none the worse, and as good as anybody's machines, excepting paint, which I can sell at a little over half price, and warrant perfect in every particular, as they are our own make.

ALFRED F. HOLMES,
Agent for John Herring & Sons.
Stand next to Graham's Foundry.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST

Land Plaster

On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS

SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Washington, D.C.
Near U. S. Patent office.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 46.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.
For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, M. C. P. S. O., Marmora. Will also be at Mrs. Bird's Hotel, Springbrook, on Mondays and Fridays, from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve. Aug. 19, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
J. SHAW, Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. J. McDOUGALL, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FRESH LIME!
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST BURNED a kiln of lime, and now offers the same for sale at 20c. per bushel delivered, and 15c. at the kiln. JAMES COUTTS.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.
JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NEW GOODS!

MY STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE IN
Spring & Summer Tweeds, Diagonals, Etc.
SUITS TO ORDER, made up in the best and latest styles, under the superintendance of MR. J. S. MURRAY.

THE DRY GOODS STOCK
Is now complete, including
Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Ducks, Cottonades
OF UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

The BOOTS & SHOES are nearly all new stock, and of the best quality.

The HARDWARE Stock has been specially selected to meet the requirements of parties building, and prices are lower than usual. A car-load of Goderich Salt on hand.

C. CRAIGE,
STIRLING.

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, LADIES.

5,000 yards —— of —— over 300 Patterns.
REMNANTS OF PRINTS, GINGHAMS, BRILLIANTS,
AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
Of most beautiful designs will be cleared at COST for CASH, commencing on Monday, July 12th.

Prints from 3c. per yard to the finest made, at prices that would astonish the maker. Grey Cotton, over 1 yard wide, only 5c. Shirtings, worth 15c., reduced to 11c. Brown Ducks, Denims, Etc., all reduced as above, for CASH ONLY.

A large stock of sugars that invite comparison of prices.

M. G. VANDERVOORT'S, Harold.

THE ARCADE! MARMORA.

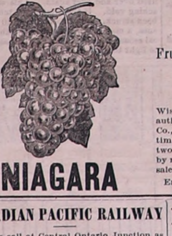
During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.
The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING, A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK
Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, March 31st, 1886.



NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.
Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Trains call at Central Ontario Junction as follows:—
GOING EAST.
Express for Montreal .... 1.44 p.m.
" " Pacific Slope .... 9.05 p.m.
Mail for Montreal .... 12.13 a.m.
GOING WEST.
Express for Toronto .... 5.18 p.m.
Express Winnipeg to Toronto .... 7.19 a.m.
Mail for Toronto and West .... 4.13 a.m.
For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction

FARM TO LET.
THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner, or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian **Hair Renewer**
Acts directly on the scalp and on the roots of the hair. It prevents falling of the hair, dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, restores gray hair to its original color, and, where the glands are not decayed, will cause new hair to grow on bald heads. "A diseased scalp caused my hair to fall out. After using a number of preparations, without avail, I tried Hall's Hair Renewer, which caused a new and vigorous growth."—E. J. Adams, St. Paul, Minn.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS
Will color the beard brown or black, as may be desired. It is in one preparation, cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual, giving to the whiskers or mustache a permanent and handsome color. The color produced is natural and uniform, cannot be rubbed or washed off, and always gives satisfaction. "I have been using your Whisker Dye for two years, and would not have any other."—B. F. Slade, McLean, Ill.
Prepared by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Canadian and English Salt.

BY C. C. JAMES, B.A., PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AT THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Common salt consists of sodium chloride (97 per cent. to 98 per cent.), water, calcium sulphate or gypsum (1¼ per cent. to 2½ per cent.), calcium chloride, magnesium chloride, with traces of sand, clay, iron and dirt. The gypsum should not exceed 1½ per cent. to 2 per cent.; in excess it makes the salt difficultly solube and produces a slime. The chlorides of magnesium and calcium are very soluble, give a bitter taste, and attract moisture from the air.

To determine whether there is ground for the prejudice that has existed against Canadian salt, I have carefully analyzed five samples of Canadian salt and four of Liverpool. No. 10 is added, being a sample sent in by a cheesemaker. It was dirty, difficultly soluble, impure, and in every way unfit for use. These are all samples of fine dairy or table salt procured for the Ontario Creamery by Prof. Robertson, who is testing them in butter making.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

No.	Brand.	Order as to purity.	Total impurity
1	Canadian	2nd	1.85
2	Canadian	4th	2.18
3	Canadian	8th	2.45
4	Canadian	5th	2.24
5	Canadian	6th	2.28
6	Liverpool	1st	1.79
7	Liverpool	3rd	2.05
8	Liverpool	7th	2.38
9	Liverpool	9th	2.59
10	Unknown	10th	5.21

The average impurity of the five Canadian salts is 2.200 per cent.; the average impurity of the four Liverpool salts is 2.203 per cent. There is as much difference between the various English brands as between the English and Canadian, and the average of the latter is a little ahead of the average of the former.

By means of fine sieves each sample was divided into four classes; these were weighed, and an estimate made of the uniformity and fineness of the different brands. Taking 100 as the maximum of uniformity and fineness, the salts were arranged in the following order: No. 6, 88; No. 4, 87; No. 7, 86; No. 1, 84; No. 9, 83; No. 2, 72; No. 8, 69; No. 3, 66; No. 5, 54; or (1) Liverpool, (2) Canadian, (3) Liverpool, (4) Canadian, (5) Liverpool, (6) Canadian, (7) Liverpool, (8) Canadian, (9) Canadian. In this respect the Liverpool salts are a little ahead, being on the average a little more uniform.

On the average the Liverpool salts are a little more readily soluble than the Canadian. The purer a salt the more thoroughly it dissolves, but not necessarily the more quickly. The rapidity of solution depends upon the shape of the grain as well as upon its size; the more soluble salts are flat, thin dice-shaped; the more insoluble are compact and cubical in grain. No. 1 for instance is quite pure and small in grain, but very difficultly soluble; it is gritty in feel; No. 6, the purest and finest, stands fourth. In choosing a salt, then, attention should be paid to the shape of the grain; for a quick pickle the flat grain is preferable, and for dry curing and slow pickle the compact grain. The best Canadian salts are slow in solution, the best Liverpool a little more rapid. Too often Canadian salts have been condemned because a slowly dissolving salt has been used where a rapidly dissolving salt is required; for instance, in the salting of butter for immediate use. Dealers and users of salt seem to pay too little attention to this important question of solubility.

In the salting of food for immediate use, butter and pork for example, also in the case of vegetable pickling, the rapidly dissolving salts are best. In the dry curing of meat, the making of a lasting pickle, the salting of dairy products to be stored for sometime, a more slowly dissolving salt is preferred. For table use a fine salt of uniform grain, clean and white, dry and quickly dissolving is required. Such a salt as the latter is required also for butter making, and there seems to be lacking just such a salt among the Canadian brands. The best Canadian salts are either too hard in grain or too large for this immediate use. If such a brand were available Canadian salt would have no fear of competition with Liverpool salt.

The strength of the brine is often measured by a hydrometer, or salometer, and the purity of a sample of salt thereby determined. But this is not an absolute test of the true value of salt; the soluble impurities may be heavier than the pure salt, and thus an impure salt may produce a heavier brine than a purer salt. For ordinary purposes however the hydrometer can be used in determining the proper strength of a brine.

A first-class salt should be pure white in color. The Liverpool salts have a faint bluish tinge; two of the Canadian salts, from the same locality, have a faint reddish cast. These colors are perhaps due to the shells of animals deposited in or beside the salt brines. Enough of the red coloring matter was obtained to determine it to be due to the presence of iron. A very decided red or blue cast should condemn a salt for use. One packer gave as his experience that a dark salt colored the outside of the meat dark also.

A first-class salt should be: 1st, clean; 2nd, white; 3rd, comparatively dry; 4th, uniform in grain; 5th, quite thoroughly soluble in water; 6th, scale-like in grain for quick, and compact for slow solution.

On the whole I see no grounds for the prejudice against Canadian salts. There doubtless are some poor brands offered for sale, but there are also brands that are just as pure as the Liverpool, the only Liverpool brand that stands much ahead being partly shut out on account of its price.

Many of the leading packers of Toronto are returning to the use of Canadian salt. The only matter of doubt now is as to its use in butter. This should be given a fair and unprejudiced trial, and manufacturers should endeavor to fully meet the want in this direction by producing a salt pure in composition, fine and uniform in grain, and quick in solution.

Throughout portions of Southern and Central Georgia it rained copiously every day from the 20th of May to the 4th of July.

A certain sort of tobacco blindness is on the increase. The victim is so affected that he can't see that he is puffing smoke right into the face of the person nearest him.

There is said to be terrible suffering and destitution in Newfoundland and Labrador on account of the failure of the fisheries. A person recently arrived from there says that in one place out of a population of 2,500 persons no less than 1,000 are in a starving condition and many more will be reduced to the verge of starvation. On the Labrador coast the ice has not yet broken up and the Esquimaux families are suffering greatly. There is no fishing except along Hamilton Inlet, from Cape Mugford to Cape Charles. Terrible destitution prevails, 100 families having died outright in this vicinity. Parties were arriving at St. Johns before he left from Indian Harbor, Webeck Harbor, Main, Hopedale and Okapak with terrible stories of suffering from lack of food and clothing. On July 10 there was no sign of the ice breaking up and the thermometer at Nain registered eight below zero. Winter set in the 1st of last October. To illustrate in a small way the suffering that is prevalent he said that on the Labrador coast at one place of forty-two inhabitants no fewer than twenty-four deaths had occurred during June. In another settlement of fifty-three persons eleven had died. In another of seventy-two inhabitants twenty-two had succumbed to hunger.

Exit Dilke.

The Crawford divorce suit, which was virtually re-opened on the petition of Sir Charles Dilke, in order that he might be given an opportunity of proving that he was not guilty of adultery with the respondent, came to an end, when the jury, after an absence only long enough to enable them to prepare their verdict, brought in one making in effect the decree of divorce granted to Mr. Crawford from his wife absolute, which is the same as finding Sir Charles Dilke guilty of the charges laid against him. Those who have read the summary of the evidence in the case, which has been transmitted by cable from day to day will acknowledge the justice of the verdict. A strong light was thrown upon Sir Charles Dilke's private life and the spectacle afforded has been such as to create the utmost abhorrence. Punishment great and terrible, but not too severe, has overtaken him. An ambitious statesman of first rate abilities, who while still young had obtained a position next to that of Premier in the British Government, who had perhaps a better chance than any other at one time of becoming the political guide of a great empire whose glories he appreciated, has been consigned to complete political obscurity; his country will henceforth have none of him. A young man of great social talents, wealthy and with great influence, he has become a social outcast and all his advantages are forfeited. His degradation has been so complete that he has chosen rather than face the obloquy and contempt which his crimes have merited for him in his own country to become a voluntary exile. His constitution is such that his sufferings will be severe under his punishment. Already they have been great. Although he will never recover the high esteem of his countrymen, though he will never be allowed to devote his abilities to the service of his country, Sir Charles Dilke may yet be able to work in a more private way. He is possessed of some literary ability and encouraged by his wife, who is also an author, he may add something worthy of his former fame to English literature. The sudden termination of his career and the blight upon his whole life will constitute a warning of the most striking character to all young men and especially to all young men ambitious to serve their country. The Anglo-Saxon people will not be served by and will not honor men who commit such crimes, no matter how lofty may be their influence and wealth. The corruption which has been revealed in the life of the families with which Sir Charles Dilke has been connected is, it may be hoped, exceptional in English family life, which is, we believe, generally pure and good.

Planting Trees for Timber.

Prof. Lazenby, of Carroll University, says: To make timber plentiful and to render our climate more genial we must reclothe all rugged broken land and rocky crests, in fact every acre that is not cultivated, or is cultivated at a loss, with valuable forest trees.

First—All ravines and steep hill sides, all land too rocky to be thoroughly cleared of stone and ploughed, should be devoted to trees.

Second—Protecting belts of trees should be planted wherever buildings, orchards, gardens, etc., are exposed to cold, sweeping winds.

Third—The banks of streams, ponds, open ditches, etc., should be planted with trees that they will be protected from abrasion by floods and rapid currents.

Fourth—All public roads should be belted by graceful, stately trees.

We should preserve, improve and extend our existing forests by keeping up a constant succession of young growing trees of the best varieties. To do this it is necessary:

First—To allow no stock to run in the wood lots for purpose of forage. This should be a rule inflexible and relentless.

Second—Young growths in forests should be thinned moderately and judiciously. Worthless varieties should be cut out and the valuable sorts should be trimmed up so that they will grow tall, forming trunk rather than branches.

Third—Timber should be cut with intelligent reference to future growth. Valuable trees that you wish to propagate should be cut in the spring. Those that you wish to exterminate should be cut in August.

An effort is now being made in London, England, to induce emigrants to settle on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. According to the accounts of Mr. Stockwell (proprietor of the island in question), the climate of the island is healthy, the soil is first rate (it has been triumphantly tried by a firm of well-known London seedsmen), there is any quantity of fish and game, and for a couple of sovereigns you can get as much land as you want. Anticosti is 140 miles long, 27½ miles in breadth, and comprises about 2,5000,000 acres. At present there are no town or villages—only a fishing station.

A new theory has been started with regard to the use of soap on the face. Women who for years have been careful of their complexions would never, under any circumstances, wash the face in soap as it was said to roughen and coarsen the skin. Now this idea is exploded and a well-known physician in the metropolitan profession recommends his women patients to use it freely every day, lathering the skin well. Of course, a fine, oily and pure soap is most desired. This being secured he states that none but the most beneficial results will be effected by his method of improving the skin. He holds—with considerable plausibility—that the pores of the face become as much clogged by grease and dirt as the hands or any other portion of the body. And if soap is considered a necessary purifier in the bath its need must be felt equally on the face. By an abundant and regular lathering the facial pores, he claims, are kept open, free from the clogging matter that produces unsightly blackheads, ache, pimples, and a pure, healthy, fresh and brighter complexion is the resultant. Not mincing matters he says that the trouble with most women who have sallow, pasty skins is that from year's end to year's end they never have a really clean face.

The energy and determination of the Prohibitionists of Ohio are worthy of all praise, and their action in declaring war to the knife against the liquor saloon traffic is an example which Canadians will do well to follow. The Committee appointed by the Conference representing the educational and religious interests of the State, to organize for the purpose, has reported in favor of bringing all influence possible to bear upon the Legislature, just as was done in Rhode Island which has lately adopted a prohibitory constitutional amendment. It should also be the aim of Prohibitionists of Canada to exert their influence in the most telling manner possible at the elections, both Provincial and Dominion, in favor of candidates pledged to a prohibition policy in the Dominion Parliament and to the strictest restrictive legislation in the Provincial Legislatures. In every county and every constituency the views of the candidates for parliamentary honors should be clearly elicited on this issue; and the temperance people should throw their whole weight in favor of the candidate who has the best record and gives the most thorough declaration in favor of prohibition. There will have to be organization in every constituency in order to do effective work. Organize at once for the purposes of enforcement of the law and of influencing the elections.

Taking a Prescription.

Some years ago, at a time when cholera had poisoned the air a gentleman of wealth, standing and intelligence, from one of the Southern or Middle States, while temporarily sojourning in Boston felt certain "premonitory symptoms" that were rather alarming all things considered. So he inquired of the hotel keeper where he could find a good physician.

"One of your best," he said, with an emphasis in his tones that showed how important was the matter in his eyes.

"Dr. Knox stands at the head of his profession in our city," returned the hotel-keeper, "You may safely trust yourself in his hands."

"Thank you. I will call upon him immediately;" said the gentleman and away he went.

The doctor, fortunately, as the gentleman mentally acknowledged, was in his office. The latter, after introducing himself, stated his case with some concern of manner; when the doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, and made sundry professional inquiries.

"Your system is slightly disturbed," remarked the doctor, after fully ascertaining the condition of his patient, "but I'll give you a prescription that will bring you all right again in less than twenty-four hours."

And so he took out his pencil and wrote a brief prescription.

"How much am I indebted, Doctor?" inquired the gentleman as he slipped the little piece of paper into his vest pocket.

"Five dollars for the consultation and prescription," replied the Doctor bowing.

"Cheap enough, if I am saved from an attack of cholera," said the patient as he drew forth his pocket-book and abstracted from its folds the required fee. He then returned to the hotel and going to one of the clerks, or bar-keeper, in the office, he said to him:

"I wish you would send out and get me this prescripton."

"Prescription! Why Mr. ———, are you sick?" returned the bar-keeper.

"I'm not very well," was answered.

"What's the matter?"

"Symptoms of the prevailing epidemic."

"Oh! Ah! And you've been to see the Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Dr. Knox."

The bar-keeper shrugged his shoulders as he replied:

"Good physician. None better. That we all acknowledge. But if you'll let me prescribe for you I'll put you all right in double-quick time."

"Well, what will you prescribe, Andy?" said the gentleman.

"I'll prescribe this." And, as he spoke, he drew from under the counter a bottle labelled "Mrs. ———'s Cordial." "Take a glass of that and you can throw your Doctor's prescription into the fire."

"You speak confidently Andy."

"I do, for I know its virtue."

The gentleman, who had in his hand a prescription for which he had paid five dollars to one of the most skillful and judicious physicians in New England, strange as it may seem, listened to this bar-keeper and in the end actually destroyed his prescription and poured down his throat a glass of "Mrs. ———'s Cordial."

It is no matter of surprise that ere ten o'clock in the evening the gentleman's premonitory symptoms which had experienced a temporary abatement assumed a more alarming character. And now, instead of going to, he was obliged to send for a physician. Dr. Knox, whom he had consulted, was called in and immediately recognized his patient of the morning.

"I'm sorry to find you worse," said he, "I did not in the least doubt the efficacy of the remedy I gave you. But have you taken the prescription?"

"Wh—wh—why no, Doctor," stammered the half-ashamed patient. I confess I did not. I took something else."

"Something else. What was it?"

"I thought a glass of Mrs. ———'s Cordial would answer just as well."

You did! and pray who prescribed this for you?" said the Doctor, moving his chair instinctively from his patient and speaking in a rather excited tone of voice.

"No one prescribed it, I took it on the recommendation of the bar-keeper downstairs, who said he knew it would cure me."

"And you had my prescription in your pocket at the same time! The prescription of a regular physician of twenty-five years practice set aside for a quack nostrum recommended by a bar-keeper! A fine compliment to common sense and the profession, truly! My friend if I must speak out plainly, you deserve to die—and I should not much wonder if you got your desert. Good evening."

Saying this the Doctor arose and was moving towards the door when the frightened patient called to him in such appalling tones that he was constrained to pause. An humble confession of error and repeated apologies softened the physician's suddenly awakened anger and he came back and resumed his seat.

"My friend," said he on recovering his self-possession which had been considerably disturbed, "do you know the composition of Mrs. ———'s Cordial which you took with so much confidence?"

"I do not!" replied the gentlemon.

"Humph! Well I can tell you. About nine-tenths of it is cheap brandy, or New England rum. I don't wonder that this stuff has aggravated all your symptoms. I would if in your state of health about as soon take poison."

"Pray don't talk to me in that way Doctor," said the patient imploringly. "I am sick and what you say can only have the effect to make me worse. I am already sufficiently punished for my folly. Prescribe for me once more and be assured that I will not again play the fool."

Dr. Knox's professional indignation had pretty well burned out by this time; so he took up the case again and once more gave a prescription.

In a couple of days the gentleman was quite well again; but that Mrs. ———'s Cordial cost him twenty dollars.

He is now a little wiser than he was before; and is very careful whose prescriptions he takes. It would be better for the health of the entire community if every individual would be as careful in the same matter as he is now. Those who are sick should, above all things, shun advertised nostrums in the sale of which the manufacturers and vendors are interested. Often testimonials as to their efficacy are mere forgeries. Health is too vital a thing to be risked in such a way.
—*Laws of Life.*

The *Review* says the Grand Trunk is going to extend the railway from Madoc to Eldorado.

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. Intellectually a stupor amounting to almost paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol he is more incurable and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety. The most dangerous kind of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.
—*Scientific American.*

A Domestic Episode.

"You've ceased to love me, John, I fear;
A great change has come over you!
You do not sit beside me, dear,
And hug me as you used to do.

"You used to praise my eyes, my hair,
And often kissed my lip and brow
When we sat on one rocking chair—
Dear John, why don't you do it now?

"You used to call me your delight,
Said you were proud my love to win,
And kept me at the gate at night
Till Ma would come and call me in.

"You called me then your ownest own,
Your Popsy pet, you did, you know;
That happy time is past and gone—
Ah, dearest, what has changed you so?"

John laid his paper on his knee,
And hove a sigh, and said, "I fear
Whatever changes there may be
You've brought about yourself, my dear.

"This much, at least, you must confess!
Whene'er my visits I would pay,
You did not meet me in the dress
In which you'd been at work all day.

"Your hair was not in paper curls,
Your slippers flapping on your feet;
You were the prettiest of girls,
With everything about you neat.

"A snow-white collar then you'd wear,
And at your throat a pretty bow,
A flower of some kind in your hair—
Now, darling, what has changed you so?"
Boston Courier.

Sam Jones on "The Way to Heaven."

Chautauqua despatch:—Rev. Sam P. Jones lectured here to-day in the Amphitheatre to an audience of six thousand persons. His subject was "How to be Saved."

Before commencing his lecture Mr. Jones said:—

I have my way of doing things and my way of saying things. Some people like what I say, but not the way I say it. God bless you! That's the only thing in this world I have got a patent right on. I am not a candidate for public favor in any sense. I have been warned that I would injure my popularity if I didn't modify my speech. But if that's the case I will keep it up. I'm too popular now. They are working me to death and keeping me away from my home and family. I want to say I'm no cowboy. God never made a purer woman than my mother, nor a nobler man than my father. Many people question my color and write to ask if I am black or white. I always answer "colored". Yellow buff is my color. I've no apology to make for what I say, for I'm not seeking popularity. I am not a joker or a fraud. I love God and God's work.

Coming to his text in course of his discourse, Mr. Jones made use of the following characteristic remarks:—

There is but one road of humanity in the moral universe. Hell is at one end of the road and heaven is at the other.

Now it's not what sort of a fellow you are but which way you are headed. If your back is turned on sin you're going the road to heaven and if it is turned against holiness you're going to hell.

Some of you people are Christians. Perhaps nine-tenths of you belong to church; but I've found that don't mean much.

The meanest man I ever knew was a church member and the best man I ever knew was a church member.

Peter converted three thousand persons in an hour, yet there are old croaking church members and dried up old ministers that don't believe it. I believe I've seen five hundred conversions in a single night and I believe I will live to see fifty thousand people converted under my own humble ministry in twelve months' time.

If Peter saved three thousand souls in an hour why in this enlightened nineteenth century cannot a nation be born in a day?

It is time we threw away our little iron hooks and threw out seines into the river of the world and catch fish for God.

To-day there are ten children born to parents in America where one soul is born to Christ.

We want to save souls and preach Christ and not sectarianism.

I am a Methodist, but I am no more to blame for being a Methodist than for being a Jones.

Some of these Methodist preachers are talking about infant baptism, while all the grown people are going to hell.

The Baptists cry for water and the half of them are going where they cannot get a drop.

In this nineteenth century it is time to stop this kind of foolishness and preach the doctrines of Christianity. It is time to tell the world through the churches that Christ died for sinners.

God help us to see the true way and we all can be saved.

According to present estimates the rate of taxation in Belleville this year will be over 18 mills on the dollar.

During a violent thunderstorm which recently broke over a country town in France a curious incident happened. A young woman caught in the storm was hastening homewards, sheltering herself as best she could beneath an umbrella from the drenching rain. Suddenly she experienced a strange and alarming sensation, the shock being simultaneous with a very vivid flash of lightning. She felt "quite upset, greatly alarmed," but nevertheless proceeded on her way and it was only on reaching her residence that she discovered what a narrow escape she had had. On removing her bonnet she found that her hair had been literally cut off, her head presenting, as the hair fell, the same appearance as though it had been shaved with a razor. The effect of the discovery upon the girl's mind was so great that she has been confined to her bed ever since the day of the storm. It is not the loss of her hair that affects her, but the recollection of the narrow escape she had has so entirely upset her nervous system that the medical men attending her express the opinion that it will be some weeks before she recovers from the shock.

The Canadian Government will send a steamer to relieve starving Newfoundlanders.

The value of mackerel taken by Yankee fishermen from Canadian waters this year is placed at $750,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED,
A GIRL, ABOUT 14 or 16 YEARS OLD, TO do light house work in small family. Good wages to suitable person. Apply to MRS. O. HEWAT, Stirling.

VOTERS' LIST NOTICE.

Voters' List, 1886—Municipality of the Village of Stirling, County of Hastings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in said municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up in my office, at Stirling, on the 29th day of July, 1886, and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

ANDREW GLASS,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Stirling, July 29th, 1886.

Every Day Work.

Great deeds are trumpeted, loud bells are rung
And men turn round to see;
The high peaks echo to the pleasant song
Over some great victory.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

Shall one sit idly through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale,
Or lie in port until some Golden Fleece
Lures him to face the gale?
There's work enough to do. Why idly then delay
His work counts most who labors every day.

A torrent sweeps down the mountain's brow
With foam and flash and roar;
Anon its stream is spent—where is it now?
Its one short day is over.
But the clear stream that through the meadow flows
All the long Summer on its mission goes.

Better the steady way; the torrent's dash
Soon leaves its rest to dry.
The light we love is not the lightning flash,
Frown out the midnight sky;
But the sweet sunshine, whose unfamiliar ray
From its calm throne of blue light every day.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining story tells.

Retribution At Last!

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Heaven knows I am miserable!" he said.

Madge was infinitely distressed. She had guessed he was unhappy, but had not to have acknowledge it seemed more than she could bear. She sank upon her knees by his side, and put her white arms round his neck.

"It has been some dreadful mistake!" she murmured, her tears falling fast.

"It has been an act of rash folly, of consummate idiocy!" he cried with sudden passion. "To think that I, who loved—her, should have tied myself for life to that—that—underbred girl!"—pointing with a gesture of loathing to the room where his bride sat disporting herself in happy jubilation. "Oh, my Margaret, my beautiful, my own! Even if you could not love me, I might have held myself pure for your sake!"

"Oh, Cecil!" exclaimed his sister, shocked at the visible despair in eyes and voice. "Did not Argent—did not she love you?"

"No," he returned, hopelessly. "She looked into my face with the far-off unseeing gaze she has—as remote from me as an angel in Heaven—and said, when I dared to tell her of my love, 'Do not speak so! It hurts me! I don't know what you mean! I do not understand!' And when I would have taken her in my arms, crying 'But I will teach you; only let me love you!' she shrank back moaning, 'No; never, never! I do not love you. I do not want you to love me! Go—go!' She was as cold as a statue, and as pitiless. There was no sorrow, no trouble in her lovely eyes; only that far-off gaze, more hard to bear than scorn or hatred! And I left her, Madge—left her, full of madness, all the air like flame around me. What happened after I do not know; but I know, to my sorrow, that I married Nellie Mill, who loved me!"—and an expression of intense bitterness crossed his haggard face, as he sketched her three days afterwards. Who knows," he went on after a pause, during which the listener's tears had fallen plentifully, "but that if I had waited I might have won my darling after all? Ay, it is this thought that stings me to the quick. But for my mad folly, my senseless rage, I might have won her; but now she is beyond my reach for ever. Oh, Heaven, what a fool, what an utter fool I have been!" And he groaned again.

"Madge," cried a hard voice at this juncture. "Sir Horace Mallock is asking for you; he wants you to sing with him. You must come at once;" and Cecilia appeared in the curtained archway.

Madge brushed away her tears and sprang up.

"I'm a moment," she said; then, as Cecilia departed, she stooped over her eldest brother and kissed him tenderly and solemnly. "Your own wife is the only one who has a claim upon you for anything. She loves you; do not punish her for your mistake—let the dead past bury its dead."

"Ay," murmured Cecil bitterly, when he was left alone, "but is the past dead? No; it will never die; it will sting me, it will gnaw at her ever; it will make life a burden to me! Oh, Argent! Oh, my lost, lost love!"

Meanwhile, things were looking a little brighter to the young wife. She had been introduced to several people who smiled condescendingly on her rustic beauty. One of these, a Mr. Lewis Deane, had remained by her side, and was entertaining her with his instructive conversation, when Madge came in. In appearance somewhat effeminate and youthful, "cheeked like Apelle, with his lated voice," Lewis Deane was the reality a hardened *blasé* man of the world, utterly selfish and unprincipled. He was the very worst friend had she known it, but Nellie could have made. In the present instance his curiosity was excited. He wanted to find out what had fascinated the *elegant, aesthetic* poet so excessively in this country-bred girl as to induce him to marry her.

"She is pretty, too," he told himself, as he looked with bold admiration into the dark, long-lashed eyes, noting the clustering curls, the rosy lips, and baby dimples. "If only she were better dressed she'd be a charming bit of Watteau, but no doubt she'll improve in that line."

Such was his tact, that he soon made the shy girl feel at ease with him. Madge was surprised when she escaped from the piano, and glanced towards Nellie, to see her animation, the sparkling light in her dark eyes, and the gay smiles with which she was apparently amusing her companion, while her shrill laughter, as unmuffled as in her native wilds, excited the whispered comments of the guests, and nearly drove Cecilia Graham wild.

"Do speak to your wife, Cecil!" she urged in an angry undertone. "She is not only disgracing herself, but us! Can't you do something to stop it?"

But Cecil never raised his eyes from the album in which he was apparently absorbed.

"No; I can do nothing," he answered absently.

"If you do not care for your own sake," remarked his sister, with cold contempt, as she moved away, "it seems to me you might think a little of the credit of your family."

"Cecil Graham must have lost his wits to allow his bride to flirt in such a broad—I could almost say vulgar way!" observed a portly matron to her favorite gossip. "And with Lewis Deane too, of all men in the world! Not a very good beginning to matrimonial felicity."

"I never saw a bridegroom's face less expressive of felicity in all my life!" said the other emphatically, shaking her shoulders. "He looks the picture of misery, and doesn't seem to have a word to say for him self. I can hardly believe him to be the same man as the Cecil Graham I met at Lady Thornton's last winter. He seems to have had all the spirit driven out of him somehow."

"Well, I'm not surprised. If this is a specimen of his bride's manners," said the matron with asperity—she had intended her eldest daughter for the popular poet. "An ill-bred doltish chit of a girl! The family don't seem to like her either."

"No, and yet they say it's a love match. Quite, I suppose, a King Cophetua affair. Only I should have imagined Cophetua after his marriage with the beggar-maid to have been a little more devoted."

This conversation was but an echo of many others which took place that evening in the drawing-room of the Clifden House, the popular opinion being that the girl was a pretty dairy maid, that Mr. Deane's attentions were very marked, and that Cecil Graham was more of a fool than poets in general are supposed to be.

"That girl's conduct is unbearable," indignantly exclaimed Lavinia Graham, about a fortnight later, bursting into Madge's boudoir, where she and Cecilia were gossiping with a beauty friend over a cup of tea. "I believe she's lost her senses; at least, it's the most charitable thing one can believe."

"You allude to Mrs. Cecil Graham?" inquired Ella May, thoughtfully sipping her tea. "I confess I have often wondered what could have induced your brother, with his exalted ideas, refined tastes, and so forth, to have married her."

"All the world wondered," quoted Madge rather flippantly; then, more seriously, "What particular folly are you bewailing, Lavinia?"

"Give me some tea, Cis dear," murmured that young lady in an exhausted tone, throwing herself upon a couch as she spoke, "been I'll tell you; and see if you don't agree with me that she has lost her sense or honour or principle of any sort."

"I saw that plainly enough the evening I arrived," remarked Cecilia, as she poured out the tea.

"Poor Cecil!" said Madge in a low tone, her eyes filling with tears.

"Poor, indeed!" exclaimed Cecilia, ostentling the murmur. "Why, he must have been an idiot, or bewitched! I'm sure I am ready to cry whenever I think of it—he might have married any one." Here Ella May blushed ever so slightly. "Any one! Half the girls were wild about him—and with his position, his talents, his appearance!" and Cecilia groaned. "Then to go and be befooled by this—this doll, this vulgar rustic!" searching in vain for a more withering expression. "To throw himself at her feet, to offer her his family name, his dear!" and the speaker fairly broke down and hid her face in her hands.

"Poor Cecil!" repeated Madge. "He is miserable. If he has been foolish, he is paying a bitter penalty for it."

"Ay, he will have to be just," Lavinia, "I must say that I blame him partly for his wife's misconduct. He does not even show her common attention. I have seen the look at him as a dog will that wants a caress from its master—as if hungering for a kind look; but Cecil is as cold as a stone, as blind and deaf as a statue."

"Of course; he's too disgusted to be anything else. But what made you so fierce just now, Lavinia? Anything fresh?" asked Cecilia, sitting up again.

"Why, you know, when luncheon was over, Nellie said she must go and write a letter, and she wished Mr. Deane good morning as she went out. After being me for a quarter of an hour, he suddenly remembered an appointment in the Park, and bade me au revoir until evening. Half an hour later—with solemn impressiveness—I went into the library for a book, and there he was, hanging over her chair, engaged in the most confidential of conversations."

"Just what I could have foretold," commented Cecilia.

"I tell you positively say that he hand was on her shoulder, but I think it was. The slight took away my breath."

"Perhaps you have been an accidental and innocent thing enough," falter of Madge.

"Accidental—innocent!" with bitter emphasis. "Why, there did both turn as guilty as—as the ribbon on your dress. Why did he start away, and she give a scream? Oh, of course they pretended it was quite accidental, but the thing was too palpable. However, I shall acquaint Cecil. After this, perhaps, he will see the necessity of rousing himself, and looking after his wife a little."

Madge sighed faintly as she went away to dress. Sad was the heavy face she saw reflected in her mirror as her maid wound up the smooth coils of brown hair, and clasped a jewelled circlet round the fair neck. By the time her toilet was finished she had made up her mind what course to pursue.

"I must do what I can for dear Cecil," she told herself. "Nellie is but a child, after all—badly brought up perhaps, and utterly ignorant of the ways of the world. I am sure she loves Cecil. Yes, I will speak kindly and plainly to her; I will warn her gently and try to like her better, poor girl! Cecil has made her his wife, therefore he ought to touch her as sacred—to guard her youth, to protect her from insult and from danger." For the first time Madge felt a sentiment of disapproval for her brother, who had been hitherto perfect in her eyes.

Entering Nellie's room in answer to her "Come in," she was startled at the pretty picture which met her eyes. The young bride was dressed in white satin, with pearl ornaments, and had the splendid simplicity of her attire contrasted admirably with her dark attractive style of beauty. She was paler than formerly, and she looked all the better for it—more like a lady and less delicate. She was alone, and she had been trying the effect of some flowers in her hair. She flushed in an embarrassed way when she saw who was the intruder. Madge—all unused to such an errand—dashed at once into the subject.

"Nellie," she began, taking her sister-in-law's hand, "I want to speak to you about Mr. Deane." Nellie flushed yet more, and her eyes drooped; but she said nothing. "You are young, and do not know the world," went on nineteen-year-old Madge, "or you would understand, that how very undesirable are the attentions of any man, especially such men as Mr. Deane—to a married woman. You would be horrified if you knew the surmises to which your conduct has given rise. Cecil's wife, you know should be above suspicion."

Nellie pulled away her hand, sat down on a chair close by, and burst into passionate tears. Very quietly Madge knelt by her side.

"You will not talk to him any more?" she asked gently. "You will not grieve us by your conduct, nor grieve Cecil? Don't cry, dear! I know you thought no harm. If I had my way"—with a burst of indignation—"such men should be outcasts from society!"

"I—I am so lonely!" sobbed the little bride at last. "No—no one cares for me, or notices me but him! He is kind to me. I don't want to lose my only friend."

"I fear we have all neglected you," replied the other soothingly; "but I will be your friend, dear—we shall all learn to love you; and Cecil, do you not think of him?"

"Cecil?" echoed the girl, her eyes flashing. "He hates me! And, oh, how I have loved him! When I married him I thought he loved me, and I would have given my life for him. He doesn't care—he never thinks of me; he hates me, I say, and I—oh, how am I to bear it?" And again her sobs broke forth wildly.

Madge was shocked and a little frightened. She felt angry with her brother. That the innocent girl he had married should be the innocent girl he had married seemed to her an unjust unpardonable thing; but it was not her task to tell this to the weeping wife.

"Listen to me," she said, drawing the curly head on to her breast. "He does not hate you; if you showed yourself in your true light to him he would love you; he could not help it. Don't let him learn to regard you as a mere flirt, a frivolous vain creature! Let him see you love him and value his approval above all things in the world. Begin fresh, Nellie, and win his love—will you?"

"I will—I will!" cried the young wife impulsively. "Kiss me, dear Madge. Bless you for those kind sweet words!"

Madge went down to the drawing-room with a lighter heart and a glad hope that all would now be well. Alas, she little knew how his rejected love had warped Cecil's kindly nature, how it had turned the healthful currents of his life into gall and vinegar, now enclosed he was in his selfish sorrow—dead to all but vain, passionate longing and remorse!

CHAPTER VII.

There was a large dinner-party one evening at the Clifden House, which was to be followed by a *soiree musicale*. Nellie Graham was quite the belle, as her husband was the rage. The two were as great a contrast in manner and in personal appearance as could possibly be—she so small, so dark, sparkling with animation, naively pleased by the admiration she excited, charmed by the novelty which surrounded her, and fresh and *piquante* as a child; he so tall, fair, cold, fully indifferent, palpably weary, bored by the worshippers who would swing their censers before him, bored by everything.

"Can't think what's come to Graham!" remarked one of his friends, who was as a great to the fair Cecilia's hand. "He hasn't a word to say for himself! In my time he was a trifle conceited poetry-writing that's turned his head. 'Another good man gone wrong,' Jim, my boy!"

"Ay, ay!" responded the languid companion. "Depend upon it 'tis mawiage—mawiage has done it!"

Meanwhile Mr. Lewis Deane found himself for the first time repulsed, and the simple country girl, with whom he had been amusing himself, was far from being enthralled as he had imagined, he resolved to make her own his power, resolved to make her care for him. Cleaving to think himself in love with her, he vowed that she should love him. He could have ground his teeth when, in spite of his utmost fascinations, he saw her eyes wistfully following her husband's tall figure as he moved amongst the crowd, his lions of a baby smile. Madge, who was far from as Cecil passed her without the slightest notice.

"Little fool!" muttered Mr. Deane. "He cares for her no more than a stone would; she is infatuated. But I am not going to be mocked by a country-bred child. I'm not going to be thrown over so. Even if I hated her, I would not let her off. One thing I can't bear, and that's ridicule. By jings, I'll make her pay for bet and get my *conge*, how the fellows would laugh! I should lose my prestige for ever."

All unconscious of her companion's thoughts, Nellie sat musing sadly over Cecil's cold indifference, longing yearning for the golden days when she had dreamed he loved her, watching, while she mused, the tall figure threading the vari-colored crowd, and finally pass through the vari-colored window to the balcony outside.

Now was her chance—he was alone. She would follow and speak to him, she would make an appeal to him from her very heart, she would show him that she loved him and none other. Surely he would respond to the devoted love of his own wife!

"Excuse me, Mr. Deane," rising awkwardly enough. "I am going to my husband. No, thanks. I will go alone."

Mr. Deane looked after her with a sardonic grin.

"Go!" he muttered. "Nevertheless, my fair lady, you will come to me again, and with a difference!"

On the balcony Cecil Graham stood alone. In truth, the prospect thence was a poor one, Nellie had thought. It consisted of a view of smoky gardens and melancholy trees with a background of roofs and tiles. But slight surroundings lend the dullest reality a commonplace view. A large golden half moon hung in the purple sky, edging tree and shrub with a line of mystic glory, and a soft breeze was blowing the stagnant air. Sweet-scented flowers in pots thronged the spacious balcony, and one or two graceful ferns drooped in hanging glasses, gleaming pallid and dim in the gloom of summer night. Through the heavy velvet curtains came none of the heat and noise within; but music came in waves and the full rich tones of some professional singer stole soothingly on the ear and died in life darkness beyond.

Cecil Graham stood buried in mournful reverie—dreaming, mourning over the past, as he always did when alone. It was as though Argent Vorlinton had indeed thrown some subtle web around him, which he could not break. He was fast becoming a mere visionary, an indolent dreamer of unpractical dreams. Dead and buried to all things around, his old ambition dead, the duties of life neglected, he yielded himself up to a vague yearning for bitter-sweet visions of what might have been.

He started when his arm was touched softly, half expecting to confront the angel face of Argent Vorlinton; instead, he saw beside a little shrinking figure, robed in white, the large eyes fixed half timidly, half imploringly on his face, with an expression that would have touched any heart less self-centered than his own.

"What do you want?" he asked sternly, a frown deepening on his brow.

With a desperate effort the girl summoned her fleeting courage.

"I am like a child, and I have a right to speak," she told herself; then aloud—"It is so long since I had you to myself, dearest, and, when I saw you come here, I—I thought I would come too."

"You have taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble then," he said rudely. "I come here because I wished to be alone, as you might have guessed."

"But, oh, Cecil"—taking his unwilling hand between her own—"you will not send me away—your own wife?"

"I cannot think why you bore me like this. I tell you I want to be alone."

"Are you angry with me, Cecil?" There was no reply. "It is—is it—because you think I have been—flirting—with Mr. Deane? Oh, Cecil, if I have done so, it was because I was so miserable, so lonely, and he was kind to me; but, if you will love me a little, I don't care if all the world besides hates me too?"

All the young wife's soul was in her eyes as she looked up into the rigid face of her husband of one month—yearning for one relenting glance, one kind word; but none was given. He only answered, icily impassive—

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, madam, whether you flirt or not. I think we have had enough of this nonsense; and he moved aside as he her passed.

But with a sudden movement she fell at his feet, clasping his knees within her white arms, her face upraised, and tears streaming from her eyes.

"I will go—I will go!" she breathed, between her sobs. "Only tell me the truth, Cecil! Do you love me? Do you love me? I can be content—I can live and hope for more. Oh, Cecil, we have only been married a month—say you love me a little! I am so miserable, Cecil!"

It was a pitiful sight—the childish face and figure, the pleading voice, the passionate abandon of the attitude; but it did not move the man's hard dead heart. Angry loved me, and I would have given my life for him. He doesn't care—he never thinks of me; he hates me, I say, and I—oh, how am I to bear it?" And again her sobs broke forth wildly.

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SUMMER SMILES

Operators in wool—moths.

A wind instrument—A clock key.

An early riser—The alarm clock.

Money lenders take more interest in business than any other class of men.

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very bad shot.

Speaking of drinking it may be observed that the man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.

Committeeman—"What animal is the most capable of attaching itself to a man?" Head of the class—"The leech, sir."

"Ah," said Jebokus, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother eyes—and my hair," he added, as the infant prodigy grabbed him by the foretop.

"I am coming by and by, you will hear my plaintive cry, in accents mild and gentle as a lamb. I'm not coming on a frolic, but to give small boys the colic, sing hey! the small green apple that I am."

"How is this, son-in-law; you went to the ball last night and here it is scarcely two months since you lost your wife?" "I acknowledge it, my dear mamma; but then you know, I dance so sadly!"

Old Strictum—See here! what makes you so late this morning?" Office boy—"I had to get my hair cut." Strictum—"Well you could have sent some one else to attend to that. Don't let it occur again."

Fond mother (to bachelor uncle)—"Why, John, don't let the baby play with that gold toothpick. He'll swallow it." Bachelor uncle—"Oh, that won't do any harm. I have a string tied to it so I can't lose it."

A dealer advertises: "I am selling fine corkscrews in men's pants at $5." Unless there is a loaded flask in the hip pocket the inducement of a fine corkscrew in the pants will not capture many purchasers.

The hopeful 6-year-old son of one of Waterbury's best known lawyers walked into the District Court room the other morning and presenting a black kitten with a string about its neck said: "Papa will you take care of my cat until school is out?"

Eastern young lady to Western young man—"We were disappointed in not getting cards to your sister's wedding, Mr. Breezy. Were there no cards?' "Well—er, sister didn't play any, but some of us had a little two-dollar game after the minister got away.

It is asked how editors pass their leisure moments. Bless your dear soul, they don't pass them. They never catch up to them. An editor is usually from ten to forty years behind his leisure moments, and he always dies before he gets within gunshot of the rearmost of them.

"Mary Ann," says one chambermaid to another engaged in filling up vacated rooms, "are ye there?" "I am," says Mary Ann. "Thin, Mary," says the other, "the gentleman out of twinty-siven has left pomade." "Willye take it into the office?" "Faith, I'll not; its me own hair that requires the same."

A jealous woman a few nights ago went through the pockets of her husband while he was in bed asleep, expecting to find a love letter from another woman; but, instead, finding only an old pocket-knife, a dime, two nails and a dun for house rent, she went back to bed and imprinted a kiss on his calmly sleeping forehead.

A wag who is often merry over his personal plainness tells this story of himself: "I went to a chemist the other day for a dose of morphine for sick friend. The assistant objected to give it to me without a prescription,' evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I "do I look like a man who would kill himself?' Gazing steadily at me for a moment he replied: "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you I should be greatly tempted to kill myself."

REMARKABLE FACTS.

Jay Gould's income is said to be ten cents every time the clock ticks.

A newspaper has been discovered in Pekin that was started in the year 911.

Philadelphia grave diggers have organized a branch of the Knights of Labor.

It is a rose of clear green that the Parisian florists now talk about.

A Hebrew in Pereslavl died lately at the given age of 117 years. The *Krevlanen* reports that he had been arranging to marry for the ninth time shortly before his death.

The *Medical World* has an account of a patient whose prematurely gray hair is returning to its original color under the internal administration of phosphorlized cod-liver oil.

Mrs. Jennie Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing machine, which her worthless husband carried to a liquor saloon and raffled off.

P. S. McNally, of Boston, aged twenty-one years, has saved between thirty-five and forty persons from drowning during fourteen years. The Massachusetts Humane Society has just given him a medal.

The name chapel, as applied to printing houses, printers' unions, etc., comes from the fact that the first printing press in England was said to have been placed in the chapel of Westminister Abbey, although it was not, as a matter of historical fact.

The family of the late Brigham Young recently celebrated the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birthday. Three hundred persons of both sexes were present, and many members were unable to attend. At this rate the association will soon be compelled to hire a Hall in which to hold its reunions.

An Arkansas farmer writes that lost year when 'coons made havac in his cornfield, he went to the drugstore to buy strychnine with which to kill them. By mistake the druggist gave him morphine, and the next morning he found his field full of sleeping 'coons. He advises the use of morphine instead of strychnine.

Man is not the only animal that commits suicide. Herrings and other fishes have sought death by rushing ashore in myriads regiment of ants, by deliberately marching into streams; swarms of rats, by migrating into the face of their deadly foes; and even butterflies, by flying in immense clouds straight out to sea.

Ebony can be imitated on wood by first painting with a 1 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper. When perfectly dry the word is painted over with a liquid consisting of equal weights of aniline hydro chloride and spirits of wine. The blue vitrel acts on the aniline and forms nigrosin, a black which can not be affected by acids or alkalies. A lustre can be added by coating with simple copal varnish.

The First Seen in Those Waters.

The fishermen of Gabarus, N. S., have been excited over the appearance of a mermaid seen in the waters by some fishermen a few days ago. While Mr. Bagnell, accompanied by several fishermen, was out in a boat, they observed floating on the surface of the water a few yards from the boat what they supposed to be a corpse. Approaching it for the purpose of taking it ashore for burial, they observed it to move, when, to their great surprise, it turned around in a sitting position and looked at them and disappeared. A few moments after it appeared to the surface and again looked toward them, after which it disappeared altogether. The face, head, shoulders, and arms resembled those of a human being, but the lower extremities had the appearance of a fish. The back of its head was covered with long dark hair resembling a horse's mane. The arms were shaped exactly like a human being's, except that the fingers on the hands were very long. The color of the skin was not unlike that of a human being. There is no doubt that the mysterious stranger is what is known as a mermaid and the first seen in Cape Breton waters.

THE FARM.

Horticulture for the Young.

A few years ago as I was driving along the street I noticed a little ragged girl, all alone, as she stopped on the walk to look through the enclosure of a beautiful residence with its spacious lawns and flower beds, and I thanked my Heavenly Father that while that little waif could not enjoy the inside grandeur of the palatial mansion, He had ordained that the outside beauty must needs have his free air and sunshine, so that the poor as well as the rich might enjoy it.

Young persons may learn much of horticulture in their earlier years before they have shown any special fitness or inclination for any profession, and their experience in the cultivation of plants will render them all the better prepared physically and mentally for other spheres of usefulness. It is true that one may learn quickly how to perform an operation in horticulture skillfully, while it is almost impossible for another to ever become proficient, and yet its different departments afford opportunity for varied capacities.

I once employed a young man for the summer, who I think was inclined to be faithful and industrious as well as anxious to learn, and yet he never betrayed any special aptness for the various manipulations of the business until along in September, when all at once he exhibited an interest in horticulture, which could only be measured by eight or ten pounds or good ripe Concords every day in the week as long as they lasted.

I think it is well for a boy or a girl to have a little patch of ground, and with the understanding that it shall be well cared for, let them grow what they choose and have the proceeds to be used for a good purpose. This helps them to think and plan for themselves. When children are too young for this let them help arrange the flower beds, make bouquets, and they will love them all the more.

It is well to learn them to observe the processes of development and compare the different forms and colors.

In my boyhood days I showed a lady teacher of a country school a little flower, and she at once exclaimed, "What a little beauty! Where did you get it? It's a perfect gem, I never saw anything like it! What is it?" It was a buckwheat blossom, and she had seen acres of it.

The young as well as older persons are prompted very much by the anticipated reward of their labors, and if successful are stimulated to further efforts.

A father I once knew told his 12-year old son that if he would plant and care well for an acre of corn he might have the use of team, tools, land, seed and the proceeds. That boy faithfully performed his part of the contract and now is the senior partner and chief manager of extensive nurseries in Western New York.

Some years ago a wild boy in Michigan, who had been furnished with too liberal a supply of pocket money, wanted his father to buy him a new buggy. His father replied, "If you want a buggy, take the old team and put in a piece of wheat, and buy you one."

The wide-awake boy went at it, sowed forty acres, harvested 1,000 bushels, sold it for a good price, bought a buggy, put the rest of the money in a bank, and from that time began to work for a home of his own, and to-day he is the proprietor of a good farm, and a useful Christian man.

It is a mistake to think that "any tool is good enough for a boy because he won't do much any way."

If anything will make a boy sigh for a clerkship it is an old-fashioned sweepstakes of a scythe.

If anything will make a boy hate farming it is dragging in a hot day with a slow ox team and a crotch drag.

A feeling of proprietorship is worth something to anyone, old or young.

If "Mary has a little lamb," and feeds it, let it be Mary's sheep.

If Sarah has a little calf and cares for it, let it be Sarah's cow.

If Willie has a colt and cares for it, let it become Willie's horse.

It don't sound just right to say that "bub's steers have grown to be father's oxen." I am confident that whatever we would do for the young, future well-being and love of home, must begin with good examples, purity of thought and speech, industrious habits and strict integrity of character.

To Prevent Lamp Accidents.

Both in constructing a lamp and in the care of it, the following rules are worth knowing, for choosing, in the first place, and for keeping it in good order:

1. That portion of the wick which is in the oil reservoir should be enclosed in a tube of thin sheet metal, open at the bottom, or in a cylinder of fine white gauze, such as is used in miner's safety lamps (twenty-eight meshes to one inch).

2. The oil reservoir should be of metal rather than of china or glass.

3. The oil reservoir should have no feeding place nor opening other than the opening into which the upper part of the lamp is screwed.

4. Every lamp should have a proper extinguishing apparatus.

5. Every lamp should have a broad and heavy base.

6. Wicks should be soft and not tightly plaited.

7. Wicks should be dipped in vinegar and dried at the fire before being put into lamps.

8. Wicks should be only just long enough to reach the bottom of the oil reservoir.

9. Wicks should be so wide that they quite fill the wick-holder without having to be squeezed into it. Wicks should be soaked with oil before being lit. The reservoir should be quite filled with oil every time before using the lamp.

10. The lamp should be kept thoroughly clean, all oil should be carefully wiped off, and all charred wick and dirt rubbed off with a twisted lamp-lighter or other stiff piece of paper before lighting.

11. When the lamp is lit the wick should be first turned down and then slowly raised.

12. Lamps which have no extinguishing apparatus should be put out as follows: The wick should be turned down until there is only a small flickering flame, and a sharp puff of breath should then be sent across the top of the chimney, but not down it.

Legendary Weapons.

Curious and interesting particulars of the actual construction of legendary weapons are found in some of the Vedas and the commentaries on the ancient writings. The bows varied in length from the length of a man's arm to 4 cubits or 6 feet, of which the latter dimension was considered the best. They were made of metal, horn, or wood; but the best bows were constructed from the bamboo cut at the end of Autumn. The arrows also varied in length from 3 feet to 5 or 6. They were tipped with steel points variously shaped, needle or lance pointed, semicircular, dentiform, double-edged or jagged like a saw, and these forms of points are to day to be found on the arrows of many of the aboriginal tribes of India. The shafts were greased or anointed to facilitate their flight; but they never appear to have been poisoned. Some were altogether made of iron, and it is perhaps these to which Curtains alludes when he says that some of the Indian archers shot with arrows which were too heavy to be very manageable. One characteristic of the archery of the ancient Hindus seems to have been peculiar to them alone, which consisted in shooting a number of arrows at once, from four to nine at a time. The swords were, as in later days, of various shapes and sizes, and many localities were credited with producing the best blades. Those of Bengal and Behar were praised as tough and capable of taking a fine edge. The sword considered in the Veda of the best size must have been a two-handed weapon, as it was 50 fingers long, with a hilt guarded by an iron netting, probably resembling the modern pata, or the long kanda of the Rajput. There does not appear to have been any special distribution of weapons to combatants of different ranks, though bows and arrows, maces, javelins, swords, and shields seem to have been the principal arms of the chiefs, who went to battle mounted on chariots, while their followers carried in addition spears and axes of various forms, and other missiles of different kinds.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

When I h'ar an indiwidual riz up an' de-clar' disgust wid de world I sot him down as a pusson who has contributed his f'ar share to'rds bringin' de world to its present condishum.

Dar' am sartin people who war' bo'n into dis life fur no pertickler reason. Dey am as outer place as a blind hoss befo' a lookin'-glass. Dey haven't de smartness to steal nor de speerit to work. Dey am too cowardly to suicide, an' not brave 'nuff to face de problems of life. Dey am mean 'nuff to covet, but not reckless 'nuff to steal. Dey begin on Sunday mawnin' to predict short crops, an' wind up Saturday night by a prophecy of airthquakes or cholera. On de front doah of ebery sich man should be nailed a sign readin': "It am better to pass on to de next co'ner an' take de small-pox instead.

I sit down wid my pipe of an eavenin' an' boil sartin matters down an' frow away de skimmins. I'ze bin gainin' two or three pounds of flesh a y'ar fur de las' ten y'ars. What rich man has done better? I'ze got a tight roof ober head an' a good cellar below. Jay Gould's roof may be higher an' his cellar bigger, but why should I envy him when I have room 'nuff?

On my table am co'n beef, 'taters, cabbage, bread, an' odder fings which please my taste, satisfy my hunger an' put fat on my ribs. Does any millionaire do mo' dan eat to please hisself?

De panes in my windows am small but clear. I kin look out to de east, no'th, south or west. De Vanderbilts can't do any better. Deir glass may be larger an' cost mo' money, but it doan' keep out any mo' weather.

I'ze got a bit of a garden in which I'ze growin' 'taters, lettuce, onions, beets an' de like. De Queen of England kin have a bigger garden, but her wegetables must grow in de same way, an' would taste no better.

I'ze got plenty of fuel fur cold weather, an' fly screens to keep out de dust an' flies in summer. De king's palace am warmed by de same coal an' his screens made frum de same wire. I want neither his heat nor his 'skeeters.

I'ze got good health an' a porty fa'r job. Dar am plenty of millionaires who haven't got no health 'tall, and whose worry am mo' tiresome dan my labor.

I'ze got a lot all paid fur in de graveyard. Some men may have two, but I doan' envy 'em. By an' by me'n de old woman will be laid away up dar. By an' by de rich man an' his wife will also be laid away. Dey may have a monument towerin' above our tombstuns, but dey'll sleep no sweeter nor awaken any sooner. Deir coffins may be richer, but de same airth will bring all to decay.

De great trouble wid alverage humanity, as I see it, am de fack dat people grasp fur too much. What was riches to de las' ginerashun am jist nuff to make dis one discontented. What was comfort den am poverty now. De wages of our granfathers would hardly buy ap'ons fur de wives of workin' men to-day. We am full of froth an' show. Hypocricy an' deceit am part of our stock in trade. Envy an' jealousy am driven' out charity an' contentment. Fifty y'ars hence, if dey should dig down to my coffin an' find dat I had turned ober, de papers needn't make any sensashun. It am quite sart'n, onless a great change takes place, dat de nex. generashun will make us ole dead folks tired.

The Use of Homing Pigeons.

The use of pigeons by Mr. C. T. Arnous as message-bearers, in the yacht races of last September, proves conclusively the value the birds might have as messengers from off the water. The purpose was the thought of the last moment, and when almost too late to make the necessary preparations. The arrangements were hasty, and the material homed at several centres, some of them miles away from the centre of use. Still, with all drawbacks, insufficiencies and mistakes, it was evident to the most prejudiced that with birds trained for the work, and with the atmospheric conditions at all favorable, the birds would six times out of seven prove to be of the greatest value; and failing the seventh, we would be only where we are without them. The messages were each not less than ten pages of manifold note, and were carried upon the middle feathers of the tail, to which they were fastened by fine copper wire, wound around and pressed flat to hold the message close to the feather. The editor of a newspaper served by these pigeons said: 'It gives me a peculiar sensation to receive copy from the hand of one I know to be out of reach upon the water, and to feel that he may talk to me but I can't answer back. It is a wonder to me after this experience that the officers of any vessel, excursion steamer, yacht, sail or tug-boat should be willing to leave the shore without this means of communicating with it.'

Very many of the merchant marine, especially in European waters, have pigeons on board for use in communicating with the vessel from the small boats away from it or from shore. These birds, it is said, never mistake another vessel for their own when at dock or in the harbor. It has been remarked of several flights that the birds in exercising, when far out of sight of land, will go away for hours at a time, and upon their return will have dried mud on their feet and legs, showing them to have been upon shore.

Mr. A. P. Baldwin experimented with pigeons for sea service twice in 1885, and to his satisfaction. One bird liberated by Officer Croom of the Waesland at one o'clock in the afternoon, when three hundred and fifteen miles from Sandy Hook, was in the loft at evening. Another let go from the Circassia at nine in the morning, when two hundred and fifty-five miles out, brought a message before evening."

Lock-Jaw Cured.

That form of lock-jaw which is produced by a wound is known to physicians as traumatic tetanus. A New York paper recently reported a case of this disease which had been treated by Dr. Robert Taylor. The patient recovered, and according to the reporter, the Doctor declares that it is "the only case of cure of traumatic tetanus in the hi stoof the world."

Is not this statement erroneous? In the London *Lancet* of June 12, 1886, Mr. William Thomas Jackman of the Royal College of Surgeons describes a case of traumatic tetanus which came under his care in the March previous. The patient was a lad fifteen years old, whose fingers had been crushed by cogged wheels, and the lock-jaw was complete. Chloral hydrate was administered in twenty-grain doses every three hours for ten days. The results were not satisfactory, and Mr. Jackman determined to try the new hypnotic drug urethan. The chloral was discontinued during the night, and four grains of urethan were given him every two hours from 6 o'clock in the evening to 6 in the morning. "The first night of this trial showed a marked decrease in the severity of the symptoms, and the patient made gradual and uninterrupted progress until April 20, when his recovery was established."

In the case treated by Dr. Taylor, morphine appears to have been the only drug employed. Any physician who is fortunate enough to treat this disease successfully is entitled to credit and congratulation, but the Bronxville case does not seem the only one which has resulted in recovery.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

System and Saving.

A lady writes about system and saving. When a woman gets married she knows she has a house to keep and has no business to get married unless she expects to keep house; and having accepted the position of housekeeper, if not fit for it, she should proceed at once and cheerfully to fit herself.

You would despise yourself, if tossed into a great sea, you made no struggle for a boat, a buoy, or the shore. So, when you find yourself almost overwhelmed with worries and care, and the steak is burning, the baby fallen out of bed, and your husband suddenly wants a button sewn on—hold the babe with one arm, lift the steak with the other, and tell John to bring you a needle and thread. Say no more. There are times when silence is not only golden but diamonds, and this is one of them. Thoughts are ghosts when unspoken, and troop harmlessly about, but once spoken they are living, sentient beings; therefore do not speak of a trouble or annoyance, unless speaking of it can remedy it. Very likely silence will in twenty-four hours lay the ghost, but once give it a voice and it may live forever.

Next to silence is order. If that is Heaven's first law it is twofold, the housekeeper and cook's. "A place for everything and everything in its place" might well be framed and substituted for "Home Sweet Home," over our doors.

To misplace a kitchen fork or spoon may burn to a cinder the most carefully prepared dish. The convenient holder lost from its nail may burn the cake or ruin the pie, and incense the cook. A cook table, full of drawers, where flour, spices, rollingpins, and cake-cutters are kept, with bake-pans hanging over it, will save you miles of travel and hours of time. A small shelf near the stove, kept for an extra pepper and salt dish, has saved me fifty miles' travel, I think in ten years. Only for one day count how many times you go from cook table to stove, seasoning various dishes, and you will see what this means.

Before putting a stroke in your kitchen stand by the stove or range as the objective point, draw a straight line from that to every object which is often used there, and place it as near as possible. Keep kettles and gridirons so near that you need but to turn to reach them, and always, if possible, wash them as soon as used, because they wash easier and it saves time.

In finding places for kitchen utensils study every time to place them where it will take the fewest steps to reach them.

The walk, walk, walk, step, step, step, all day of some housekeepers remind us of the tread-mill work of a horse on'a wheel. The poor, dejected animal looks always down, and counts the seme rounds hopelessly interminably.

There is no use of it. If brains do not save steps in housekeeping, then brains should go to the wall and machine work come in. If a sane woman will go twice or thrice a day down cellar and bring up five or ten potatoes at a time, instead of a peck, and wash them at once, then my talk is not for her, for I cannot simplify housekeeping.

A japanned server is the keystone of the kitchen arch, and a dumb waiter between the cellar and the pantry or kitchen is one of the supporting pillars; a ventilator over the stove is another.

In the sitting room the greatest aid to simplify housekeeping is a work-table with folding-leaves and the sides full of small drawers, so that when the housekeeper sits down to sew she can put her hand at once, and without arising, on crochet and knitting needles, tapes and darning cotton, and every possible need.

I reiterate. Put all the articles of every day use at the point where they can be reached with fewest steps. Once a year weed out the foolish knicknacks of beads and cardboard, and the like, which seem to accumulate like frogs of Egypt, over night, and drop from our ceilings, cumber our walls, load our shelves, and require hours of dusting. They are a delusion and a snare, and a caricature on true art at best.

A Chat About Oatmeal.

No one can live long in a Scotch community without noticing the healthful look of the children, whose food consists largely of oatmeal, compared with those fed on fine grains, or even groats, which are the same, only without the husks. This chaff or husk however, which is left in the meal, contains some points that act as a stimulant on the coats of the bowels to keep them active without medicine and render this food of great benefit to the dyspeptic. There is no method of cooking oatmeal equal to the making of porridge, and when properly prepared it is generally a favorite dish for breakfast. "What makes your oatmeal porridge so good?" is a frequent question in our house from strangers, and they think the meal must be of superior quality. But to prepare it properly the water must be *boiling*, necessary salt added, and the oatmeal then stirred in slowly sifting it through the fingers. The process not to be hurried if lumps would be avoided. When it begins to boil up well stop stirring and close the pot tightly. Set at the back of the stove while you cook the rest of the breakfast. Lift the porridge without any more stirring, as it is this that breaks the grain and makes it waxy. The Scotch do not stir with a spoon, but with a smooth flattened stick called a "spurtle," that any one can make according to their own idea. This gives more evenness to the mixing, and if cooked in this way the porridge will be sweet, wholegrained, and wholesome.

VOODOUED.

George A. Forschler's Death Said to be Due to an Evil Fetisch.

A white man named George A. Forschler, 24 years of age, died the other afternoon at his residence in the old French section of New Orleans, from the effects, as his friends believe, of a voodou charm. The symptoms which the young man exhibited were like paralysis. He could not move his limbs and complained of a terrible noise in his head resembling that made by a steam car. His legs and body were very much swollen. The belief in the power of the voodou fetisch to work good or evil to human beings at the will of the magician or medicine man, who controls the mysterious secrets, is not confined to the colored people. Many whites have implicit faith in these conjurations, and hold them in dread.

It is said that a mysterious drug was administered to him, and that a fetisch or charm has been buried somewhere on the premises to destroy his senses by some occult power. His father said that his son, some three months ago, was taken sick. He called a colored doctor—Dr. Solomon—who said that his son had been given something to hurt him. On St. John's Day the young man was sent for by Dr. Solomon to come to the lake, and told that he would there be bathed.

St. John's Day, the 24th of June, is a time peculiarly sacred to the voodou mysteries, and at that time the negroes are accustomed to gather on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, where secret, and mysterious rites are said to be performed. Dr. Solomon did not show up at the lake on the appointed day, although the sick man was duly carried there, and the patient's friends then lost confidence in the sable physician. A medical man who could combat the powers of voodou magic was necessary, and the family next called in Dr. Glapion, another colored practitioner, who declared that the patient had been made a victim of the accursed powers of the voodous. The father of the victim said:

"On the 25th of June, in the evening, I requested Mr. Glapion to see if there was anything like a voodou fetisch buried on the premises. Mr. Glapion examined the premises, and found that there was something buried under the house, and that it was necessary to cut the flooring to get at the buried fetisch. This was done by one of my employees, and after half an hour's work Mr. Glapion caused the charm to show itself, and took it out. It consisted of a package showing red silk cord, wrapped around gold leaf, stuck full of large steel needles in all kinds of positions, the whole enveloping a bottle. Mr. Glapion took hold of the package and unwrapped it. The silk cord was of unusual length, fully sixty feet. The gold leaf was folded square in four folds, and the needles rudely represented the shape of a star. The bottle was uncorked by Mr. Glapion, who found it to contain a mixture of vinegar and gunpowder, with other substances whose nature was not ascertained."

The same evening the fetisch was thrown into the river. After this the patient appeared to improve, and his appetite, which had disappeared, returned. But Glapion was unable to overcome the evil spells, as the patient took another bad turn and died.

Glapion is of medium height, spare, nervous, and sinewy. His almost jet-black skin is lustrous and of a peculiar color. He wears a thin moustache, pointed at each end, and affects a nice way of talking the French language, which he speaks rather fluently. His eyes are large, prominent, and restless.

END OF THE ARCHER GANG.

Another Outlaw Meets Death at the Hangman's Hands.

Sam Archer was hanged at Shoals, Ind., the other afternoon. He was convicted last January of complicity in the murder of Samuel A. Bunch on July 11, 1882. He escaped arrest until betrayed by John D. Lynch, one of the gang. In July, 1882, Sam Marley and Mart Archer quarrelled, and Archer was wounded by Marley. The older Archers determined to punish Marley, and they organized a gang of six men, including Tom, Mart, John, and Sam Archer, John D. Lynch, and Dave Crane. Mart was chosen Captain. The work of ferreting out the hiding place of Marley began.

Bunch's house was watched constantly, as it was believed he was aiding Marley to escape. The Archers finally resolved to kill Bunch if he refused to reveal Marley's hiding place. They met on July 11, near the home of their victim, and sent Dave Crane to decoy him into the woods. Bunch accompanied Crane to the spot designated, where he was seized, bound, and subsequently taken to Saltpetre Cave in Orange county.

Before entering the cave they told the captian if he would reveal the hiding place of Marley he should go free. He answered, "I do not know where he is." They then descended into the cave with the prisoner. They seated him on a large rock with the lantern's light shining on his face. He was ordered to tell all he knew concerning Marley, and it was determined if his answers did not prove satisfactory he should die on the spot. He answered again that he did not know where Marley was.

Each man was ordered to fire at Bunch or suffer death himself. The word was given, and sixteen shots were fired into Bunch's body. The victim uttered a piercing cry and fell. Mart Archer then placed his pistol near Bunch's head and fired the seventeenth shot.

The search that Bunch's friends made for him alarmed the gang, and on July 18 they visited the cave and put the body into a box which they placed on a brush heap some distance from the cave. The whole was thoroughly saturated with oil and the torch applied. The fire was kept up for several days and nights, each one in turn standing guard and adding sufficient fuel to keep the fire blazing. After this work was ended a tree was felled over the spot to further hide the crime.

Little information concerning the fate of the missing man could be learned until the deserted wife of John Archer, who had taken refuge in the county poor asylum, gave sufficient evidence concerning the deed to cause the arrest of the older Archers for murder. A mob threatened them, and they were taken to Davies county for safety. The prisoners soon expressed a desire to return to Shoals, and their request was granted.

A party of lynchers made a successful attack on the jail on March 9, 1886. They marched quietly to the jail, battered down the doors, marched the three prisoners into the courtyard, and left them swinging from the limbs of maple trees. Thus ended the career of Mart, Thomas, and John Archer, father, son, and brother.

A week later the last of the gang, Sam Archer, was arrested in Fountain county and kept in the State prison until the January term of the court, when he was brought to Shoals under military escort of forty, who guarded him until the sentence of death was passed upon him.

Killing His Brother.

In the Wilson case, Montrose, Col., the defence put their client on the stand. He told his story in a plain, straightforward way, without emotion, giving a minute description of how the tragedy occurred. He said:

"Prentiss was my brother. When in a passion he was a maniac. On Sunday he struck me in the face, nearly breaking my nose. Toward evening he ordered me to get supper. I told him I did not feel well, and asked him to get it. I then went in and laid down on the bed. Soon after Prentiss entered with a lighted candle in one hand and a butcher knife in the other. He asked me if I intended to tell the people what he said about his being a highwayman, and striking at me with the knife. I jumped and grasped a hammer and hit him over the head, striking him again as he fell on to the bed. Then I grasped the Winchester and fired without aim.

"Then all was quiet, and I realized that I had killed my brother. I saw his pocket-book half out of his breeches pocket, and I took it. It contained $142. I walked the trail back and forth all night, not knowing what to do. I did not want our mother to know of it, and, to hide the act from all, I dragged the body to the well and buried it. I had been in Paradox nine months, but owing to Prentiss's wish I did not associate with any one; in fact, I hardly knew anybody there.

"On Tuesday morning I went to Mr. Galloway's, intending to tell him all about it, but he was not there, and I returned to the cabin, took the horses which father had bought for us and started to leave the country. I drank liquor in Montrose to drown my grief."

CALLED BACK.

Rescue of a Supposed Corpse from Being Frozen to Death.

A Reading, Mich., dispatch says: Mrs. Lucinda Faste, of Woodbridge township, while on her way to the Fourth of July celebration, fell unconscious from her seat in the carriage, and was to all indications dead. Medical assistance was called, but all efforts to restore her proved frutile and she was given up, although not having every appearance of being dead. The body was laid out and taken back home for burial. Arriving there, ice was procured in which to pack the remains, and they were so packed for more than 30 minutes, when an old physician, Dr. Neelich, called on the bereaved family. He was so struck with the life-like look of the "corpse" that he expressed doubts of her death. The body was quickly taken from the ice, and the doctor went to work to establish the fact of her living. He opened a vein in Mrs. Faste's arm next morning and the blood flowed freely. In a short time the lungs began to work, and the funeral preparations were abandoned. The patient now lies apparently asleep. Her house is filled with curious neighbors, and the local physicians are much puzzled over the case. It is said by the neighbors that Mrs. Faste's mother once had a similar experience; that she lay in a trance for many days, and when she came to evinced a full knowledge of everything which had gone on around her.

At a dinner party last Winter the cool weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet?" Amid an awful pause she naively answered: "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but, then, they are not my own." Her husband blushed scarlet.

"GOOD NIGHT MY SON."

Convict Clark's Interesting Adventure with a Trusting Parson.

For obvious reasons the keepers of jails and prisons make it a point to suppress all particulars of escapes so far as lies in their power, and as escaping prisoners seldom boast of their deeds, the public remain in ignorance of much that is deeply interesting regarding convicts and those employed to guard them.

The escape of Charles Clark, alias Charles Stetson, alias Red Charley, and alias several other titles, from the Ohio State prison some years ago, was a fair sample of the genius and desperation of a professional crook who had been "settled" for seven or eight years for robbery. From the moment Clark entered the prison he began making mental notes for future use. The number of doors, the location of the guards, the defences of various windows, the lay of the sewers, the thickness of the walls—every point was noted and stored up in his memory. He was assigned to a cell on the ground tier. In three days he had estimated the distance to the outside wall to a fraction of an inch. His idea was to remove one of the flagstones from the floor of his cell and tunnel out, and within sixty hours after being received in the prison he was at work. With an old chisel which he managed to secrete and bring in from the shop, he scraped out the cement from around the stone.

ONE OF THE CORRIDOR SENTINELS

passed his door every half hour during the night, and it was two weeks before Clark had the stone ready to lift out. He found a foot of concrete under the stone, and he went through that and hid the dirt in his bed. He calculated that the sewer for that wing ran within four feet of his cell, and he was right. He wanted to make use of it simply to carry off the dirt from his tunnel. For many weeks he dug away at night unsuspected by the sentinels, but as he had to carry the dirt out in his pockets each morning he made but slow progress. It was nine weeks before he struck the sewer, which was of brick. When he had made an opening, the sewer gas poured out in such quantities as to almost suffocate him. Indeed, it poured through the tunnel and filled the corridor until the prison officials were alarmed and began to search for the cause. Clark had to go down and stop up the hole, and he was made ill for a week. At the end of that time he tried it again, but the gas was worse than before, and he found himself obliged to give up the undertaking. He could easily have run the tunnel, but there was no other way to dispose of the dirt. He replaced the flagstone, cemented it with dough, and his efforts were unsuspected.

Clark had been in prison about five months when he concocted another plan. From some local convicts he got the name of a minister of the Gospel in the county who somewhat resembled him in general appearance. He also ascertained that the man was very timid and kind hearted. Pretty soon Clark was seized with an "indisposition," and, while not sick enough to be sent to the hospital, he was excused from work in the shop and permitted to remain in his cell. The prison chaplain found him an eager listener to his exhortations, and matters were soon so shaped that he was led to believe that Clark had something on his mind. When pressed to admit that such was the case,

THE PRISONER HESITATED

just long enough to put the chaplain's curiosity on edge. Yes, he had something on his mind. It was something the Rev. Tobias Green ought to know. If he would call at the prison some day he should hear a confession which would clear up a great mystery and set certain things right.

For three or four days Clark beat about the bush, playing the chaplain for all he was worth, and the result was that the Rev. Tobias Green visited the prison with his mind made up to listen to some strange and wonderful confession. It was not Clark's day for confession. He realized that he was a bad—b-a-d man, and was quite willing to talk about his soul and his future, but he would tell his story some other day—the day after to-morrow. An appointment was made for that day with the Rev. Tobias Green, and he departed feeling that he had greatly softened the heart of a desperate man. Clark's "indisposition" increased somewhat, just enough to keep him in his cell and to prevent him from being too closely watched. The chaplain came in and prayed with him, the doctor sent him a few doses of quinine, and whenever any one looked into his cell the man was lying on his bed.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the day designated the Rev. Tobias Green put in an appearance. It was midwinter, and the day was so cold that the preacher was well bundled up, having on a heavy overcoat and a fur cap and muffler. The day was so dark that some of the halls were lighted. One of the hall masters conducted the preacher to Clark's cell and left him, and the good man took the convict by the hand and anxiously inquired after the state of his health. Not more than two minutes had elapsed before the preacher was lying on his back on the bed,

WITH A GAG IN HIS MOUTH

and his thoughts terribly mixed up from a rap on the head. When he had got matters straightened out he was stripped to his shirt and drawers, and his hands and feet were securely tied. Clark had prepared himself for the job, and it was done in a prompt and thorough manner. Inside of ten minutes he was dressed in the preacher's clothing, while the latter was covered up with the blankets. Then the convict sat down with his back to the door and kept up a mumbling conversation for half an hour. During this time, as he himself related, he poured into the preacher's ear all he stories he had ever heard to the detriment of the "cloth." He finally ended by singing a hymn, and when he passed outside the cell door he turned and said, in a voice meant to be heard by the hall watchman:

"Good night, my son. I truly hope that this visit has been the means of doing you good. I will come again to-morrow, if possible."

With that he started for the hall, and the watchman passed him to the wicket. This was unlocked without question, as also were all other obstructions to liberty, and he reached the street without the slightest hindrance. He had relatives in the suburbs of the city, although the fact was not known to the prison officials, and he walked straight to the house and was taken in. The Rev. Tobias Green remained passive until the hour came for the men to be locked up, when he was discovered. An alarm was at once sent out, but Clark was safe. He remained secreted in the house for about a month and was then shipped away, and his recapture was never effected. In relating his story he said that the five or six minutes necessary for him to pass out of the prison aged him more than any two years of his life.

He Cured the Horse.

A Connecticut farmer drove a horse attached to a rack-wagon to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him, but tied him to a tree and let him stand. He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug.

"I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. I went to the barn, got blankets, and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house he started after me with the load."

"Ah," said Jebokus, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother's eyes—and my hair," he added, as the youthful prodigy grabbed him by the foretop.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has been blackballed by the Paris Jockey club.

Spain will try to sell $60,000,000 worth of forests, and build a navy with the money.

Mrs. Allen, of Liverpool, has presented Queen Victoria with a parasol of satin made by a poor Irish woman.

M. DeLesseps is going to build a monument to Leon Boyer, the engineer, who died at Panama a victim of fever.

Out of the twenty-six Russian peasants inoculated by M. Pasteur, eight are already dead of hydrophobia. Five died in Paris and three succumbed on their return home.

Hobart Pasha died in the arms of his wife, a young English lady only twenty-seven years old. One of his dying requests was that he might be interred in Turkish soil.

Mary Anderson tells a London newspaper man that she will stay in Europe four years, and that she will not act for some time, as work recently has proved a great strain on her health. She will spend the winter in Rome.

A copy of "the Whig Bible," which was printed in Geneva in 1562, is announced as for sale in England. The phrase which gives the book its appellation occurs in Matthew v., 9. It reads: "Blessed are the peacemakers." The edition is a rare one; it is not often found in a perfect state.

The late King of Bavaria's favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, prepared in a bowl with a thick layer of fresh, strong-scented violets floating on the top. The violets gave a delicious perfumed flavour to the mixture, much to the King's taste, as Ludwig was so fond of scents that the air around him was generally redolent of perfume. This fancy cost him quite £10 daily.

Recent arrivals from Egypt, "weary, and worn, and sad," have terrible tales to tell. Active employment for Europeans, with the thermometer 120 degrees in the shade, seems almost out of the question. Yet the troops are described as "rotting for want of work" at the stations up the Nile, in a country where no kilns are required by the members of the ancient brick-making craft. The sun is there so scorching in its power, that in twenty-four hours the bricks are baked as hard as our best "home-made." At one station on the Nile, where there is barely sufficient work for half a-dozen men, upwards of fifty specially trained soldiers are maintained in idleness, to sicken and die. Those who have just returned from this valley of the shadow of death state that at Wady Halfa there were forty-two funerals in fourteen days, and in descending the Nile they passed a station where 710 invalids were awaiting transport to convey them to Cairo.

In Berlin, says the Pall Mall Gazette, there is an association of theological students bearing the name "Wingolfites" which has for years observed on the Wednesday before Ascension Day the curious custom of divining for the Emperor's destiny. The way of doing this is unique. The members of the association proceed from Berlin to the village of Pichelswerder on the Havel and here they celebrate the anniversary of the guild at the Wilhelmfhohe Restaurant. They immediately climb up an oak tree in the centre of the garden and seat themselves on the branches. Beer is handed up from the ground and after the third glass has been drained the president delivers the anniversary speech, after which a cheer is given for the Emperor. Then at the word of command all glasses are hurled to the ground and the notion is that the Emperor will live as many years as there are broken glasses. This year twelve glasses were broken, so that the Emperor should yet be a centenarian.

A Shower of Lizards.

Judge Belden, Major Smith, and Col Sykes came into Laramie the other evening with a big story about a storm in which it rained lizards that they had passed through a few evenings before on the Laramie plains. They had been over the divide to the Kellogg ranch, and on returning were overtaken by a furious gale, which presently brought rain. For an hour or so it poured in torrents, and then, just at dusk, they felt something solid striking them occasionally. At length the Colonel, who was sitting on the back seat, reached down into the wagon box and pulled out a "water dog" about six inches long. This convinced the tourists that an extraordinary storm was in progress, and to some extent prepared them for what was to follow.

"Little by little," said the Judge, "the bombardment increased, until lizards and toads were thicker'n flies. We turned up our coat collars and pulled down our hats, but it did no good. They'd strike us in the face, in the lap, on the back and all over, and the horses became wild with terror. We lost our way and the Major got out to look at the ground, but jumped back in the wagon again with an unearthly yell, saying it was knee deep in lizards. By this time it had stopped raining, and we came to the conclusion, after mature reflection, that the area of the storm could not be large, and that, if we moved straight ahead in almost any direction, we would soon be out of it. Acting on this determination we started up again, and in the course of half an hour we struck hard ground. We camped near there, and when daylight came we went back a ways and examined the lizards. There were millions of them, the great majority of them being dead as the result of their fall; but there were plenty of live ones, and the way they were crawling around was a caution.

Some one having asked what theory they had to advance in explanation of this strange visitation, the Major said that there was a lake on the summit of the steep mountain that was full of lizards and he had no doubt that the wind, which was very high, had scooped out that body of water with all its contents and dumped them on the Laramie plains. He had known of a similar case in Kansas once. A cyclone had followed the line of a river and scooped it out so clean for a distance of nineteen miles that farmers living thirty miles from the stream found fish, turtles and frogs in their front dooryards, and believed they had rained down. The Colonel said he had brought a few of the lizards in to show the folks, and would get them, but after searching the wagon box in vain he was forced to apologize by saying they had probably come to life and crawled away.

A South African Adventure.

The barking of the jackals and hyenas woke me two or three times; but, with that exception, I never slept more soundly than I did that night in the bush. At dawn I woke and was rubbing the sand out of my eyes, not feeling quite sure where I was, when my eyes lighted on a human face, only a few yards off, its gaze steadily fixed on mine. I seized my gun, but the being, whoever it was, did not flinch, and I thought I must be mistaken, and rubbed my eyes harder, but the only effect was to drive the sand more firmly in than ever. There, straight in front of me, was a human being—a bushman by his color—staring and grinning at me, all but his head and shoulders concealed behind a bush, or beneath a slight covering of sand. I approached and called out, but the being answered not or moved. It would never speak again. It was the dead body of some poor bushman who had perished miserably while out hunting, for at his side lay a gun and on the bush was hung a bunch of ostrich feathers, somewhat weatherworn, but still worth, £20. The desert winds had performed the last office of burial, covering his body with a pall of sand leaving, only his head exposed. Not an animal had molested this grave, a sure sign that the man had died of thirst; at least so the natives held, asserting that nothing will touch the body of such a man.

Some girls are said to be so modest that they will not work on improper fractions.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. John Ackers, of Ottawa, is in town spending his holidays visiting friends.

Pictures framed neatly and cheaply at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A good stock of mouldings to select from.

The first quarterly communion service will be held in the Methodist Church, Stirling, Sunday, August 8th.

Mrs. Laird, wife of Judge Laird, of Port Arthur, and her son spent a few days in Stirling this week visiting their friends in this vicinity.

Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Madoc, has been granted a six weeks absence by the quarterly board of the Methodist Church. He intends spending his holidays visiting in the States.

A reception service will be held in the Methodist Church in this village next Sunday evening, when a number of candidates will be received into full connexion with the church.

Mr. W. H. Hastings, barrister, who has been practicing here for the bast nine months, has left and gone to Seaforth, where he will have a much larger field for his talents. We wish him success.

The voters' list for this village has just been issued, and the Clerk's notice to ratepayers will be found in another column. All interested had better examine the list and see if their names are properly inserted.

The removal of Mr. Hastings leaves this place without a lawyer. Perhaps the people here are so peacably disposed that the services of one are not required; nevertheless we think there is a good opening for a limb of the law. Who will occupy the field?

Dr. Leitch, of Marmora, being anxious to get acquainted with the people of Springbrook and vicinity, and extend his practice, has decided to visit Springbrook regularly, as will be seen by reference to his card on first page of NEWS-ARGUS. If his visits prove successful he is willing to spend a longer time there.

The Grand Trunk is going to erect a new depot at Belleville. A new one is also badly needed at this place. Perhaps if the matter was brought to the notice of the Company by a good petition from the business men of the village and vicinity they might be induced to put up a new building. The rickety concern at present in use is a disgrace to the place and to the Company.

The hop crop in New York state is a complete failure owing to the ravages of a kind of lice. The crop in Prince Edward county is also said to be a failure. The price of hops has advanced considerably and those who have kept over last year's crop will be enabled to realize a handsome profit. We are informed that the prospects for a good crop of hops in this section are excellent, as up to the present they are not affected by vermin or blight of any kind.

The parlor and ice cream social announced to take place at the residence of Mr. Jas. Milne, on Tuesday evening last, was a decided success. A large number of villagers were present. After indulging freely in ice cream and cake, which the hostess had provided in abundance, and amusing themselves in various ways, a programme was entered upon, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings and recitations, after which, the hour being quite late, all returned to their homes after enjoying a pleasant evening together. Mrs. Milne expresses her thanks to all for their presence. The proceeds amounted to $30.

For some years there has been complaint of lack of interest taken in the election of School Trustees, and frequently hardly enough ratepayers would attend the annual meeting to transact the necessary business. The same complaint came from numerous places; and to remedy the matter the Legislature in its session of 1885 enacted that the election of School Trustees may be held on the same day and in the same manner as municipal elections, provided the School Board pass a resolution to that effect on or before the first of October, and give notice to the Clerk of the Municipality that such resolution has been passed. We think it would be well if our School Board in this village were to pass such a resolution; as it would certainly have a tendency to cause the electors to take greater interest in school matters were the election held on the same day, and at the same place, as the municipal elections. We hope to see them take this step at their next meeting.

On Friday and Saturday of last week Mr. Holmes, agent for John Herring & Sons, of Napanee, gave the long talked of exhibition of the "Herring Twine Binder" on the farm of Mr. Joseph Rosebush, near the village. From the information we have received from those who saw the binder working it gave perfect satisfaction, being easily handled by the driver, making and binding a perfect sheaf, and better than all was easily handled by one team, and they not weighing over twenty one hundred pounds. In fact, Mr. Rosebush says he can draw it and handle it on his farm with his team, which are not even medium weight, more easily than he can his old combined reaper, and he believed it to be the lightest and one of the most efficient binders in Canada. This is also the opinion of other gentlemen in this neighborhood who have seen it working, and as Mr. Holmes informs us they have only three more finished and will not complete any others for this season, we would advise those contemplating purchasing a binder to get one of these whilst they are on hand. We are authorized to state that Mr. Holmes will take one to any farmer requiring a binder without a "cast iron agreement and order," test it thoroughly both as to draft and efficiency, when satisfactory terms can be made to suit the purchaser. And as the firm he represents is not in the combination he can do better now than he may be able to do another year. He also advises those intending to purchase within this year or next not to listen to the stories told by agents for other machines, as it appears to be their business since they cannot sell the "conglomeration of iron and wood" which they represent to run down the "Herring machine," hoping thereby to compel the Messrs. Herring to join the combination, but to go and see it work for themselves, and then if satisfied they will not be deceived and "bulldozed" into taking something they do not want. Mr. Holmes, whose stand is opposite Bennett's Hotel, has two or three reapers and mowers left on hand which he will sell at a discount on next years terms rather than ship back to Napanee, and he has repairs of all kinds on hand to be obtained free of cost from Mr. John Graham, should anything be required, as the Messrs. Herring warrant against breakage from any other cause than a runaway, making a stone boat or stump lifter of the machine, or turning it into a "trotting sulky" on a macadamized road.

The cooper, Graham, who has just passed successfully through the whirlpool at Niagara in his cask, will evidently never be satisfied until he kills himself. His appetite for foolhardy ventures is probably past cure. He has in anticipation at present going over the Falls and subsequently being dropped from the Suspension Bridge, 190 feet, into the water below. If he attempts either of these feats there is no likelihood of his following it up with the other. If the individual whose function it is to start the cask on its proposed journeys be made to understand that he is liable to prosecution for manslaughter Mr. Graham may find some difficulty in securing a send-off. The legal authorities did not feel justified to interfere in the late piece of foolishness for want of a statute in force meeting the case. Considering the fate of Captain Webb and the frequency with which ventures of this description are undertaken it is in order to provide the law needed.

Madoc District.

The financial meeting of the above district is to be held in the Methodist Church, Marmora, August 18th, beginning at 9:30 p.m. In connection therewith is to be held a District Sunday School Convention, commencing at 9:30 a.m., on the previous day, (Tuesday, 17th) when the following programme will be presented:—

The influence of the Sunday School on the Church, E. D. O'Flynn; No substitute for study, Rev. D. Williams; Sunday School Literature, Rev. J. A. McCamus. 2:30 p.m., mass meeting of the children and young people to be addressed by Revd's. R. H. Leitch, J. H. McDonald and J. C. Seymour.

7:30 p.m., public convention. The week day life of the scholar, Rev. W. C. Beer; The Sunday School in relation to the Temperance Reform, Rev. W. J. Young; How to retain the older scholars, Rev. R. M. Pope; Sunday School music with examples, Rev. O. R. Lambly.

Several prominent Sunday School workers have been invited from a distance to attend and take part in the proceedings of the convention. All persons interested in Sunday School work in North Hastings are cordially invited to attend the sessions of the convention.

O. R. LAMBLY, District Sup't.
J. W. ANDREWS, Pastor.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The busy burglars visited the neighbouring town of Holloway and burgled nearly every place of business.

They bungled into the hands of the police but slipped out again.

Coffin McDonald to the fore.

Who's turn next?

If the people would study and profit by the proverbs in the hind part of the old spelling book it might be better for them.

We think you made a serious mistake, Billy, in overlooking the Pooh Bah, of Chatterton, for your grand dinner, as I see

"You have not got him on the list,
But perhaps you're sure he won't be missed."

But never mind, wait until we get our big kite built, we'll see who's funeral it will be then.

Quite a number of our farmers have been getting the track and sling appliances put up in their barns for unloading hay and grain. They seem to work well.

With their sulky plows, seed drills, self-binding reapers, self-dumping rakes, loading and unloading machines, the mossbacks will soon be too lazy to do anything.

The farmers hereabouts are getting quite tony, one having added a dog cart and another a canopy top phaeton to their possessions lately, and there is strong talk of bicycles and tricycles in the neighborhood.

Our merchant is speculating in huckleberries now-a-days. He buys them in from the back regions and sells them at a slight advance on cost. They, that is the h-bs, seem very plentiful this year.

It is highly praiseworthy of B. B. to take up ancient family history, so I suppose we had better fall in line. Well, the W's are a pretty old family, (at least one of them lived to be quite old). They originally came from the land of sourkrout I think, and were noted sleepers, one of them especially. Old Rip, my g. g. grandfather on my uncle's side, outslept his generation, so that when he woke nobody knew him. The father of the present generation showed up pretty well as a sleeper also. I can't find any record of the rest of the family, guess they did'nt leavy any. Next? R. V. W.

Chatterton, July 28th.

Mothers-in-Law and Sisters-in-Law

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

That elaborately picturesque biography of one of the pioneer families of Rawdon, together with the effulgent elucidation of the genealogy of the ancient and aristocratic Boggs (of Ireland) family by the enterprising, energetic and eminently cratic Billy Boggs, which appeared in THE NEWS-ARGUS of late, led me into the contemplation of the unfathomable mysteries of the origin of mothers-in-law. When I launched my mental craft upon the troubled waters of mother-in-lawism I was confident in its ability to weather the gale, but scarcely were its sails unfurled to the breezes than those breezes became a hurricane. Being little prepared for rough weather my slender craft was rapidly driven before the merciless winds, tossed about on the relentless waves, and soon foundered on the cruel rocks of eternal despair, there ever to remain a significant forewarning to the coming generations of similar crafts of light tonnage.

My own vessel being irretrievably lost I shipped in Billy's steamboat and grasping that Ariadnian thread which he threw to my assistance, namely: "not to go back to Noah" next time, I was enabled to extricate my delapidated intellectual anatomy from the labyrinth of mental misunderstanding into which it had strayed, and to place the sole-r surfaces of my pedal extremities upon the terra firma of sisters-in law. But, before entering into a learned disquisition on so delicate a subject, I wish to preface my very intelligent, if not intelligible, remarks on the highly scientific, and hitherto much neglected subject of sisters-in-law, by assuring that sacrilegious proselyte of the Darwinian theory, Billy Boggs, that I am irrevocably stuck on sisters-in-law, and that I forbid him, under penalty of total, ignominious and everlasting excommunication from the enjoyment of the bounteous favors of this society, ever taking, under any circumstances whatsoever, any of their pimples as a starting point from which to trace the origin of a bog or Boggs.

Direct the oculars of your understanding to the profoundity and mathematical nicety of my arguments, in order that I may dispel even from the backyards of your intellectual mansions the absurd hallucination that a mans' brothers' wife is his sister-in-law; for a man and his wife are one according to the statutes of both man and God, therefore a man's wife's legal sister is his legal sister, and being his legal sister is, of course, his sister-in-law. A sister in law, or out of it, but especially the latter, is a good commodity; but there are several varities of good. For instance, there is pure and unadulterated good, and then there is good-for-nothing, which is pure and unadulterated, and there is dry goods and David Good, but D-avid Good must not be construed into meaning d-ry goods, inasmuch as that estimable gentleman is seldom dry, in consequence of being an excellent bar-tender, especially on the outside of the bar.

With premeditation and malice aforethought, I do, in good faith, hereby declare my serious intention of dedicating this surprisingly original and highly learned literary exuberance to the seething, roaring, raging multitude of my fellow-citizens.

FANNY FOGGS.

What is the value of a tree? is a question which often suggests itself. The true answer consists in an estimate not of the present worth of the wood it contains, but of the product, if it be a fruit tree, from year to year, or if timber, the amount of wood it is likely to contain ten years hence. Six hundred dollars was the sum which a German railway company not long ago paid for one cherry tree, it being required to be removed for the purpose of extending their line. The owner asked nine hundred dollars for it, and proved that its crops sold for sums equal to the interest on that amount. No doubt this tree was exceptionally fruitful, but if any Canadian farmer will estimate the average annual crops obtained from one of the best fruit trees in his orchard, ascertains its market price, and then calculate how large a sum of money must be put out at interest in order to secure as large an income, he will be surprised at the result.—*London Free Press.*

NEW

Merchant Tailoring

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Store!

F. T. WARD,

PRACTICAL TAILOR & CUTTER,

Begs to announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he has started business on his own account in the store lately occupied by H. G. Thurber, and has purchased a choice stock of

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONAL COATINGS, WORSTED SUITINGS, and FANCY TROUSERINGS,

Of the latest designs and colors, also a full assortment of

Hats, Ties, Shirts, Collars & Cuffs, and Gents' Underwear, etc.,

Which will all be sold at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

Having been connected with C. Craige & Bro. for the past eight years as cutter, and knowing the wants of the trade, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of PUBLIC PATRONAGE, and would ask, and like to see, all my old customers and as many new ones as possible, to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. I have engaged COMPETENT hands for fulfilling orders, and under my own PERSONAL supervision, as a PRACTICAL TAILOR, I can guarantee STYLE, FIT and FINISH second to NONE.

F. T. WARD.

A Noted Thief.

His Arrest and Escape.

(From Intelligencer, July 24th.)

Alex. McDonald, who is best known as "Coffin" McDonald, is again before the public in his usual role, that of trickster and thief. As stated in Friday's issue Mr. Geo. Rose, Mrs. Clark and Mr. Fredericks, at Holloway, were relieved of considerable property on Thursday night and were suspicious of "Coffin," as he had been seen in the neighborhood. They applied to the Magistrate for a search warrant and were informed that a writ of ejectment against "Coffin" was then in the hands of County Constable, Geo. Johnston, and that they should accompany the officer, and if any of the stolen property was found as the goods were removed from the house, the family could be arrested.

The house was found to contain enough articles to establish a small second-hand store. The beds and every conceivable place of hiding, yielded stolen goods. The constable found a small diamond for cutting glass which had been stolen from his house not long since, together with a quantity of provisions. A whisky jug with a part of a tag attached to the handle was found; a search resulted in the finding of the other part of the tag. The two pieces were put together, when the name of Geo. Rose was shown up. Numerous other articles were also identified and recovered by the parties from Holloway. The whole family was arrested and placed in the cells.

"Coffin" was in attendance at the preliminary trial of Jane Horton at Plainfield, against whom he was chief witness on a charge of arson. Chief McKinnon and County Constable D. Phillips, of Foxboro, started for their man whom they found and arrested at Plainfield. On the way to the city "Coffin," who was in a buckboard with Phillips, sprang from the vehicle and struck into a wood at a keen run. The Chief left Angus McDonald, whom he had in custody as an accomplice of "Coffin," and gave chase. "Coffin" evaded the Chief in the thicket and escaped. When he returned to the road he found that Phillips had allowed Angus to escape also. Up to the time of writing neither had been recaptured. Angus is supposed to have aided "Coffin" in his various felonies of late and is an old offender.

At the Spring Assizes Coffin was before Judge Cameron on a charge of horse stealing and was found guilty. With tears in his eyes he appealed to the Judge to be merciful to his wife and family, who were dependent upon him for support.

He said, "It was liquor that brought me here, your honor, and if you have mercy upon me this time may God strike me dead if I ever touch another drop."

The judge gave him one month in the County jail. The sentence expired on the 3rd of June, since which time numerous petty larcenies have been committed in the county.

From Chief McKinnon it is learned that when the two McDonalds were arrested at Plainfield yesterday he gave Angus into the charge of Phillips, when he attmpted to escape and nearly succeeded. The Chief captured him and gave Coffin over to Phillips. When near Cannifton Coffin made a dash for liberty and ran into the bush south of the road, where he eluded a most thorough search. When the chief returned he found Angus had escaped and forded the river. The Chief said that later in the evening he saw Coffin near Bleecker's woods on the Madoc road and gave chase, but he entered the bush west of the road and again escaped.

The Chief says the authorities have sufficient evidence against McDonald to convict him of six burglaries committed since his release from gaol on June 3rd. This morning a two-bushel bag of tea was brought in from his step-father's farm in Thurlow.

"Ned Buntline," (Col. E. C. Z. Judson,) who died recently, carried the marks of thirteen wounds received while fighting for the Union during the Rebellion. During his literary career he received as high as $60,000 a year for the produce of his brain and pen. For many years his income as a story writer amounted to $20,000 annually. He once earned $12,500 in six weeks and at another time under pressure wrote a book of 610 pages in sixty-two hours, scarcely sleeping or eating during the time.

Births.

In Rawdon, on the 24th inst., the wife of MARK TUCKER, of a son.

In Rawdon, on the 23rd inst., the wife of CHRISTOPHER BATEMAN, of a daughter.

As well expect life without air as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Seven Pennsylvania counties consumed $31,000,000 worth of beer last year.

Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from chills and fever find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the poison from the system and cures even the worst cases.

Another bag, the 402nd, has been recovered from the lost Oregon.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

An Œcumenical Council of Methodists, to be held in the United States in 1891, is talked of.

DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

Lord Hartington promises a friendly support to Lord Salisbury, but no more.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

"Now is all in the dust," is Justin McCarthy's epitaph on Sir Charles Dilke.

HE ACTED WISELY.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Complaint," said one gentleman to another on our street the other day. Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your Druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaint.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald arrived at Port Moody on Saturday. They had a grand welcome.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the Blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint of Scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

A man recently jumped from Brooklyn bridge, a distance of 120 feet, and escaped almost unhurt. He has been offered $100 weekly to exhibit himself in a museum.

UNKNOWN.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or any form of Summer Complaint afflicting children or adults.

Justin McCarthy says Dilke would have been Prime Minister after Gladstone, but for the Crawford case.

AN INVISIBLE FOE.

The poisonous germs of disease are lurking in the air we breathe and in the water we drink. The system should be kept carefully purified and all the organs toned to proper action. This can best be done by the regulating, purifying and tonic powers of Burdock Blood Bitters.

The terrible floundering of Miss Cleveland's novel when it gets to the love passages, remarks The Boston Advertiser, teaches anew the lesson that love is a very perilous thing to monkey with, for those who don't know anything about it.

THE BEST YET.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Montreal grain merchants are complaining of a tendency to favour Toronto in C. P. R. freight rates.

A BAD BREAKDOWN.

It is a common thing now-a-days to hear one complain of feeling all broken down with a faint, weary, restless languor, with strength and appetite nearly gone, and no well defined cause. This is general debility, which Burdock Blood Bitters promptly relieves, and most invariably cures.

Neil McIntyre and John Schwartz, Ontario farmers, have committed suicide.

The virtue of Carbolic Acid for healing, cleansing and purifying is well known; but from the many modes of applying it, the public is uncertain how best to use it. To meet that want, McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is prepared, and may be used with confidence. Do not be misled. Take only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

It has been proved beyond all peradventure that married people of both sexes suffer less from sickness and live longer than the unmarried. It is also true that in periods of epidemics more single than married persons become its victims. Prof. Richard A. Proctor, while admitting these facts, warns sickly people against marriage mainly on account of the risk they run of perpetuating in future generations their chronic ailments.

Fluid Lightning does not take a day or an hour to remove Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago or Rheumatism, but will do it instantly, and without carrying your head in a poultice for a day or using greasy liniments. Try a 25c. bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Lord Randolph Churchill is mentioned as probable Home Secretary under Lord Salisbury.

Mrs. Robert Hooper, of Kinloss, County of Bruce, in a letter, says: "I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for a number of years, and am glad to say to the public as well as friends that McGregor's Speedy Cure brought me around, and I am now all right, thanks to McGregor's Speedy Cure." Hundreds of like testimonials are frequently received, and are daily proving that this is truly a wonderful remedy, curing Sluggish Liver, Bilious Headache and Costiveness, where all else fails. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottles given free.

To Farmers of North Hastings and Vicinity.

HAVING DECIDED TO RE-ESTABLISH an agency for the sale of our Implements in North Hastings, we have rented a depot in Stirling opposite Bennett's Hotel, where samples of everything in the implement line can be seen, under the superintendence, for this year, of our general agent, Mr. Holmes, assisted by Mr. David Seeley, jr., who will be pleased to exhibit our machinery and give price and terms to suit all customers. We have one price to all, but are always willing to allow a fair discount for cash where a purchaser wishes to settle after having a satisfactory trial. We are now manufacturing

The Lightest Binder in the Market,

As well as one of the most durable, and not being in any combination, will give terms to suit purchasers. We shall sell for $200, cash this fall, or $212.50 on three equal payments, without interest, or will vary to suit. Hoping you will give us a fair trial, especially as these implements are manufactured within two hours ride on the train, and less than a days' drive from your own door, and as a full line of repairs can always be obtained, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
JOHN HERRING & SONS,
of Napanee.

Stirling, July 6th, 1886.

In this connection we have two or three machines which have been out as samples which we will sell at about half price to any one contemplating getting a Binder from us another year.

DON'T FAIL TO

C

J. BOLDRICK'S

CHILDREN'S SUITS,

Just in, at $4.50. Beautifully made from all wool Tweeds. Choice patterns. An inspection is invited.

J. BOLDRICK.

See what you can buy for Money

AT MARTIN BROS.,

STIRLING.

We now offer for JULY, AUGUST and SEPTEMBER:

$7.50 Sideboard we now sell at	$6 00	$25.00 Sideboard we now sell at	$20 00
8.00 Bureau " "	6 00	10.00 Couch " "	8 50
6.00 " " "	4 50	8.50 " " "	7 25
9.00 " " "	7 50	10.00 Extension Table "	8 00
4.00 Stand " "	2 75	8.00 " " "	7 00
1.50 " " "	1 25	60.00 Parlor Suite "	45 00
2.50 Bed " "	2 00	5.00 Chairs, ½ doz. "	4 00
4.50 " " "	3 50	7.50 " " "	6 00
6.00 " " "	4 50	25.00 Bedroom Suite "	20 00
7.00 " " "	5 50	18.00 " " "	15 00
2.50 Crib Bed " "	2 00	16.00 Sofa "	14 00
15.00 Sideboard " "	12 00	19.00 " "	17 00

EVERYTHING ELSE ACCORDINGLY.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH, or 1 per cent. per month, for good credit.

UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

O. HEWAT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Choice Wines, Brandy, Gin, and Cigars.

—ALSO,—

FIRST-CLASS PRIME ALE,

IN FIVE GALLON KEGS OR UPWARDS.

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Pork, Bacon and Hams,

On hand, which will all be sold at the lowest figures possible.

O. HEWAT.

MILNE & CLUTE

ARE GIVING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—IN—

Dress Goods, Canadian Tweeds, & Ready Made Clothing.

Some Lines are below Cost. Don't fail to see them.

MILNE & CLUTE.

BOOTS & SHOES,
TRUNKS, VALISES,
LADIES' SATCHELS,

—AT—

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

G. W. FAULKNER

Is constantly receiving additions to his stock. He would call attention to his large stock of

CARPETINGS, ENGLISH & SCOTCH TWEEDS,
WORSTED COATINGS,
MEN'S & BOY'S STRAW HATS,
PARASOLS, CURTAIN LACE,
DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,
HOSIERY, ETC., ETC.

The MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is in full blast and is filled with fashionable goods.

He is selling choice Japan Tea, worth 50c., for 40c.

Just arrived, a consignment of Western Sugar Cured Hams.

Clothing made to order.

Don't forget to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

From now to the end of year for 40c.

PICTURES FRAMED

At the lowest possible prices at the NEWS-ARGUS Office.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

We have the most complete stock of **MIXED PAINTS,** of every shade, ever offered in Stirling.

The day of buying paint and oil has passed, as mixed paints make a better finish and cost less. There durability has been established beyond doubt, and any man can do most of his own painting.

Music constantly on hand. Parties wishing sheet music not in our stock will kindly leave their orders, as we purpose ordering every fortnight.

PARKER & BUTLER.

For Sale, Cheap.

TO ANY ONE REQUIRING A REAPER or Mower, having a rough place, or contemplating purchasing a binder, I have two or three machines on hand which have been out as samples, but which I guarantee none the worse, and as good as anybody's machines, excepting paint, which I can sell at a little over half price, and warrant perfect in every particular, as they are our own make.

ALFRED F. HOLMES,
Agent for John Herring & Sons.
Stand next to Graham's Foundry.

HARDWARE.

A CAR OF BEST

Land Plaster

On hand. Will sell it at bottom prices.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS, DRYNESS
SALT RHEUM, OF THE SKIN,
HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.